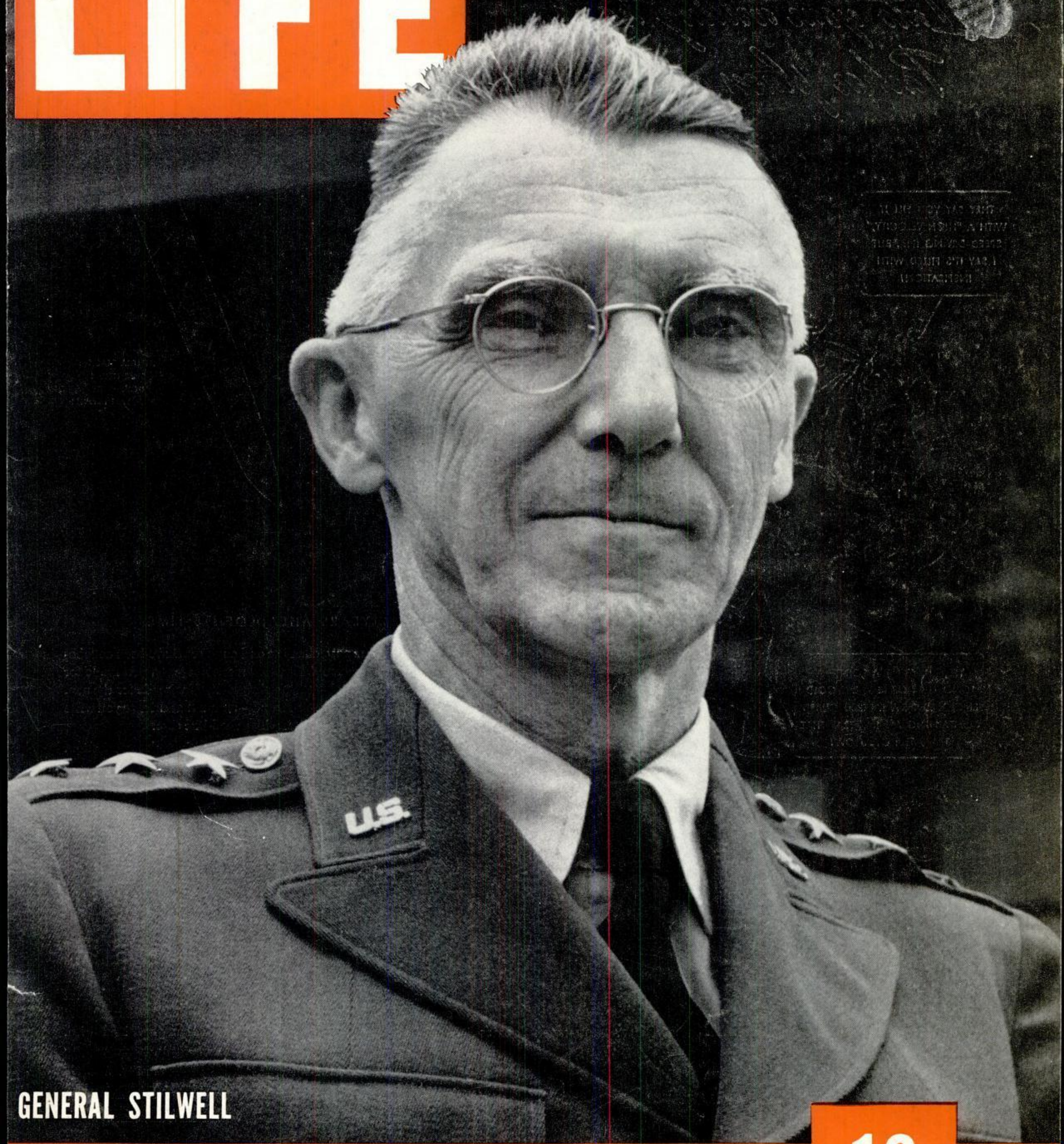


LIFE



GENERAL STILWELL

JUNE 15, 1942

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

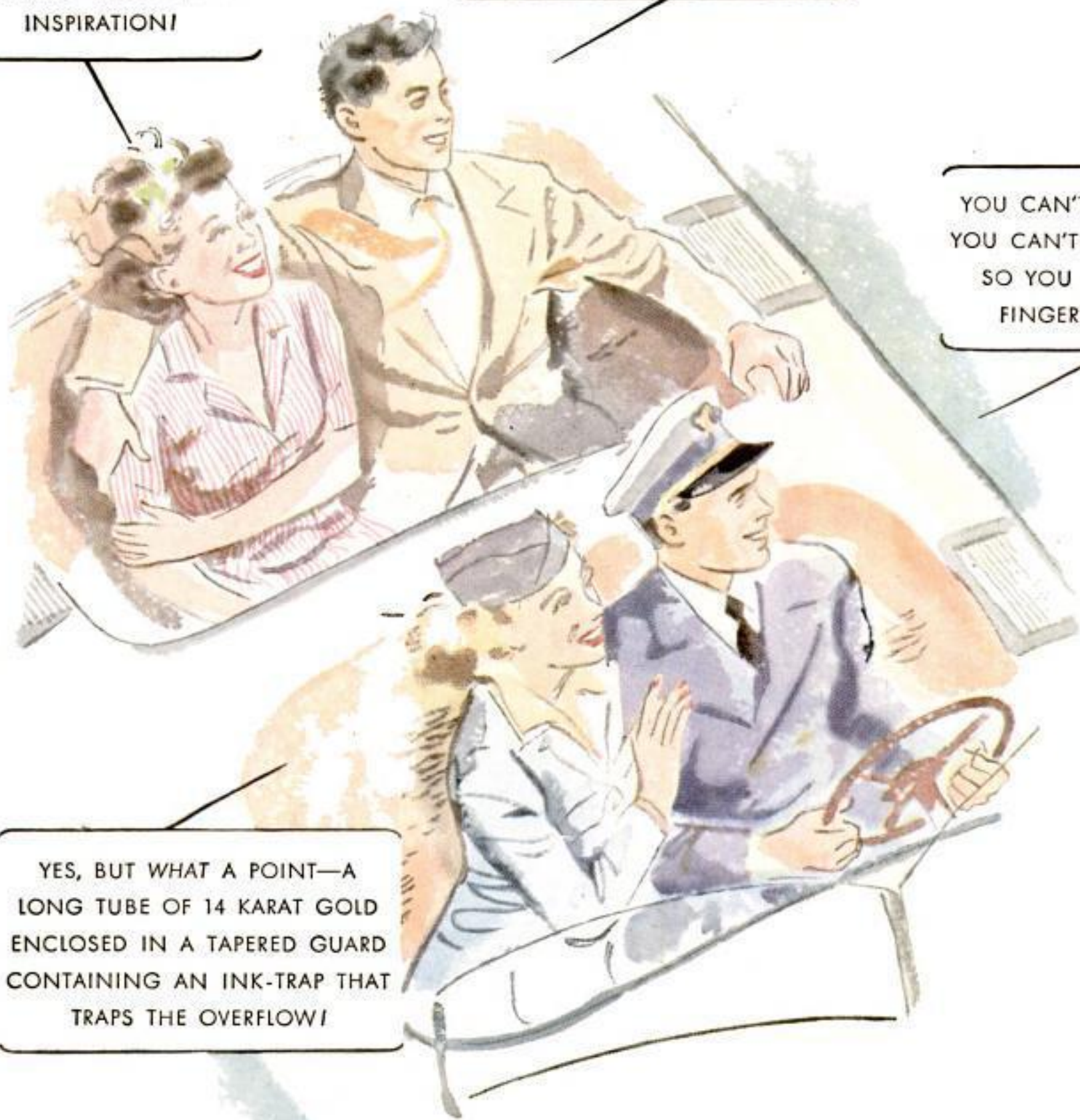
Into your writing hand Parker places a Miracle of science

THEY SAY YOU FILL IT
WITH A "HIGH VELOCITY,"
SPEED-DRYING INK, BUT
I SAY IT'S FILLED WITH
INSPIRATION!

NOW I KNOW WHAT "STREAM-
LINED" REALLY MEANS. ANYONE
WHO DEMANDS PERFECTION
WILL SETTLE FOR A "51"

YOU CAN'T SEE THE POINT—
YOU CAN'T TOUCH THE POINT,
SO YOU CAN'T GET YOUR
FINGERS INK-STAINED.

YES, BUT WHAT A POINT—A
LONG TUBE OF 14 KARAT GOLD
ENCLOSED IN A TAPERED GUARD
CONTAINING AN INK-TRAP THAT
TRAPS THE OVERFLOW!



INDIA BLACK
BLUE CEDAR
DOVE GRAY
CORDOVAN BROWN

YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME

FOR 11 years past, chemists and engineers have been collaborating to produce the writing masterpiece—a pen made for a "high velocity" ink—the "high velocity" ink made for the pen. A pen that starts in a split-second—an ink that dries as you write—a combination that writes with pencil-like ease.

Yet, a pen that can also handle ANY writing ink to perfection.

Problems of proper balance between the divergent forces of cohesion, adhesion, surface tension, surface activity, slowed-down evaporation and stepped-up penetration were solved.

But the whole basic principle of the "high velocity" ink collapsed when absorption of chemicals from the very air we breathe annihilated its speed-drying properties.

Yes, the ink must be used in the open—exposed to the air—yet shielded from the air. This final problem seemed insurmountable, but the answer *was* found.

Parker chemists applied the theory of a Nobel prize winner—developed a protective screen of inactive molecules which forms on the ink in contact with the air. This imprisons the magic which makes the "51" dry *on paper* so fast it requires no blotting. Not one but a dozen miracles are put into your hand by the Parker "51" Pen and Ink. Don't try to see how long you can go without them.

©P.R. 1942, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT—Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our Contract unconditionally Guaranteeing service for the owner's Life, without cost other than 35c charge for postage, insurance and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete. The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51"

TWELVE-FIFTY AND FIFTEEN DOLLARS

Dries as you write



THE PEN MADE FOR THE INK

THE INK MADE FOR THE PEN



UNITED CHINA RELIEF PHOTO

Built for Main Street . . . But they made good on the Burma Road

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in truck tires

THE Burma Road is an incredible highway. It's a 700-mile corkscrew twisting perilously through jagged mountain ranges. It's narrow, unpaved, "scratched out of the mountains with their fingernails," as an American engineer described it. Yet this road with its treacherous curves and steep grades, often blocked by landslides and pockmarked by bombs, soon earned the name of "China's lifeline."

Here a fleet of American-built trucks, many equipped with B. F. Goodrich truck tires, several years ago began to deliver the goods over a road called impassable.

These tires are the same "First in Value" tires that are the choice of truck owners on

Main Street, U. S. A. In fact, they were built for the everyday job of hauling food and steel and motor freight.

The fact that these B. F. Goodrich Speedliner Silvertowns made good on the Burma Road is an indication of the extra quality built into Silvertowns.

If you are permitted to buy tires for your trucks, get these tires which last you longer, serve you better and conserve rubber for our country. All Silvertown

Tires are now fortified with Duramin, an amazing B. F. Goodrich chemical discovery which adds thousands of miles to tire life. See the B. F. Goodrich man *first*, for B. F. Goodrich is First in Rubber.

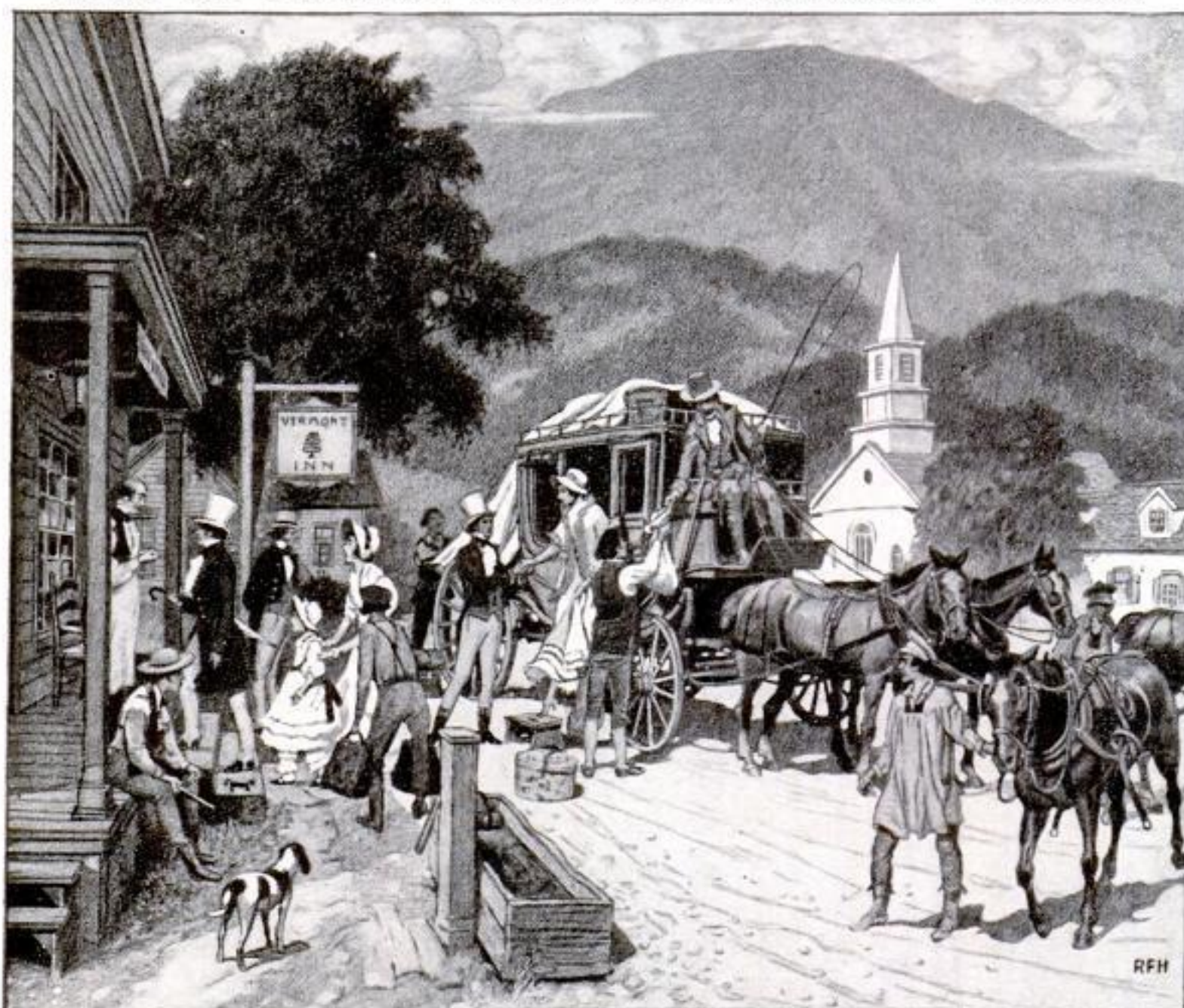


This One



4L2C-QRN-NYGO copyrighted material

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



When the first railroad was built in Vermont in 1846 it signaled the end of the stage coach, which up to that time had been the main link between Vermont towns. Some stage coaches were still running when National Life was founded in 1850.

Off with the Old— On with the New

Life insurance has to create new policies in order to keep pace with changing times, changing needs.

One of the most modern forms of life insurance is described below. It is worthy of your attention.

But first some questions:

When does the head of a family need life insurance most?

When the children are young and dependent.

Is there any one form of life insurance which is particularly suited to meet such a situation?

Yes. National Life's Family Income Policy.

Does it represent extra benefits in cash?

Yes. For a low additional cost it is possible to receive larger cash benefits from it than from ordinary life insurance.

Is it expensive?

No. Between the ages of 25 and 45, it will cost you only a few dollars a

year more than you would pay for ordinary life insurance.

Does this Policy make any provision for your own retirement income?

Yes. To see how it works, read the example below.

For full information—no obligation, of course—use the coupon below.

An Example

of how National Life's Family Income Policy may work for you

Suppose you should die suddenly, what would your wife and children receive? Illustration: Insured's age, 35. Sum insured, \$10,000. Family Income, 20 year plan. Suppose death occurs five years after the policy takes effect. The National Life of Vermont will pay your wife:

1. \$100 a month for the remaining 15 years of the "20 year plan" \$18,000
2. At the end of the Family Income Period, the sum of 10,000 Total \$28,000
3. If you outlive these maximum needs, the policy and dividend accumulations may be used to provide you with a retirement income.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE—VERMONT MONTPELIER,

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Please tell me more about your Family Income Policy.

Name Date of Birth
Business Address Age of Children
Home Address

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CORAL SEA BATTLE

Sirs:

LIFE's presentation of the Battle of the Coral Sea, through Norman Bel Geddes' amazing use of ship models (LIFE, May 25), has been very useful to our enemy-ship identification class at Ellington Field, as you can see from the enclosed picture.

In it Lieutenant Commander James G. Sampson, U. S. N., the instructor (left), is showing four aviation cadets the Japanese naval formations in the



SHIP IDENTIFICATION CLASS

Battle of the Coral Sea, with the aid of LIFE. The cadets, who are future members of America's precision aerial-combat teams made up of bombardiers, navigators and pilots, are trained to identify all types of enemy vessels. The models are scaled miniatures of Japanese aircraft carriers, destroyers, light and heavy cruisers.

COLLIS L. JORDAN
First Lieut., Air Corps

Ellington Field, Texas

Sirs:

Those pictures of the Coral Sea battle made up by Norman Bel Geddes were just about the best things for clear-cut illustration and explanation I have yet seen printed.

I hope that this type of diagram or pictogram won't be dropped just because you have tried it out once. I don't doubt that such a layout is expensive but to my mind, it is more than worth it.

BOAKE CARTER

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

It seems to me you have found a most valuable way to bring the far-flung fronts of this war to your readers.

MARY ROSAN K. CLARK
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

Your new technique of picturing naval actions should be called the Futurama of war reporting!

MORRIS GORDON

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

For the first time in my life I have taken an interest in what happens in a naval battle, thanks to the fine photographs of the Coral Sea.

MARY BROOKS

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

The most exciting portrayal of a naval battle I have ever seen.

G. C. WHITE

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the magnificent photographs of the Coral Sea battle. They were amazing!

ROBERT J. MISCH

New York, N. Y.

SPRING PLANTING

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine photographic essay on spring planting (LIFE, May 25). It is with considerable degree of pride and satisfaction that we farmers throughout the country can as-

BIG NEWS

This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL -Only 23¢

New NEET DEODORANT



FOR UNDER THE ARMS of a NATION UNDER ARMS

Whether you're engaged in war work... or the important job of being a woman, the sensational new NEET Cream Deodorant will preserve and defend your daintiness.

New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A feather-weight, stainless, greaseless cream that vanishes almost instantly, makes armpits dry and free of odor. Will not irritate the skin, or injure clothing.

Buy new NEET Cream Deodorant in the Blue and White jar today. Does not dry or cake in jar! Generous 10¢ and 29¢ sizes plus tax.

KEEP NEAT WITH...
New Neet Deodorant
GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS OF NEET DEPILOYANT



(continued on p. 4)

DRAWN FOR
PHILCO
by *Phyllys*

"DIG 'EM OUT!"

"More! Better! Sooner!" is the war-cry of Philco's soldiers of production. In this cartoon, C. H. Sykes interprets the spirit that spurs them on. Posted on the walls of the Philco factories, it is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists as an inspiration to the men and women who are helping to produce the weapons of victory.

* * *

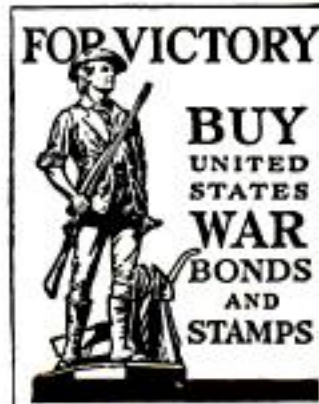
WE HAVE a job to do . . . the biggest job that has ever faced the minds and muscles of American industry. This is the time for our workers to prove that we have earned our reputation as the world's masters of mass production! This is the time for the genius of our industrial scientists and engineers to preserve their gift to America, the world's highest standard of living! And preserve it they will, gloriously and decisively. Production, *in the American way*, is the key to victory!

And with that victory another triumph will come. Peace, yes! Freedom, yes! But a vastly greater enjoyment of both for us all. The new and deadlier swords that men fashion with fierce inspiration today will be beaten into plowshares of untold happiness for tomorrow.

Here at Philco, our engineers and scientists are devoting their toil and their genius to the weapons of war . . . communications equipment, airplane and tank radios, artillery fuzes and shells. Already in their laboratories and assembly lines, the fruits of their efforts hold undreamed-of promise for the future. American industry will deliver the implements of victory to our brave and valiant forces . . . and with them, new and abundant joys for the tranquil years of peace!

PHILCO CORPORATION

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.



**RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS
AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES, PARTS**

**INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER,
SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER**

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by C. H. Sykes will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 7D.

Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

**"KISS ME
OR KILL ME
...which will he do?"**
asks
VERONICA LAKE

Veronica tells about her
new Paramount hit,
"THIS GUN FOR HIRE,"
featuring a new star,
ALAN LADD

"24 hours in an abandoned shack with a professional
killer with a gun and without a conscience . . . a guy
with ice where his heart should be.

"It's dramatic dynamite . . . with a new star who's ro-
mantic dynamite. Girls, mark down this name, because
you're going to hear it plenty: *Alan Ladd*! When he
looks at you, a girl just can't call her heart her own.
Take my tip, that *Ladd's* going places, so better see him
first in 'THIS GUN FOR HIRE'!"



**HENRY
ALDRICH**

If you listen to the Aldrich Family
on the air (and who doesn't!) you'll
make a bee-line to "HENRY AND
DIZZY," that funny family's grand-
est hit. If you're not an Aldrich
Family fan now, we guarantee you'll
be one after you see "HENRY
AND DIZZY." *Jimmy Lydon*
doesn't act the part—he *is* Henry!
Remember the name when you see
it on the marquee: "HENRY AND
DIZZY"!

Ten-second synopsis of a hit: *Rosalind Russell* (the boss!)
hires *Fred MacMurray* (Private Secretary!) to "TAKE
A LETTER, DARLING"! Roz has all the
ideas . . . 'til Fred gets a few of his own—

after hours! Don't say we
didn't tip you off that "TAKE
A LETTER, DARLING," direc-
ted by MITCHELL LEISEN,
is the season's brightest hit!



**Paramount
Star Parade**

Coming soon
to your town:
Cecil B. DeMille's
Greatest Spectacle
**"REAP THE
WILD WIND"**
in Technicolor

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

sume a most important role in this
battle for peace and security.

I would like to point out to you two
instances where LIFE's staff erred
slightly in that essay. First, on pages
84-85, the four-row corn planter is do-
ing an excellent job. However, the seeds
are not fed into a furrow dug by a
spring tooth. That job is done by a
knifelike shoe which widens out toward
the back. A small furrow is thus left,
into which the seeds drop from the con-
tainers above.

Second, on page 86, the Red River
Valley farmer is busily engaged in plow-
ing, not dragging a disk harrow. The
plow is the two-bottom type, that is, it
turns two furrows simultaneously.

FREDERICK C. COOK

Bergen, N. Y.

Sirs:

I am very much afraid that if the
men who are pictured on page 87 tried
to "guide" their tractor by the check
wire, as you say they do, they would
have some very very crooked rows. The
check wire is used merely to plant the
seeds a uniform distance apart.

R. H. DAVIS

Blabon, N. Dak.

Sirs:

LIFE makes the statement that
planting corn following cotton restores
the cotton-depleted soil. Whoever made
that remark didn't know all he should
about farming. Corn is just as bad on
soil as cotton, if not worse. The Govern-
ment counts corn, cotton and oats as
soil-depleting; beans, Lespedeza, vetch,
clover and a number of other legumes
as soil-conserving.

H. B. QUACKENBOSS

Greenwood, Miss.

Sirs:

Our oats are planted in the fall and
are not now "sprouting" as a spring
crop. Oats are now being harvested, not
with a cradle scythe but with mowers or
small combines, depending on whether
harvested for hay or for grain. The
small combines are drawn with—of all
things for the South—modern tractors.

H. E. HUDSON

Quincy, Fla.

● LIFE stands corrected on all
counts.—ED.

TRACTORETTE

Sirs:

You missed a good cover shot by not
extending your Spring Planting essay to
North Carolina to get one of our
"tractorettes."

The enclosed picture is of Mae Enloe
of Edneyville, N. C., a high-school stu-
dent there. I found her at work in the



LABOR SHORTAGE SOLUTION

fields, pulling a heavy two-gang disk
plow. Her father told me that she pulled
the harrow all the preceding afternoon,
and that she was making an excellent
farm hand. Her mother lamented the
fact that Mae would rather work in the
fields than in the house since she learned
to drive.

The Enloes are only one family in
this state that has solved the labor
shortage by putting the daughters to
work as tractor drivers.

BOB BROWN

Asheville, N. C.

(continued on p. 7)

**Perfection
OF
MILDNESS**

**Cobbs
Creek**

Blended Whisky

*A smooth and delicious whisky expertly
blended for bouquet and flavor*

86.8 Proof
70% Grain
Neutral Spirits

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA., PA.

No DANDRUFF

**YOU TOO
CAN GET RID OF
LOOSE DANDRUFF**



with this common-sense
antiseptic hair tonic

JERIS

FOR LOOSE DANDRUFF
At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

Take good care of yourself... you belong to the U.S.A.

America has a job to do. A job that calls for the full physical efficiency of everyone. We owe it to our country, to ourselves to be well and keep well.

Supremely important in any health protective program is proper care of the teeth. A healthy mouth, clean, sound teeth require the best toothbrush money can buy: *Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft*.

Miracle-Tuft earns this reputation because it alone offers "EXTON" brand bristling—water-proofed by an exclusive, patented process. It alone comes sealed in glass, surgically sterile, germ free—a vital health safeguard in itself! And only Miracle-Tuft has proved by millions of users that it will give a full year of effective service. An economy never more important than right now. Get a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft to-day—in your choice of textures.



Copr. 1942 by Weeco Products Company

50¢



ONLY DR. WEST'S OFFERS THESE *Exclusive Features*
THEY MEAN CLEANER, BRIGHTER TEETH FOR YOU

★ EXCLUSIVE! "Exton" brand bristling for longer life, more efficient tooth-cleansing.

★ EXCLUSIVE! Surgically sterile, glass packaging—for 100% germ-free delivery of every Miracle-Tuft.

★ EXCLUSIVE! The one toothbrush proved by millions of sales to give a full year of effective service.



—so you can see America later

Change just one word—and you have a challenging, fighting phrase for all Americans who travel in these critical times . . . "SERVE America Now—So You Can SEE America Later!"

That means: Think twice before you take any unnecessary trip this summer. This is the *one year of your life* when you can render real and definite service to your country by postponing lengthy pleasure trips—or by taking them only when they won't interfere with the war effort.

The one big job for transportation, at this moment, is to keep America's *vital war-time traffic on the move*. The people Greyhound is carrying and *intends to carry efficiently* are selectees, fighting men, war workers, essential business travelers—all those who must keep rolling to *keep America rolling!*

It's these people who now form the big majority of Greyhound passengers, along 60,000 miles of American highways.

You can travel today with the same economy and comfort as in the past—but please remember these important suggestions: Take trips *before* or *after* mid-summer if possible . . . travel on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, leaving the weekend for war workers and men in uniform . . . get full trip information in advance from your Greyhound agent . . . be at the bus stop or station early to avoid delay.

And if the trip isn't for war-connected work, or for some important personal reason, why not postpone it? Then invest the money you save in U. S. War Bonds or Stamps. *You can help Greyhound do a job for America-at-War!*

GREYHOUND



The War Effort Comes First
with Greyhound



"There's Percy at the punch-bowl again... pretty soon even **ENO** won't help him!"

Smoking, eating or drinking to excess may bring on headaches, heartburn, and the heavy, stuffy feeling of acid indigestion. When that happens, just remember—a dash of sparkling, tangy-tasting Eno in a glass of water helps alkalize by relieving excess stomach acid. A larger quantity taken before breakfast acts as a refreshing laxative. Buy world-known Eno... and use anytime you feel out-of-sorts.

Whenever You Eat, Drink or Smoke Too Much... Take



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS For Victory



UNDERWEAR
One name in underwear it's a comfort to remember.

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by UTICA KNITTING CO., Utica, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TOUGHENING UP

Sirs:
Fort Knox's trainasium may toughen up the men there, but here at Camp Claiborne high officers get a workout too. Men of the 82nd Division are required regularly to run an obstacle course of deep ditches, high walls and narrow tunnels, a punishing combination of 14 hazards in 550 yd.
The other day our photographer caught this action shot of Major General Omar N. Bradley, division com-



GENERALS IN ACTION

mander (left), and Brigadier General Matthew B. Ridgway, assistant division commander, as they tried their hands at the tricks before the men went through. Here they are crossing an 11-ft. brook on ropes.
Forty-nine-year-old General Bradley was a varsity football and baseball man at West Point. Forty-seven-year-old General Ridgway is known as the man with the "longest and toughest stride in the division."

G. E. LYNCH
Lieutenant Colonel

Camp Claiborne, La.

Sirs:
The photo enclosed shows the amount of excess weight I was able to remove through clean, healthy and inviting



CLEAN-LIVER VAGLIO

conditions, found during my period of Army service since June 10, 1941.
My weight last June was 184 lb., size pants: 42-in. waist. Today's weight: 155 lb., size pants: 33-in. waist.

ANGELO J. VAGLIO
Private First Class

Fort Randolph, Canal Zone

AMERICAN MILITARY TRADITION

Sirs:
Just finished reading your article, American Military Tradition, by Colonel Beukema, U. S. Army (LIFE, May

DON'T BE A PUBLIC ENEMY



BE PATRIOTIC AND SMOTHER SNEEZES WITH **KLEENEX** TO HELP KEEP COLDS FROM SPREADING TO WAR WORKERS—AMERICA NEEDS EVERY MAN—FULL TIME!

(from a letter by D. L. R., Chicago, Ill.)



SAVE ON **KLEENEX** SO **KLEENEX** CAN SAVE FOR YOU!



WHEN HALF-SIZE WILL DO, TEAR **KLEENEX** IN TWO. TEAR ACROSS FOLD! SAVING **KLEENEX** SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO WIN THE WAR!

I'm Patriotic!

SINCE RUBBER AND METALS ARE NEEDED TO WIN THE WAR, I ROLL MY CURLS IN **KLEENEX** TISSUES. THEY'RE COMFORTABLE TO SLEEP ON—THEY HELP PREVENT HAIR ENDS FROM BREAKING!

(from a letter by E. B. H., Washington, D. C.)



SITTING PRETTY!

I GET MORE ATTENTION THAN THE BOSS SINCE I SHOWED THE WHITE COLLAR GALS HOW CUFFS OF **KLEENEX** SAVE DRESSES FROM INK, CARBON AND OFFICE GRIME!

(from a letter by A. B., Shreveport, La.)

P.S. SAVE DRY CLEANING TO SAVE CRITICAL MATERIALS NEEDED TO WIN THE WAR!

2 for 1...

MY **KLEENEX** DOES DOUBLE-DUTY! AFTER USING IT TO REMOVE FACE CREAM, IT'S PERFECT TO SHINE UP FURNITURE OR LEATHER SHOES AND PURSE!

(from a letter by G. C. T., Pomona, Calif.)



KLEENEX "POP-UP" BOX SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



(continued on next page)

Junior is proving it's smart to give Dad Wembley NOR-EAST Ties

They're Non-Crush!



Choose Dad's favorite colors in Wembley Ties—his pet patterns—the kind he becomes devoted to—and wears and wears. That's where Priestley NOR-EAST Non-Crush fabric proves its worth. It

is resilient—fights wrinkles—ties into a trim, smart knot, time after time. See these newest Wembley styles:

Hawaii Tan • Frost-Weaves • Bali Bronze
Club Stripes • Nassau Blue

See Father's Gifts at his favorite store

The gifts that Dad has admired the most are pretty likely to be at his favorite men's store. There you'll find furnishings a little nicer than those he buys himself—shirts and ties and socks that will give him

pleasure every time he wears them. Of course, we do feel that he will prefer above all the Wembley NOR-EAST Ties that American dads have made the most popular dollar neckwear in the whole wide world.

Send for free folder of 24 new shades in solid colors. To be sure it's a genuine Non-Crush tie, look for the Wembley NOR-EAST label.

All \$1

Crush it!



Twist it!



Knot it!



Not a wrinkle!



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

25) and think it was really good. It is too bad all the schools don't present this picture instead of the pleasant side of it as they have been doing. True, they do mention some of these things, but only touch very lightly when they do.

Keep up the good work of bringing us articles that are timely and pack such a punch.

DANIEL R. BREWER
Phoenix, Ariz.

MOTHER'S DAY

Sirs:

The Special Services Office of Camp Post wishes to express thanks to you and your organization for the splendid cooperation that was rendered us in our great Mother's Day celebration here. (LIFE, May 25). It was highly successful in every respect, and we feel that your photographer, William C. Shrout, assisted greatly in making it a success.

WILLIAM F. WIMBLE
Major, Infantry
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

FIRST CANAL OVER RIVER

Sirs:

LIFE, May 25, published a picture in Pictures to the Editors under the heading, "Freak Canal." Mr. L. T. Beggs, who sent you the photograph, calls it an engineering oddity, showing where the old Ohio Canal crosses the Cuyahoga River near Cleveland.

Rochester, N. Y. was the first city in America, if not in the world, to build an aqueduct over a river (the Genesee) to



ERIE CANAL CROSSES GENESEE

enable the Erie Canal to go on to its terminus at Buffalo. This aqueduct was built twice, finished first in 1823 at a cost of \$83,000. The material used was red sandstone but it was found to be so porous that there was leakage. In 1825 a new structure was finished, built of more solid masonry, 800 ft. long and 506 ft. above sea level, at a cost of \$600,000.

I am enclosing a print of the latter structure from the files of the Rochester Historical Society.

WILLIAM MILL BUTLER
Maplewood, N. J.

NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL

Sirs:

Heartiest congratulations to you for Tom Lea's "North Atlantic Patrol" (LIFE, May 25). Tom Lea is one of our finest Texans and we are jointly proud of him, of LIFE Magazine for the presentation, and of the ruggedness of the North Atlantic patrol.

H. BAILEY CARROLL
Austin, Texas

Sirs:

You have done the Navy, the war effort and the public a great service in commissioning Tom Lea to sketch and paint the men in the North Atlantic patrol.

We were thrilled, to put it mildly. We are sure that all who see these paintings will get a better understanding of the tough conditions faced by Navy men in that patrol through Artist Lea's draftsmanship, color, design and rendition.

OTTO W. SCHAFENBERG Y. 3/c
ALBERT R. SCHAFENBERG Y.3/c
New York, N. Y.



RELIEVE
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA &
MUSCULAR ACHES
WITH "BC"
QUICK
ACTING



"BC" contains not just one but several trustworthy ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.
10¢ and 25¢

You gotta keep
after fleas!



—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

• Fleas are no problem in my outfit, because we keep after them. Regular baths with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, and SKIP-FLEA Powder between baths—we get 'em all quick. SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder really kill fleas, help your pup keep normal health. The Powder's borated to soothe old itches, too.

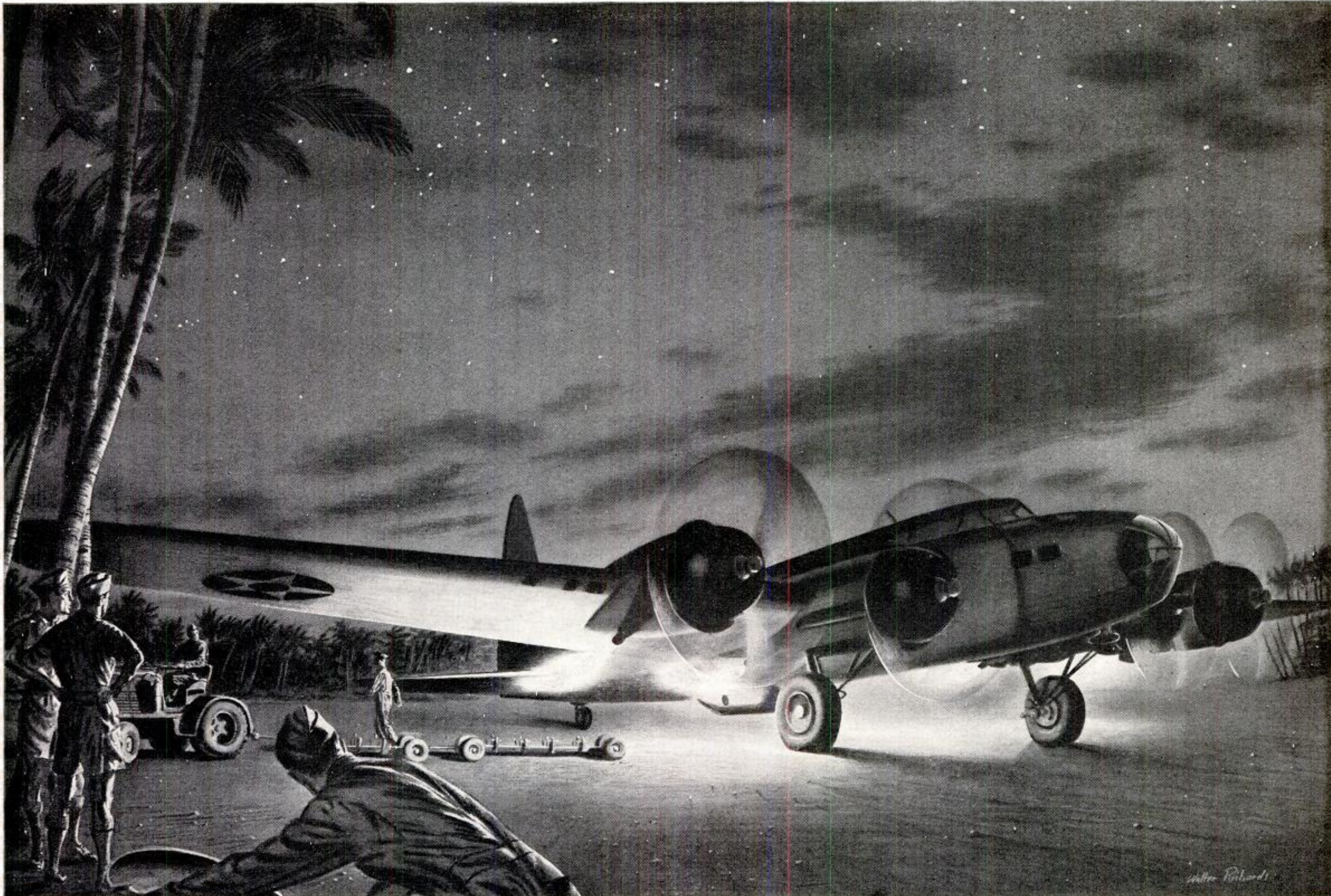
Spare your dog the torment of fleas. Use SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder regularly. Get them at drug and pet stores—and free Sergeant's Dog Book.

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 3-F, Richmond, Va. Please send me a free, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES



Miracle in the night

IT IS NIGHT AT A HIDDEN AIRFIELD.

The hangar doors open, and a huge bomber rolls forth. A shadowy figure signals, and the plane roars down the dark runway. Hours later it returns and circles above the field. Not a light shows—yet its wheels unerringly find the runway its pilot never sees.

How can men fly like this? How can they take off in darkness, accurately bomb their objectives, return to an unmarked field, land safely without lights at a hundred miles an hour?

The answer, of course, is *instruments*—precise, delicate dials and indicators that are the eyes and ears of our fighting forces.

In the cockpit of every American bomber are more than 200 of these instruments. In ships, submarines, tanks, in every type of artillery, instruments perform a thousand essential tasks. This, truly, is a war of instruments.

If we are to have planes and tanks and fighting machines by the thousands, we must have instruments by the *millions*. Yet building precision instruments is a delicate, painstaking process.

Manufacturing tolerances are frequently so small that machining and fitting of tiny parts must be done by hand, under powerful microscopes.

Before the war, America had no facilities for making electrical instruments on such a tremendous scale—yet *today*, America is getting the instruments it needs. And Westinghouse is proud to be contributing to this vital war effort.

In Westinghouse plants long devoted to instrument manufacture, and in others now converted to that task, precise, careful handworkmanship has been put on a mass-production basis—the job men used to say could never be done.

Westinghouse is doing this job *24 hours every day*.

**Again it's Westinghouse
"know how"**

Wherever American troops go into action, Westinghouse "know how" is on the job.

What is this "know how"? It is the ability to get things done in the best possible way. It is a combination of pride of craftsmanship, untiring research, industrial ingenuity, and a world of experience.

Today, Westinghouse "know how" has a single task and a single aim: to provide the weapons that will keep this nation free.

Westinghouse

Every Westinghouse plant is producing equipment for the Army, Navy, or Merchant Marine. Here are some examples:

Blackout Plant Air-Conditioning Equipment	Aircraft Instruments	Fluorescent Lighting
Naval Ordnance	Binoculars	Ship Searchlights
Field Hospital X-Ray Equipment	Mercury Vapor Lamps	Water Coolers
Army Camp Refrigerators	Military Radio	Ignitron Rectifiers
Instruments for Battleships	Marine Turbines and Gears	Motors and Controls
		Electronic Tubes

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere

THE PROBLEM OF GETTING 40,000,000 WORKERS TO THEIR JOBS ON TIME IS BEING TAKEN OVER BY AMERICA'S CAR OWNERS



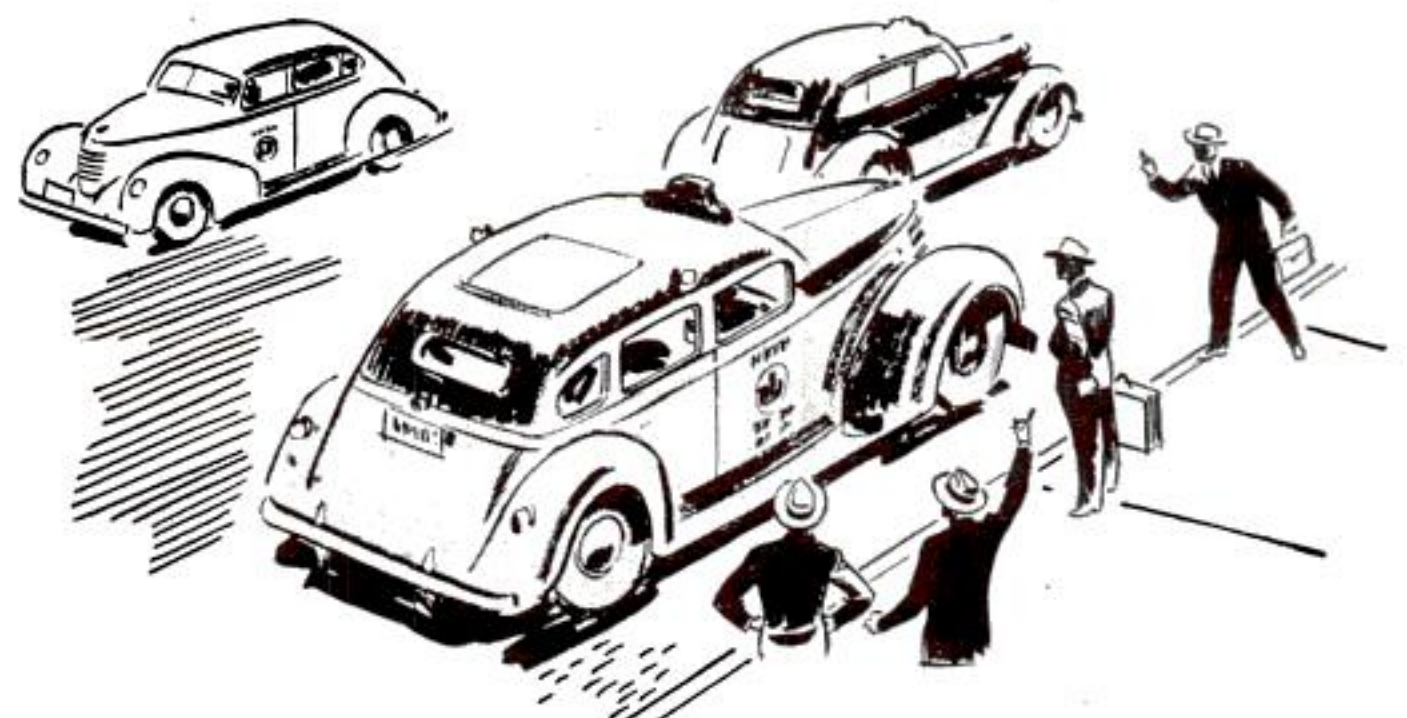
TROLLEY CARS CAN'T DO IT ALONE. Even with every available trolley car in service, even with staggered work hours to level off transportation peaks through the day, there just aren't enough trolley cars to take America's millions of workers to their jobs.



BUSES CAN'T DO IT ALONE. Already taxed to their full seating capacity, many bus lines are proving incapable of handling the rush. And enough vital steel and rubber can't be spared to build enough new buses.



TRAINS CAN'T DO IT ALONE. Although every railroad is cooperating fully, doing what it can, many of America's mighty war production plants cannot be serviced by commuting, interurban or subway trains. And there isn't time or material to lay new tracks.



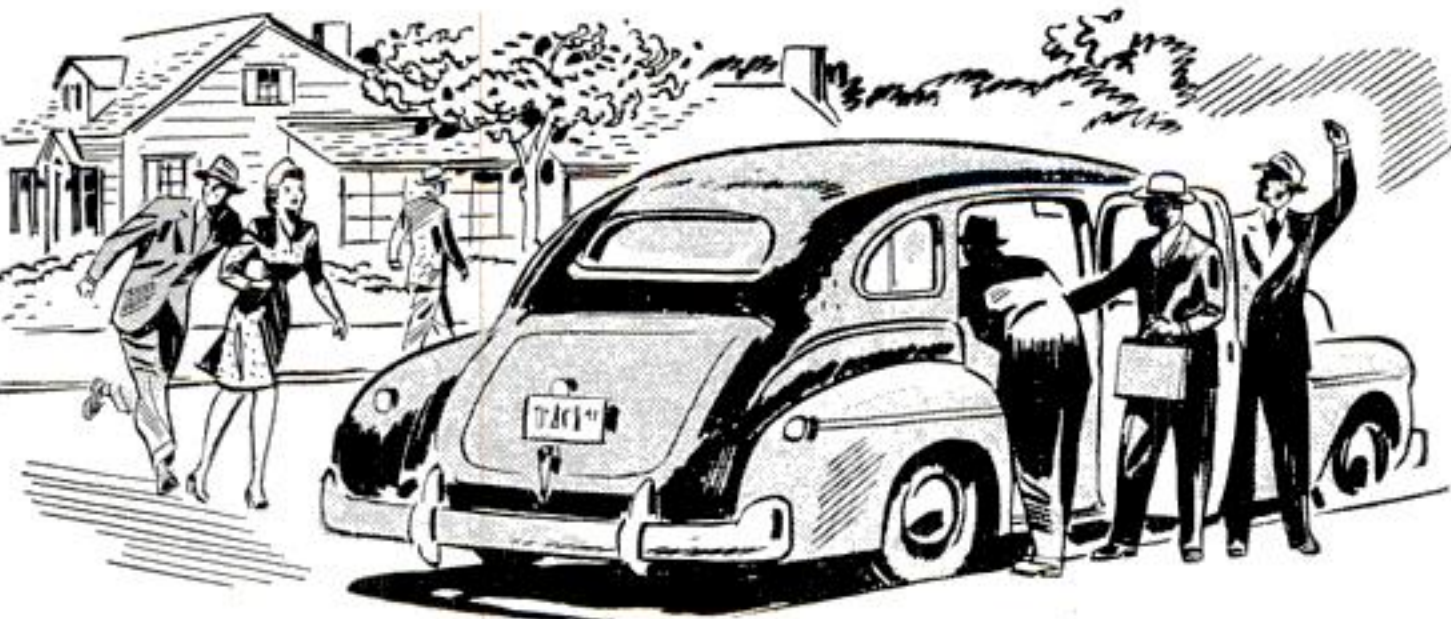
TAXIS CAN'T DO IT ALONE. Much as taxi service aids the transportation problem in big cities, they cannot hope to carry any considerable fraction of the millions of workers who must get from home to job.

IN AMERICA'S FIGHT FOR LIFE, EVERY TIRE-MILE MUST BE SAVED FOR ESSENTIAL DRIVING



1230 SIXTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

UNITED STATES



Neighbors are already driving each other to trains...**BUT NOT ENOUGH OF THEM**
American car owners have already, and voluntarily, pitched in to solve the national transportation problem. They're budgeting tire miles and sharing their cars with each other. They are devoting tire miles to essential driving.



Neighbors are already taking each other's children to school...**BUT NOT ENOUGH OF THEM**
American mothers all over the nation in street after street, block after block, town after town, are taking over the job of getting boys and girls to school with the least possible expenditure of gas, oil and tires.

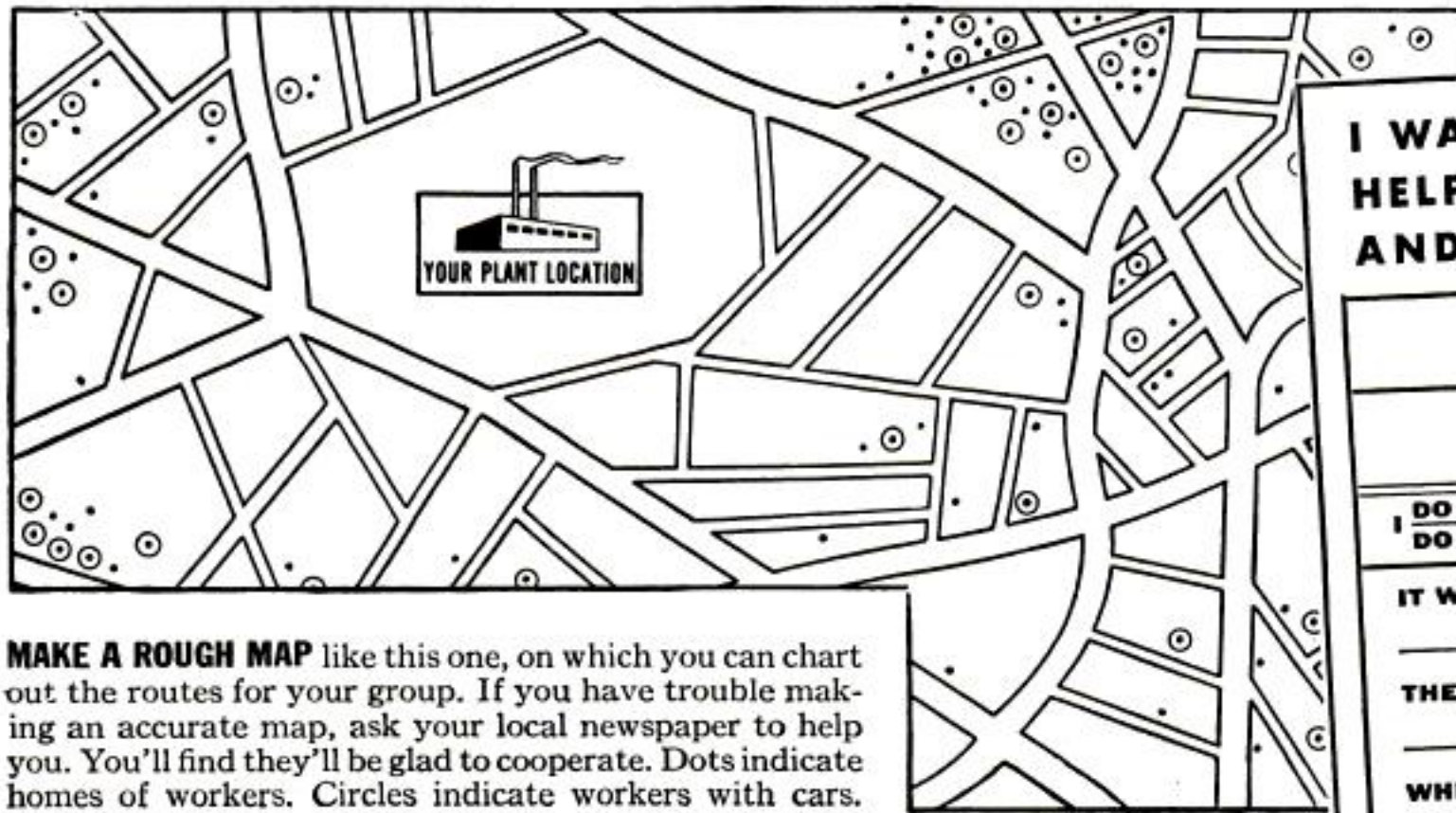


Neighbors are already doing their shopping together...**BUT NOT ENOUGH OF THEM**
Wives are pooling the cars left home for marketing. They've discovered there is no rhyme nor reason why six women should go to market in 6 cars when one will do the trick. They're discovering that it is not only patriotic, but fun.



Neighbors are already driving each other all the way to work...**BUT NOT ENOUGH OF THEM**
Watch the factory parking lots. You'll see that there are more men per car. But to solve our transportation crisis we've got to make sure that every seat in every car is filled. A car with empty seats is like a troopship without troops.

MANY LARGE COMPANIES ARE COOPERATING BY TAKING A CENSUS OF WORKERS' CARS



MAKE A ROUGH MAP like this one, on which you can chart out the routes for your group. If you have trouble making an accurate map, ask your local newspaper to help you. You'll find they'll be glad to cooperate. Dots indicate homes of workers. Circles indicate workers with cars.

I WANT TO COOPERATE UNDER A "CAR OWNERS" PLAN TO HELP RELIEVE OUR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION SHORTAGE AND TO HELP CONSERVE OUR TIRES AND GASOLINE...

NAME		HOURS OF WORK TO	MILES TO WORK
ADDRESS		CITY	
		DAYS WORKED	
<input type="checkbox"/> DO <input type="checkbox"/> DO NOT OWN A CAR		I NOW GET TO WORK USING: <input type="checkbox"/> MY CAR <input type="checkbox"/> ANOTHER'S CAR <input type="checkbox"/> BUS NAMES AND NUMBERS <input type="checkbox"/> ST. CAR NAMES AND NUMBERS <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER	
IT WILL CARRY PASSENGERS THE TIRES HAVE MILES LEFT WHEN I DRIVE TO WORK I PARK MY CAR AT COMMENTS:		I CAN GET TO WORK USING: <input type="checkbox"/> MY CAR <input type="checkbox"/> ANOTHER'S CAR <input type="checkbox"/> BUS NAMES AND NUMBERS <input type="checkbox"/> ST. CAR NAMES AND NUMBERS <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER	

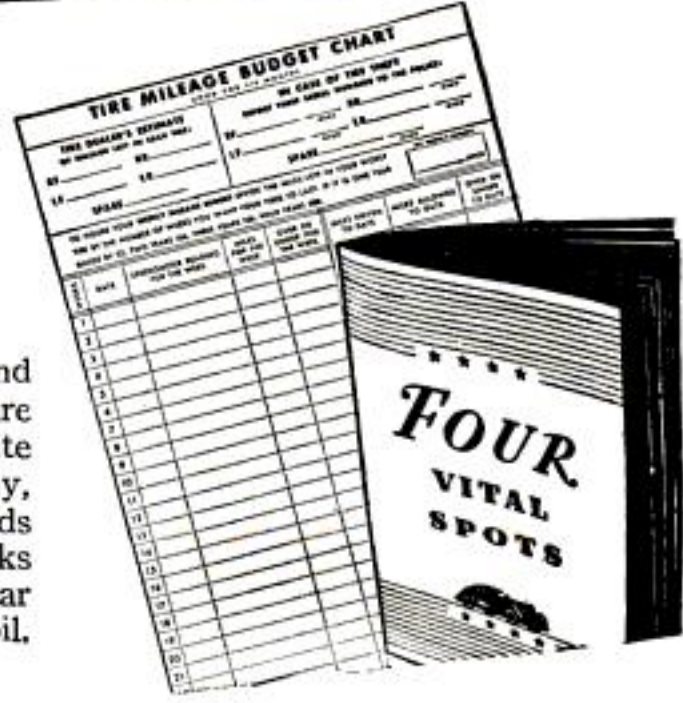
HERE'S HOW YOU CAN DO IT

1. Fill out cards with necessary details.
2. Sort and classify cards by residential districts.
3. Select sectional committees to act as Traffic Control Groups for each district.
4. Thus, equitable use of cars is assured.

Each plant... each community... has its own particular problems. NO attempt is being made to lay down all the details here. Details can be worked out only by you... your workers... your community. But let's start today and get every last mile out of those precious tires.

THIS CARD is a sample. Tear it out of this page. Make any changes you feel are needed to meet your special problem. But use it as a model. You can copy the form on filing cards, one for each man in your group to fill out and turn in to your Voluntary Transportation Committee.

GET FREE MILEAGE BUDGET CHART and copies of this free 32-page book on tire care from your local U. S. Tire Dealer or write direct to United States Rubber Company, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York. Hundreds of thousands of these charts and these books are already in the hands of American car owners today—helping to save tires, gas, oil.



RUBBER COMPANY



Two armies of 1975 meet in combat as mechanized Australian juggernauts roll in from left to crush line of Mozambique mobile fortresses. Note Australian soldiers carrying electric rifles

as they clamber over wreckage. Their invasion is supported, in proper 1942 style, by a wave of low-flying air troops. The weapon at the right is a rapid-fire mortar with revolving barrels.



Reporters cover the war. This one, trailing wires, moves press camel up close, holds field telephone in one hand, television transmitter in the other, carries water, sword and telescope for emergencies.

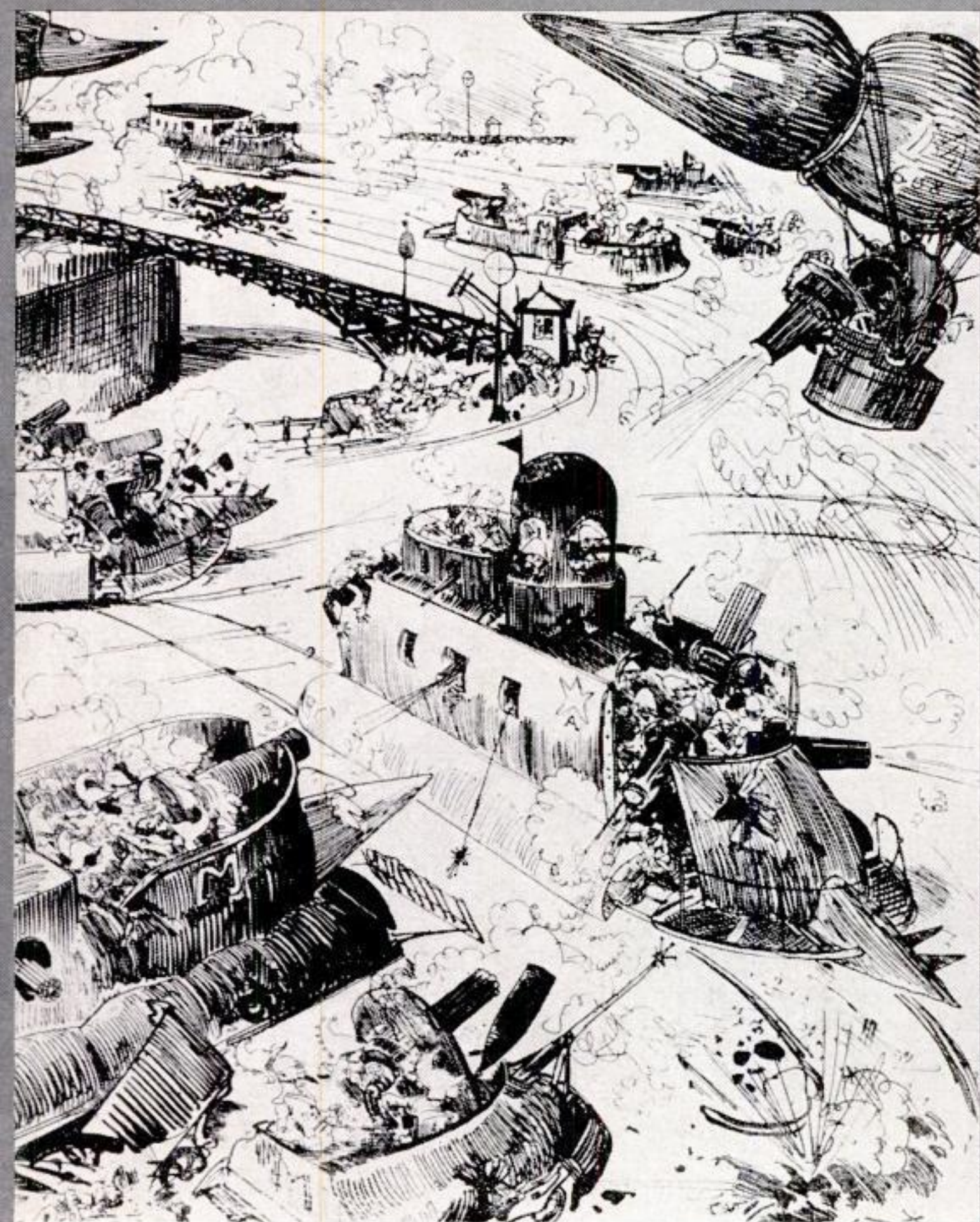
SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... A FRENCHMAN FORESAW MECHANIZED WAR IN 1883

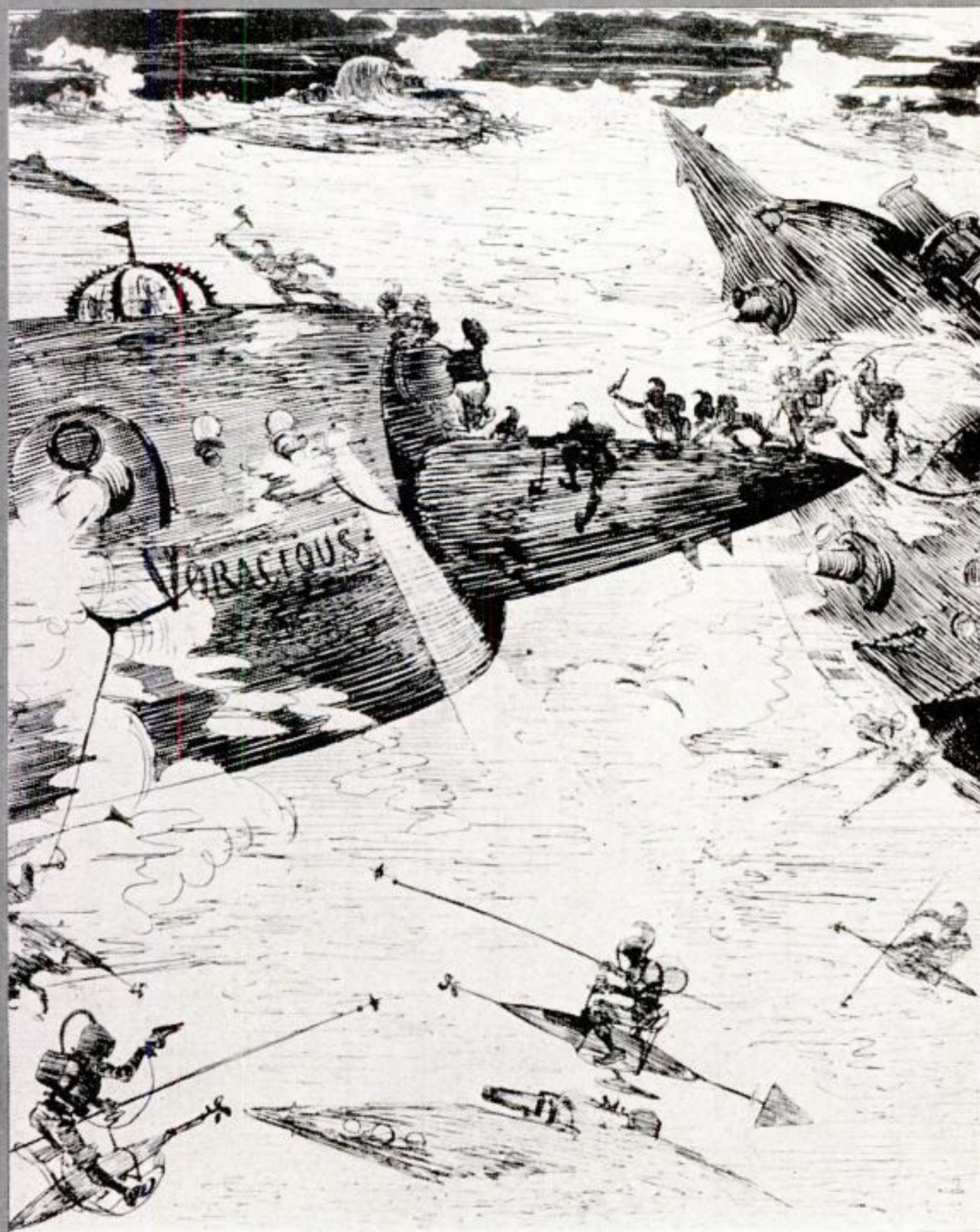
The scenes of battle shown here clearly illustrate the faculty that many Frenchmen, notably Jules Verne, have had for forecasting the future in terms of the puny inventions of their own time. But the most vaulting imagination of all belonged to Albert Robida, who foretold in these drawings what the flowering of the machine age would mean to the arts of war.

Born in 1848, Robida became a capable illustrator, editor and writer. By the time he was 35 an endless stream of half-prophetic, half-satirical articles and drawings about the world of the future was flowing from his pen. Shown here are scenes from an imaginary war to be waged in 1975 between Australia and Mozambique. In 1883, when they were drawn, the telephone was in its infancy, electricity was largely a laboratory phenomenon, submarines were deathtraps, the airplane was unknown. Yet Robida was prophetically aware of their terrible potentialities, as a careful examination of his pictures will indicate. He envisaged giant tanks, armored cars, flying fortresses, machine guns, electrical communication, submarines, antiaircraft weapons, gas, torpedoes, and even bacteria, all playing their part in the smoke and brimstone of modern technological three dimensional war.

Interesting, but to be expected, is Albert Robida's tendency to draw his world of the future in terms of the elaborate Victorian culture familiar to him. His warriors wear queer helmets and fight heroic solo battles; his airships are decorated with pennants and fancy tails. Also to be expected is the fact that Robida's contemporaries, although amused by his frothy visions, were profoundly unimpressed by their significance. His books are no longer in print. Today he is virtually forgotten.



Battle spreads to bridge approaches of large city. Two Australian land battleships try to encircle Mozambique units but get terrific blast from air. Note the multiple-barrel AA guns.



In the deep, monster Australian submarine tries to ram the enemy, who swarm out of escape chamber with axes and electric pistols. Scouts maneuver below in the rays of electric light.



Deadly bacilli are pumped into torpedo from a reservoir of disease germs. This is the only tool of war suggested by Robida which has not yet been tried out by the present belligerents.



Armored chemical unit is thrown into action by the Mozambique forces, who all wear gas masks for protection. Their attack asphyxiates thousands of invaders and turns tide of war.

"What else could a good wife do?"

Sometimes my husband George makes me *mad*...

Like the other night when he snuggled down into those Cannon Percale Sheets I'd just bought—and then bawled me out for buying such expensive sheets in wartime!

So I told him a few plain facts—

—how I'd discovered the most amazing thing—that Cannon Percale Sheets *aren't* expensive. They cost just about the same as heavy-duty muslin. (George sat up at that.)

—how we'd needed new sheets for a long time or I wouldn't have bought them at all.

—how wonderfully well Cannon Percale wears. And how it has 25% more threads per square inch than the best-grade muslin. And how we'd save as much as \$3.25 a year for each bed at average pound laundry rates because percale is *lighter*.

So, I ended up, what *else* could a good wife do? George just snuggled down farther and yawned. "M-mm," he said. "These Cannon Percale Sheets are the pleasantest way of being practical I've ever seen!"



How I make my sheets last longer

My washday don't's. Don't soak sheets overnight... unnecessary... 15 minutes before washing is plenty. Don't use a bleach if you can hang your sheets in the sun to dry. Don't put sheets in water containing bleach until you're sure the bleach is mixed in thoroughly. Don't forget to rinse *twice* after bleaching. Don't hang sheets unevenly. Don't... *please* don't use pillow cases for laundry bags. Don't use an iron that's too hot... and don't press the folds. That's harder on sheets than actual wear!



Have enough sheets. Because they need a rest, too. 6 for each bed is recommended: 2 on the bed, 2 in the laundry, and 2 on the

shelf. And rotate them... put the newly laundered sheets on top of the pile and pull from the bottom for use.

I rely on a good name. You can trust the name Cannon. And in these days, it's more important than ever to rely on a good manufacturer's name for quality in all the things you can't see for yourself. You will be as proud to own Cannon Percale Sheets as you are to own famous Cannon Towels.



Your store also has a real value in Cannon Muslin Sheets. High quality and fine appearance make these long-wearing sheets an excellent buy at a low, popular price.

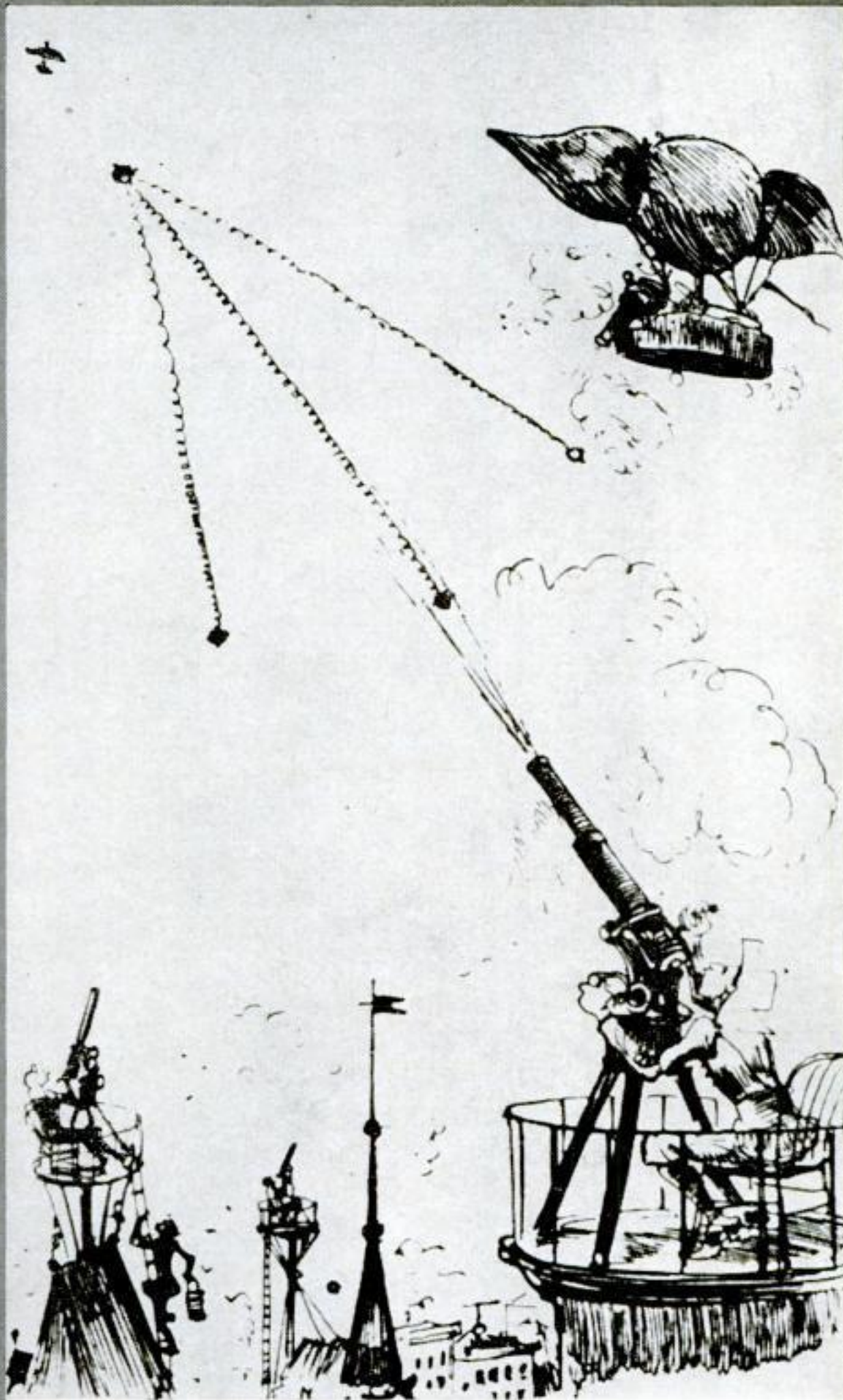
Cannon Percale Sheets



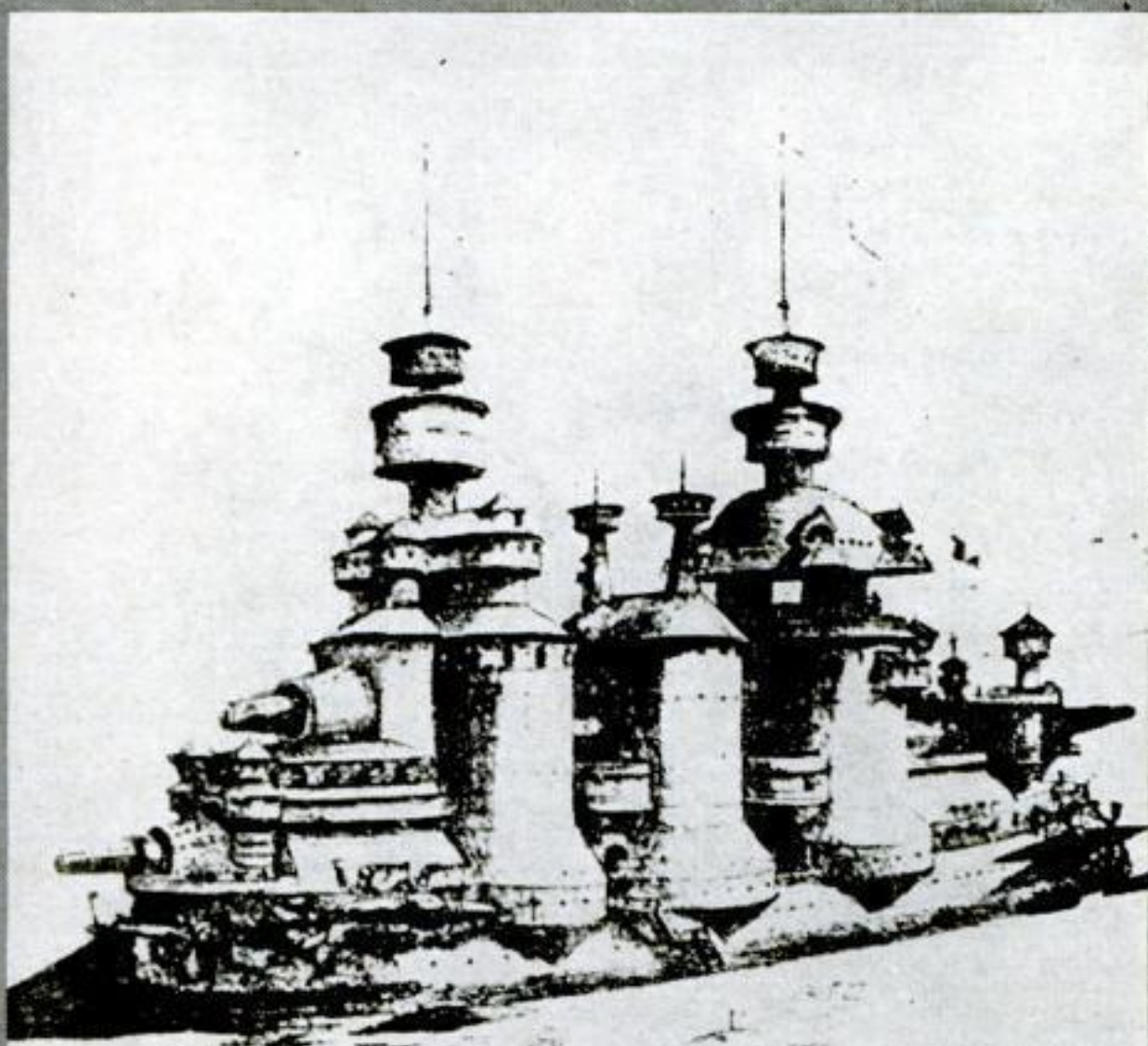
Made by the makers of
Cannon Towels and Hosiery

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Anti-aircraft guns, according to Robida, will occupy all high points in cities of the future, bringing down their flying prey with springlike missiles.



Robida's battleship looks like a medieval French castle. In actual fact, present-day battleships may be extinct by 1975 because of superior airpower.

Time for some
GOOD SOCKS

Interwoven Socks
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

—Best in the long run!

U.S. SERVICE SOCKS

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

© 1942, Interwoven Stocking Co.

New MIRACLE SAFETY RAZOR
BLADE SWEEPS THE COUNTRY!

PAL

"hollow-ground"

YOU CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE—at a glance
YOU'LL FEEL THE DIFFERENCE—with your first shave

**PAL
BLADE**

(Hollow Grinding
U.S. Pat. No. 2262588)

**USUAL
BLADE**

SENSATIONALLY BETTER, QUICKER COOLER SHAVES...and more of them!

The keener Pal Hollow Ground edge is flexible in your razor—giving you a satisfying, superior shave with only a "feather touch" stroke. No need to "bear down"—the lighter shaving stroke is kind to the skin and leaves the blade keen for more shaves. Cut hairs and lather flow back into concave groove—giving cutting edge full efficiency. Get a pack of new miracle Pals at your dealer's today—Try as many blades as you like. If you don't agree they're the best you've ever used, MONEY BACK without question.

Try PAL FREE! If your dealer doesn't stock, write for a week's test supply. Specify Single or Double Edge.

Pal Blade Co., 599 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.



PAL BLADE
Flexible in razor—hair and lather flow back into concave groove.



USUAL BLADE
Rigid in razor—hair and lather accumulate at cutting edge.

10 for 25¢
4 for 10¢

Economy Sizes:
25 for 59¢
50 for \$1.

DOUBLE
EDGE



SINGLE
EDGE

Fit Double Edge and Single Edge Razors Perfectly

LIFE'S REPORTS

BATAAN NURSES

The following account of hospital life on Bataan and Corregidor was cabled to LIFE by its correspondent, Annalee Jacoby. It is a condensation of reports given her by two Army nurses—Second Lieutenants Willa L. Hook, of Renfrow, Okla., and Juanita Redmond, of Swansea, S. C.

Conditions at Hospital No. 1 in Bataan were not too good during the last few weeks we spent there. Patients were flooding in. We increased from 400 to 1,500 cases in two weeks' time. Most were bad shrapnel wounds for surgery, but nine out of ten patients had malaria or dysentery besides. We were out of quinine. There were hundreds of gas gangrene cases, and all our supply of anti-gas gangrene serum had gone months before. There were no more sulfa drugs.

We were working in wards when bombers came overhead on April 4. We hardly noticed them. Suddenly incendiary bombs dropped. They hit the receiving wards, mess hall, doctors' and officers' quarters, and the steps of the nurses' dormitory, setting fire to all buildings, but luckily not hitting the wards. Several enlisted personnel wandering outside were killed. The patients were terrified, of course, but behaved well. The Japanese prisoners were perhaps the most frightened of all. We were still frightened until two hours later when someone heard the Jap radio in Manila announce that the bombings had been an accident and wouldn't happen again.

The morning of April 7 about 10:30, we were all on duty when another wave of bombers came over. The first bomb hit by the Filipino mess hall and knocked us down before we even knew the planes were overhead. An ammunition truck was passing the hospital entrance. It got a direct hit. The boys on guard at the gate were smothered in the dirt thrown up by the explosion, and shell-shocked.

Convalescent patients picked us up and we began doing dressings for patients hurt by shrapnel. Everything was terror and confusion. Patients, even amputation cases, were falling and rolling out of the triple-decker beds. Suddenly a chaplain, Father Cummings, came into the ward, threw up his hands for silence, said: "All right, boys, everything's all right. Just stay quietly in bed, or lie still on the floor. Let us pray." The confusion and screams stopped instantly. He began the prayer as a second wave of planes came over. The first bomb hit near the officers' quarters, the next directly in the middle of our hospital ward. The next wave struck the patients' mess just a few yards away. The concussion bounced us 3 ft. off the cement floor and threw us down again. The beds were swaying and tumbling down. Desks were doing a jitterbug. Red



A DAB A DAY

KEEPS P.O.* AWAY

New cream positively stops
*underarm Perspiration Odor
as proved in amazing

HOT CLIMATE TEST

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.

Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this daintier deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

**BUY WAR
BONDS AND
STAMPS**

For Victory

HOT, TENDER FEET?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Soothing to irritated skin. Large can, 35¢.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER



SWEET-ORR

Guaranteed
Quality



Since
1871

WORK CLOTHES

UNION

MADE

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

HOW THE WOMEN OF AMERICA CAN HELP SAVE 6 MILLION POUNDS OF METAL WHEN THEY GO TO BUY WINDOW SHADES

★ Famous CLOPAY Shades . . . 10c and 15c . . . attach easily to old rollers

★ Use no metal, cloth or other most essential materials

Even close up, these 15¢ CLOPAY Lintones look like expensive cloth shades

And think what I save by buying these 10¢ and 15¢ CLOPAYS!

I can brighten every window in the house for what I used to pay for one room

And CLOPAYS attach so easily to your old rollers. That saves a whole pound of metal for every 10 shades!



HOW MUCH METAL is there in a window shade roller? Multiply the 1-10th pound in every roller by the 60 million shades bought annually, and you have enough metal to build 1200 anti-aircraft guns, 430 light tanks or 200,000 machine guns.



THAT'S WHY IT'S PATRIOTIC as well as thrifty to use famous CLOPAY window shades. For handsome, sturdy CLOPAY shades attach easily to your old rollers saving a whole pound of metal for every 10 windows. Just moisten the patented gummed strip, smooth down. The job's done without tacks or trouble.

OF COURSE YOU WANT to keep your home bright with crisp new window shades. But even more, you want to help in the war effort. That's why it's welcome news that you can do both with amazing CLOPAY shades . . . the famous, thrifty window shades that have saved millions of dollars for smart American housewives. For although 10c* and 15c* CLOPAYS look like costly cloth shades, they require no cloth, use no metal or other most essential materials . . . they

attach right to your old rollers. Get them at your 5c and 10c, or neighborhood stores. For free color samples, write CLOPAY, 1203 Cloopay Sq., Cincinnati, O.

You'll also find CLOPAY LINTONES and CLOPAY Oil-finish WASHABLES on rollers at 29c and 45c. But unless yours is a new home or your old rollers are worn out, you'll save the most for yourself and your country by buying "Shademoor" 10c and "Lintone" 15c shades, attaching them to your present rollers.

*36 in. x 6 ft. size, ready to attach to roller.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

10c and 15c...same low price for 10 years



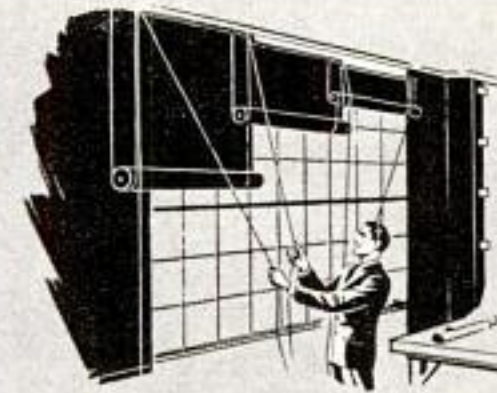
Keep home lights on as usual behind CLOPAY BLACKOUT SHADES

Light-proof. Easy to put up as any window shade. Only 39c up, complete on roller, with hold-down brackets to prevent escape of light around window frames. Heavy opaque midnight-blue material. At 5c to \$1.00 stores, hardware and department stores. Write for sample swatch.

In accordance with OCD rulings, above blackout devices available in areas within 300 miles of the coast, or in other "target" areas.

Tested, Efficient Industrial BLACKOUT MATERIALS

For factories, hospitals, public buildings! CLOPAY Blackout Blinds available for windows of any size or number. More convenient than paint—raise and lower quickly. Cost less, now used extensively in coastal areas. Write for prices, complete information.



The Handy Twins lead the parade
with proof that
PEPSODENT POWDER
makes teeth
TWICE AS BRIGHT

HI! I'M CHARLENE:

... AND PEPSODENT
MADE IT EASY TO
KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!



"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US...performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."



"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily twice as bright! Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

HANDY TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year!



"Two Cheers!
Pepsodent
leads the
parade
with us!"

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

flashes of heat burned our eyes. But through it all we could hear Father Cummings' voice in prayer. When the bombs hit the ward everyone had begun to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Father Cummings' clear voice went through to the end. Then he turned quietly and said: "All right, you take over. Put a tourniquet on my arm, would you?" And we saw for the first time that he'd been badly hit by shrapnel.

The next few hours were a nightmare, except for the way everyone behaved. We were afraid to move, but realized we had to get to work. One little Filipino with both legs amputated—he'd never gotten out of bed before by himself—rolled onto the ground and said: "Miss Hook, are you all right, are you all right?" We tried to care first for the patients hurt worst. A great many all over the hospital were bleeding badly. We went to where the bomb had hit the ward and began pulling patients from the crater. I saw Rosemary Hogan, the head ward nurse, and thought for a moment her face had been torn off. She wiped herself with a sheet, smiled and said: "It's nothing, don't bother about me. It's just a nose bleed." But she had three shrapnel wounds.

It would be hard to believe the bravery after that bombing if you hadn't seen it. An enlisted man had risked his life by going directly to the traction wards where patients were tied to beds by ropes fastened to wires through the fractured bones. He thought it was better to hurt the men temporarily than to leave them tied helpless above ground where they'd surely be hit by shrapnel, so he cut all tractions and told the patients: "Get under the bed, Joe." He probably saved a good many lives too.

The triple-decker beds were all tumbled over. We gave first-aid treatments, then baths, and cleaned up the beds until after dark. Afraid the Japanese would be back again the next day, we then moved the patients to another hospital. Even the most serious cases were moved; giving them any chance was better than none. There were only a hundred left the next morning. We worked all the next day making up beds to admit new patients. Suddenly, after dark, we were told we were leaving in 15 minutes—that we should pack only what we could carry in our arms. The Japanese had broken through the line and the Battle of Bataan was over.

The doctors decided collectively to stay with the patients, even doctors who'd been told to come to Corregidor. We left the hospital at 9 that night and got to Corregidor at 3 in the morning. The trip usually took a little over an hour. As we drove down to the docks, the roads were jammed. Soldiers were walking, tired, aimless, frightened. Cars were overturned; there were guns in the road and bodies. Clouds of dust made it hard to breathe. At midnight on the docks we heard they'd burned our hospital to the ground.



UNGUENTINE

FOR ON-THE-SPOT FIRST AID

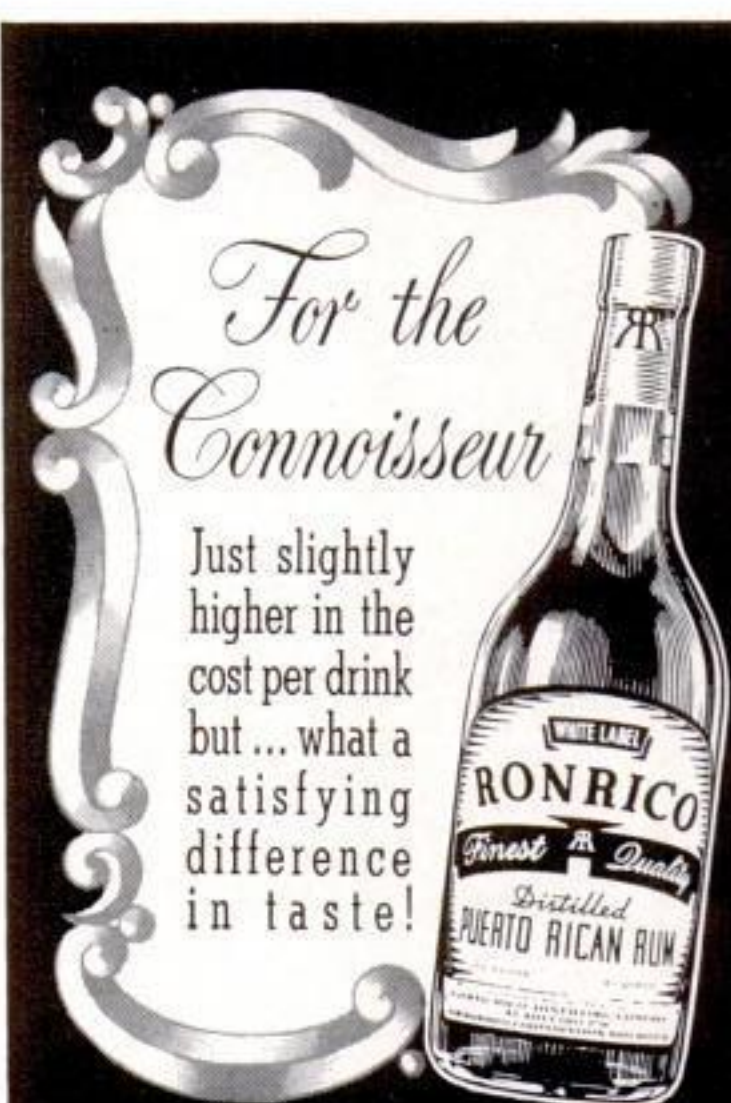
- ① Relieves Pain
- ② Fights Infection
- ③ Promotes Healing

This summer, it's common sense to expect the unexpected! Take along plenty of Unguentine—not only for sunburn—but for accidental burns, scalds, scrapes, scratches, lacerations and emergency first aid!

Be prepared! Be sure you have enough! Ask your druggist.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NORWICH PRODUCT

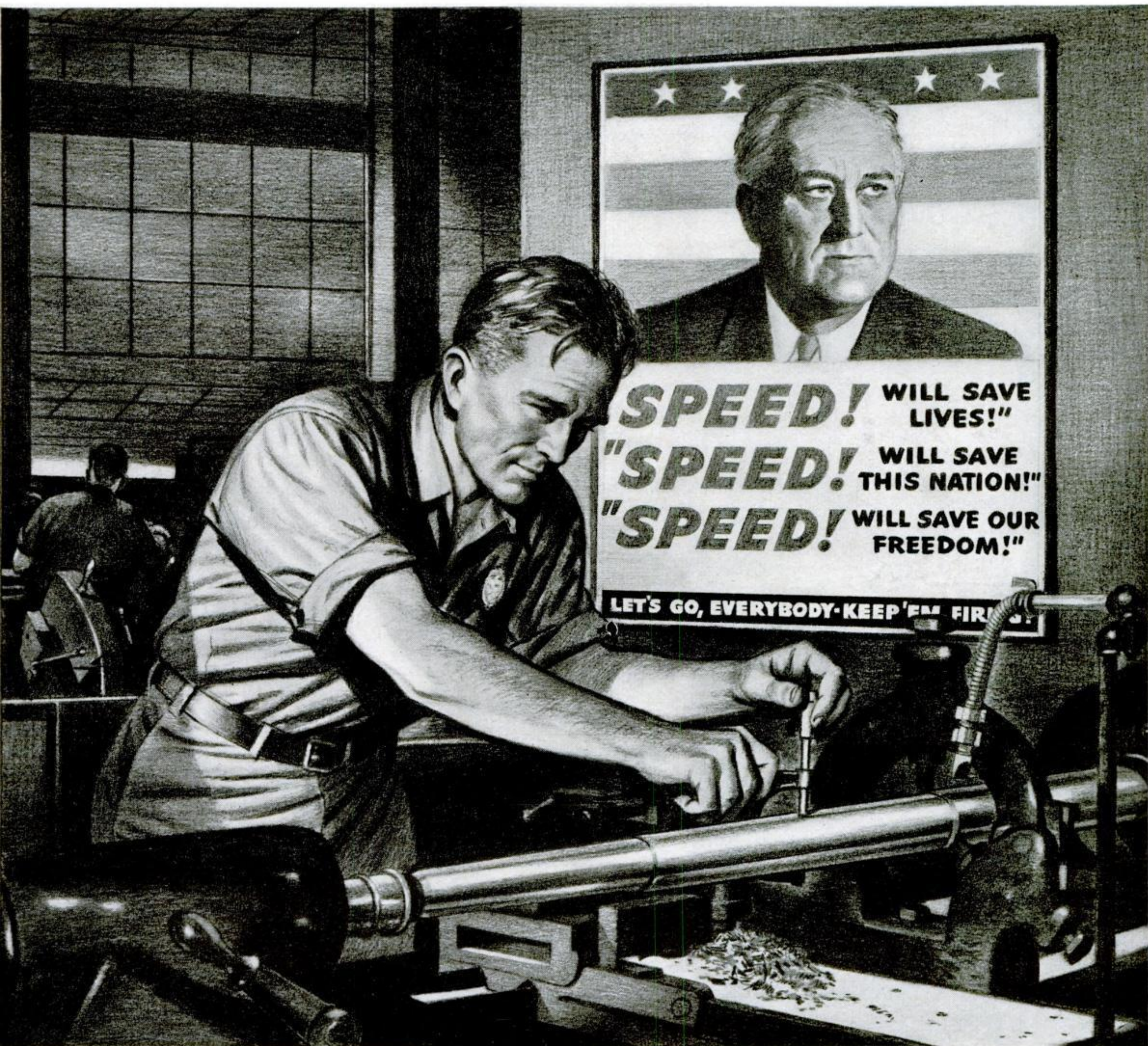


For the
Connoisseur
Just slightly
higher in the
cost per drink
but... what a
satisfying
difference
in taste!

RONRICO
Best RUM bar none

THE RUM CONNOISSEUR CONTAINS OVER 100 TESTED DRINK AND FOOD RECIPES. SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. A, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



For Victory, Buy United States War Bonds!

"FIGHTING"... *Every Working Minute!*

"I FEEL as if I'd blasted a Jap out of the sky, every time I finish up one of these cannon!" That's the way one Oldsmobile worker describes it, and that's the way all of them feel. They're *mad—fighting mad!* They want to do their part, and they're doing it with *work*—but it's work with a lot of "fight" in it. They're working fast, and they're working well . . . Shift

after shift . . . 24 hours a day . . . 168 hours a week. Some of these men have been in arms production for well over a year. Long enough so that they frequently hear that the cannon and shell they've been building are already "dishing it out" to the Axis. And that makes them work faster still. No, America *can't* lose. Not when our great armed forces are backed up by men like these.



OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A. ★

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY TO MEND!

NEGLECTING one's hearing is probably the most expensive luxury in America. Of more than 5,000,000 people who are seriously deafened, it is safe to say an overwhelming majority need not be as severely handicapped as they are . . . if only they had paid a little attention to their hearing . . . *earlier!*

It is hard for the layman to understand this reluctance. Some of the alibis are amazing. It is a well-established medical fact that in a large percentage of cases neglected hearing troubles are progressive and grow steadily worse. Yet day after day, Sonotone consultants hear people say . . . "No, I'll *never* wear a hearing aid!" . . . or "my hearing's not bad enough *yet*" . . . or the prize reason of all . . . "why, I'm not old enough to wear a hearing aid yet."

But happily, as Miss Myers' experience shows, a change is on the way . . . a saner and more realistic understanding of hearing troubles . . . especially in the younger generation's thinking. When, shortly after graduation from college, this charming, little Pennsylvania miss discovered that what she thought was just a *temporary* hearing trouble was threatening to end her teaching and wreck her entire life, she didn't let vanity, inertia or false pride get in her way for a minute. No life of *half-hearing* for her!

Sanely she saw that her hearing trouble, while unfortunate, was a physical mishap that modern science probably could correct as readily as it does eye trouble. So off she went to an otologist for examination and advice, and then to Sonotone for a modern audicle. The result? Well, today her hearing is so natural and her life so normal that when George Karger went to take these photographs, he wouldn't believe at first that she wore a Sonotone.

Miss Myers' experience is not unusual. Thousands of people have discovered it is never too *early* to mend one's hearing. Sonotone's scientific research of the past 12 years has brought such notable advances in the modern audicle that close to 95% of people's hearing troubles can be helped. And there are Sonotone offices staffed and equipped to serve in more than 137 cities. Help is available for anyone anywhere . . . the point is to look for it *early!*

Her improved hearing has completely freed Miss Myers from the threatened handicap. She has resumed her normal social activities, takes part in local dramatics. She rides, skates, plays tennis, teaches music, carries on her musical studies. And a stranger wouldn't know her hearing was impaired.



During her last two years at Geneva College, lovely Maë Myers, of Zelienople, Pa., knew that her ears were playing tricks on her. But while it was embarrassing to miss what people said and make the wrong answers, she thought her trouble was only "*temporary*". She was so busy with college life and her music and other studies, she just paid no attention to her hearing. But when, after she started teaching, her principal urged her to quit, she looked the facts in the face, decided she wasn't going to waste her life *half-hearing*, and got a Sonotone.

Her Sonotone so markedly improved Miss Myers' hearing that after the principal's next visit to her class-room, the subject of quitting was never referred to again.

Continuous hearing is Sonotone's watchword. Regularly Consultant Clare M. Clark, of the Pittsburgh office, checks Miss Myers' hearing and her audicle to make sure she is getting the best hearing possible.



Two of Sonotone's research engineers checking coils before assembly into the finished audicles. The infinite precision and meticulous attention to every tiny detail in the making of a Sonotone are in large measure responsible for Sonotone's dependability. The great Elmsford laboratories carry on the most extensive hearing aid research in the world.

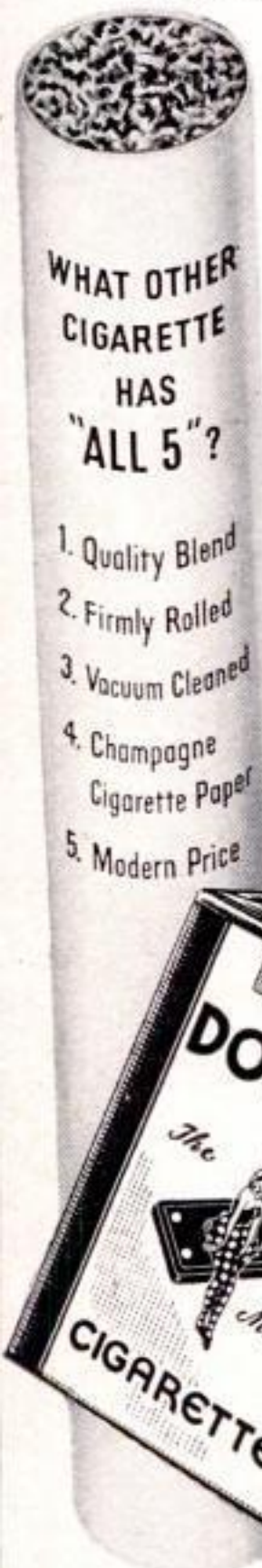


For information on Sonotone, look in your local 'phone book under SONOTONE for the address of the nearest of Sonotone's 137 offices. Or write Sonotone Corporation, Elmsford, N. Y. In Canada, write 229 Yonge St., Toronto, and in England, 144 Wigmore St., London, W. I. Offices in 23 other countries.

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by HARRIS

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LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

Bombers were overhead. We were too tired to care. But as we crossed the water with Corregidor's big guns firing over our heads and shells from somewhere landing close by, the boat suddenly shivered and the whole ocean seemed to rock. We thought a big shell had gone through the water just in front of us—it wasn't until we landed that we found an earthquake had come just as Bataan fell.

We were on a cargo boat. Some went in barges, some helped paddle rafts. But we had an easy trip compared to that of the nurses from hospital No. 2. It was 3 in the morning before they got away—Bataan had begun to fall at 8. They were cut off by a burning ammunition dump and waited for hours with explosions ahead of them and Japs a few kilometers behind.

Corregidor seemed like heaven that night. They fed us and we slept, two to an Army cot. We went to work the following morning. There was constant bombing and shelling—sometimes concussion from a bomb landing outside would knock people down at the opposite end of the tunnel. The Emperor's birthday, April 29, was specially bad. Bombing began at 7:30 in the morning and never stopped. Several men counted over a hundred explosions to a minute. Dive bombers were going after the gun on the hill directly above our heads and the concussion inside was terrific.

The worst night on Corregidor was when a bomb lit outside the tunnel entrance on the China Sea side. A crowd had gone outside for a cigaret and many were sleeping on the ground at the foot of the cliff. When the first shell hit nearby, they all ran for the tunnel, but the iron gate at the entrance was shut and it opened outward. As more shells landed, concussions smashed the men against the gate and twisted off arms and legs. All nurses got up and went back to work—surgery was overflowing until 5:30 in the morning. There were many amputations. Litter bearers worked outside in total darkness, groping about for wounded. One rolled a body onto his litter; when he got inside he saw it had no head.

Through all those weeks on Corregidor everyone was grand. At 6 o'clock one evening after the usual constant bombing and shelling, 21 of us were called into a meeting and told we were leaving Corregidor by plane with 10 lb. of luggage apiece. We don't know how we were selected. The pilot hustled us aboard because we were between Cavite and Corregidor, directly in the range of artillery. On that trip we sometimes almost skimmed the water. There was so much fog over Mindanao that we had to make a forced landing. People on Mindanao were just as courageous as the rest on Corregidor and Bataan. They knew they would be trapped but cheerfully wished us a good trip and happy landings. At dusk we left for Australia.

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by Don Herold

A man with underarm perspiration odor is on his way OUT. Folks just don't want him around.

One or two offenses of this sort, and the bars are up to you. People are inhumanly cruel about kicking out any man who hasn't sense and sensibilities enough to be careful about avoiding perspiration aura.

Don't fool yourself and think you're so sweet that YOU can commit this crime and get away with it. One day of neglect and you may become the biggest blacksheep in town with certain people. Remember,



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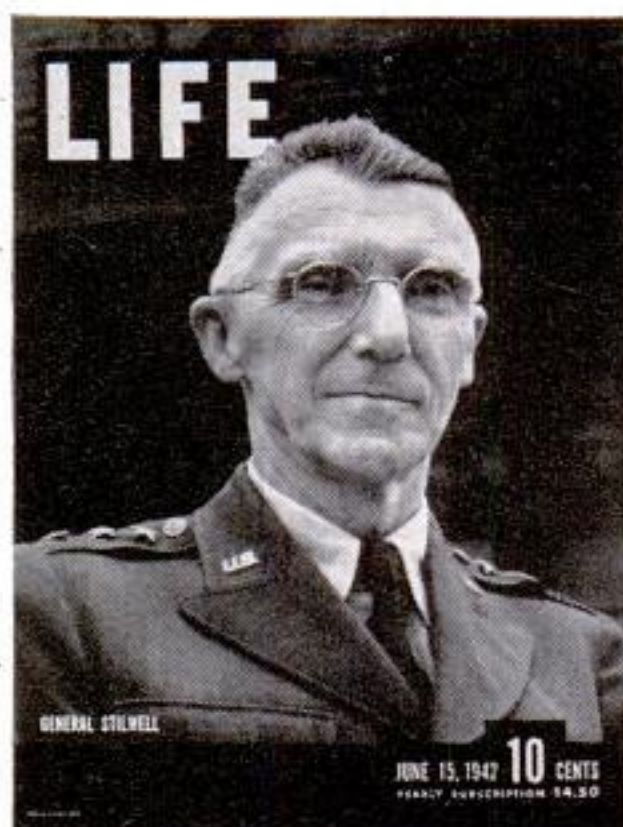
your own nose can't be trusted. And folks don't come out and tell you to scram. They just silently stamp you as an undesirable, and lock you out thenceforth... mentally.

You know what you yourself think of such offenders. Well, THAT'S YOU, if that's you. Friends, sweethearts, bosses, business prospects have no longer any use for you.

Mum can help save you from this dire doom. A few dabs under each arm after your daily bath or before evenings out will protect you for hours to follow. Baths alone are not enough to prevent risk of offending.

Mum is a pleasant, economical cream which does its job without stopping perspiration or irritating the skin or injuring clothes. See your druggist today.

LIFE'S COVER



Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell, U.S.A., hoofed it out of Burma through 140 miles of jungle and mountain, reaching India May 23 at the head of 117 soldiers and civilians, including five major generals. This unprecedented army of officers narrowly escaped the Japs. "I claim we got a hell of a beating," growled General Stilwell. "We got run out of Burma and it is humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back and retake Burma." For an article by Clare Boothe on General Stilwell and his staff before he took his beating, turn to p. 94.

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Subscriptions and all correspondence regarding them should be addressed to CIRCULATION OFFICE: 330 East 12nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.
LIFE is published weekly by Time Inc.—Editorial and Advertising offices TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York City—Maurice T. Moore, Chairman; Roy E. Larsen, President; Charles L. Stillman, Treasurer; David W. Brumbaugh, Secretary.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, \$4.50 in the U. S. A.; \$5.50 (Canadian dollars) in Canada including duty; \$6.00 in Pan American Union; elsewhere, \$10. Single copies in the U. S. A., 10¢; Canada, 12¢; U. S. Territories & Possessions, 15¢; elsewhere, 25¢.
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LIFE'S PHOTOGRAPHER

K. Chester, a young New Yorker who took most of the pictures in this week's essay on Negroes at War (pp. 83-93), acquired his lens name in a curious way. As Chester Kreiswirth (his real name) he sought a painting and book-illustrating career after finishing college. He signed his work Chester K. but a careless proof-reader switched this around to K. Chester, and he now works under this name with both brush and camera. The Army jeep was his shooting platform at Fort Riley.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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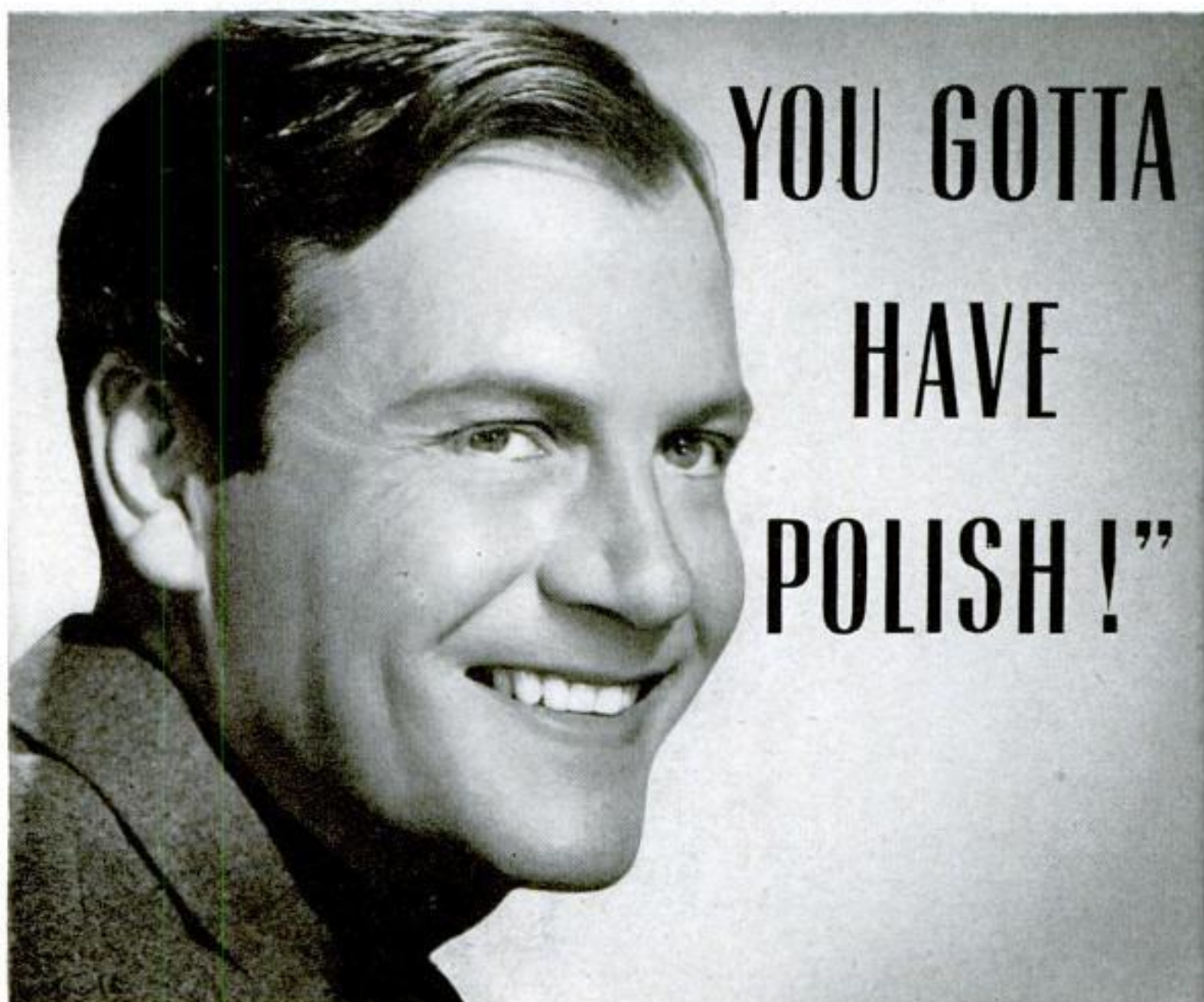
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- 118—CHAS. WEST STUDIOS *exc. bot.*
- 119—THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR

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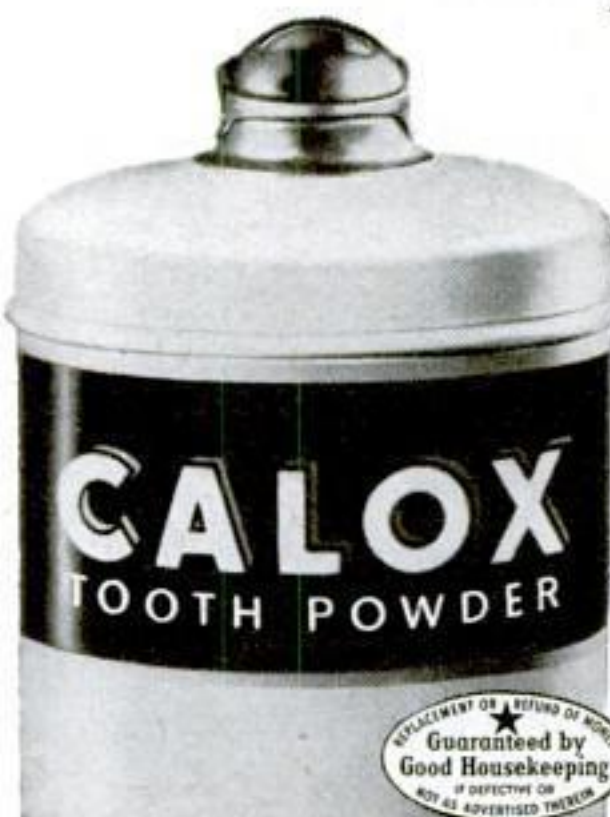
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HOME FROM COLOGNE, CANADIAN PILOT OFFICER W. H. BALDWIN (LEFT) AND AMERICAN FLIGHT SERGEANT R. J. CAMPBELL HAVE A CUP OF TEA

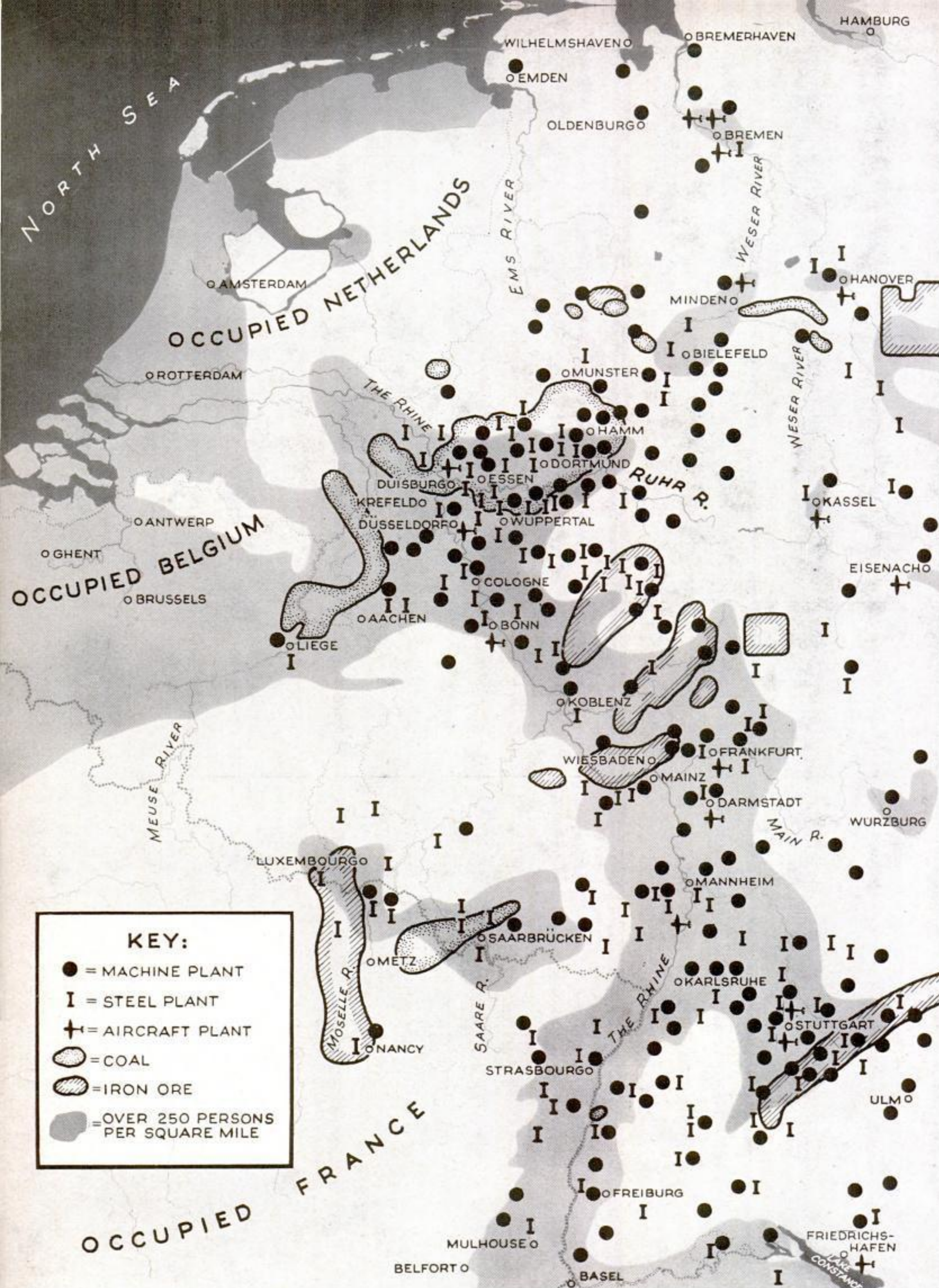
R.A.F. BLASTS AT GERMANY'S WAR INDUSTRY

On the night of May 30, 1,250 British planes delivered against Germany the greatest mass air bombardment in history. Chief objective was Cologne. Three thousand tons of bombs dropped in 90 minutes overwhelmed the 500 anti-aircraft guns of Cologne, killed 20,000 people, wounded 54,000, smashed the chemical, explosives, synthetic oil and rubber indus-

tries of Cologne and left an inferno "too gigantic to be real." Five days later Cologne was still burning.

Of the 6,000 men who flew the planes in, over a thousand were Canadians and Americans, of whom two are shown above getting a victory cup of tea at a mobile canteen after raid. One, Flight Sergeant Campbell, 22, of Pawling, N. Y., as a friend and employee

of Radio Commentator Lowell Thomas is known to President Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Westbrook Pegler, Gene Tunney, Jimmy Doolittle as the manager-batboy of the famous "Nine Old Men" softball team organized by Thomas. He has worked up from radio-man-gunner in the Canadian Air Force, has cracked up twice. Hungry for action, he got it over Cologne.



CAPTAIN PETE BOMBS COLOGNE

An R.A.F. pilot and his Lancaster crew tell their story of history's greatest air raid over Rhine city

They brought us back from leave at Whitsun and for five nights we waited for Met, the weatherman, to say operations were on. None of us knew that 1,000 planes were going on the raid or that Cologne was the target. But we knew something big was on. We look forward to an OP (operational) night because they give us an egg before the start and an egg and bacon when we get back.

When they told us the size of the raid, I had half a crown with Smudge on our likely losses. I said between 50 and 80; he said between 30 and 50 so he wins.

After the briefing, we sat around playing brag with ourselves, for we don't like parting with cash to the other crews. We got our eggs and then drifted to the crew room to get our togs on. Every man on station was as tickled as if Hitler himself were to be our target.

The Lancaster took off like a fairy. It took me all my time to keep her on the ground before she had flying speed. We were soon over the North Sea and approaching the Dutch coast. Even then, we could see the fiery halo over Cologne. It sounds incredible considering that we were 150 miles from the target but the fires were so great that it was a piece of cake to find the target area which was the whole city west of the river and which was a mass of flame six miles wide, just one great landscape of fire. The Wellingtons had done so well with their incendiaries that high explosives were merely doing the work of demolition squads. There wasn't a pin point to place our bombs on that wasn't afire.

The flak at the start was heavy as usual but within a few minutes the peak of the weight of the raid had been thrown on the town and the ground gunners and searchlight crews were blown out of their holes. I have not known a quieter time for months over a German target.

The R.A.F. bombers were everywhere using every bit of air space over Cologne. There were a dozen on our port side, a dozen behind us, and a dozen in front

The Rhineland has been the steel heart of Europe ever since the industrial revolution began. The tremendous concentration of iron, coal, steel plants, machine shops and skilled workers is shown on the map above. It gave Germany its weapons from 1914 to 1918 and when it was threatened in

1918 by the Allied drive, the Kaiser's Germany threw in the sponge. Hitler has tried desperately to disperse his key industries away from this vulnerable front door (see map opposite), but he could not change the basic economic geography. The Rhineland is still the capital of heavy industry.

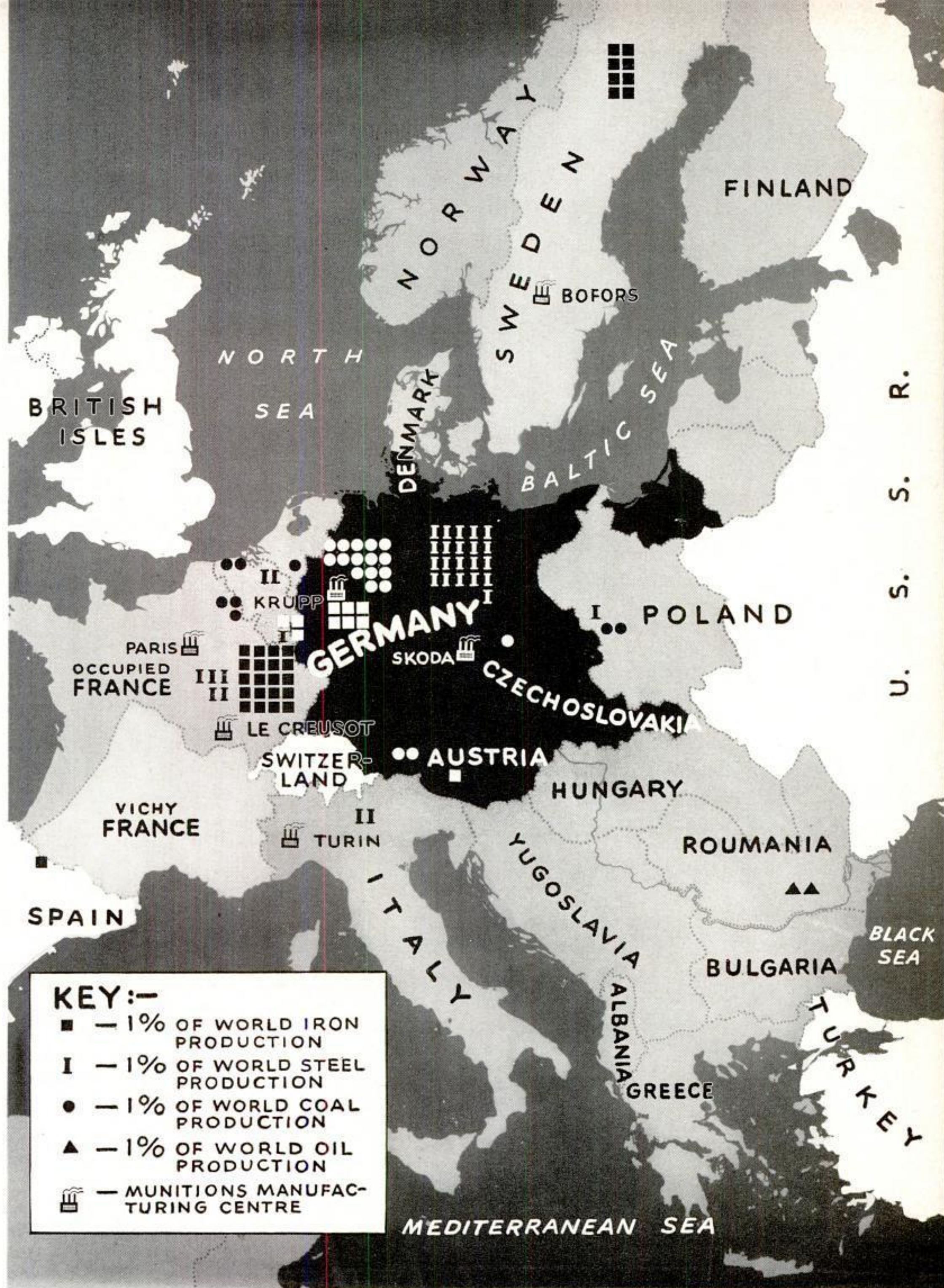


In the briefing room of a British Bomber Command squadron, the squadron commander tells the bomber crews in late afternoon what their night's work is to be over Germany.



Small bombs are loaded on a Wellington, one of those which on May 30 took two-ton bombs to drop on Cologne. The British bombers dropped on Cologne 3,000 tons of bombs, explosive and incendiary.

Back in the briefing room of their R.A.F. station, the boys of the Lancaster bombers, Britain's super-planes which carried the heaviest bombs of the 3,000 tons flung on Cologne, told a LIFE correspondent their first-hand story of the greatest raid in history. This is the story of Pete, the Captain; Crow, the second pilot; Dim, the navigator; Smudge, the first radio operator; Ernie, the second radio operator, and the gunners. All are sergeants in their early 20's and former city workers. But now they are hardened veterans of the R.A.F. They were at Lübeck, they raided the Renault works in Paris, and only missed Rostock because of leave. Captain Pete tells their story.



German war supplies, as indicated on this map, are drawn from sources scattered throughout Europe. Hitler was able to build his airplane and aluminum industries in the east, from the ground up. By using a revolutionary steel technique, less dependent on coal, he has been able to plant some

steel plants in the east. The great Rheinmetal arms factory, which has displaced Krupp, is on the outskirts of Berlin. A few other munitions centers are shown above. But iron ore and coal still rule the modern world and the map shows the percentage distribution by countries of iron and coal.



Wellington, two-engine standby of the British Bomber Command since 1939, is steady and trustworthy wheel-horse of the R. A. F.



Stirling is a four-engine improved 1941 job with far greater range and bomb capacity than the older Wellington. It is made by Short.



Halifax, powered by four Rolls-Royce engines, is a 1941 job. Only 1942 bomber is secret Lancaster.



GERMAN WAR ON CIVILIANS BOOMERANGS BACK ON THE GERMAN CITY OF COLOGNE

Under a hellish glare the dreadful silence of Cologne, after the British bombers had gone home, was broken only by the roar and crackle of great fires that burned for four days or more. The job was done, and as Cologne's newspapers said later, the old Cologne was "gone forever."

Yet still there reared up miraculously the beautiful High Gothic cathedral. This monument of the old un-Prussian Germany of the Holy Roman Empire the

R.A.F. had deliberately avoided and in so doing missed a chance to smash the railroad which snuggled up close behind it. Destroyed under the pall of smoke in the foreground was a still older church, the St. Maria im Capitol, which was begun 1,000 years ago. The great Hohenzollern railway bridge was smashed with a direct hit and the many-tracked railway ganglion leading to the station was shattered. The Vulcan, Rheinfelz and K. G. Mauser munitions factories, the



Kalk and Humboldt Deutz engine plant, the Koln-Nippes railroad works and the Franz Clouth synthetic rubber plant were all hit in those 90 minutes when "the sky over Cologne was as busy as Piccadilly Circus." The Nazi Propaganda Ministry, more accustomed to gloating than to glooming, at first claimed stupidly that a picayune 70 British planes had started a few "attic fires which were soon under control" and that "the mangled remains of British planes line the fields

all around Cologne." Actual British losses were 44, about 4% of the attacking force. The Nazi S. S. had got itself well-hated by ordering the people back into their cellars where many were roasted to death in the fires. Thirteen firemen were burned to death in synthetic asbestos suits. When the reserve food supply center at Dormagen was opened, it was found that somebody had stolen the food. The great debate of this war is whether the German

Army can be stopped by bombing Germany's heavy industry in the Rhineland. The attacks on Cologne and Essen were the beginning of the experiment. British Air Marshal Harris' opinion was expressed in his statement: "If I can send 20,000 bombers over Germany in a single night, the war will end the next morning." A more realistic view was taken by U. S. General Arnold of the Air Force who said that the war would be won by a co-ordinated use of air, land and sea forces.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Pacific Fighters Make History While Bureaucrats Make Trouble

When the white sands of San Salvador first rose up out of the moonlit sea to startle the eyes of Rodrigo de Triana, lookout on Columbus' *Pinta*, gigantic and inescapable forces were set to work. In the long run it was impossible for men to know of the existence of San Salvador without discovering Cape Cod. In the long run it was impossible to live on Cape Cod without struggling down the Ohio River to develop the Mississippi Valley. Once Rodrigo's eyes had seen what they saw that night of Oct. 12, 1492, nothing could stop history from moving across the continent to the Pacific Ocean.

Events of such significance are rare, but it is a fallacy to think that they are all in the past. They can happen even to us of the 20th Century. One such happened last December when the Japs struck Pearl Harbor in that same Pacific Ocean. And last week the Japs jabbed still deeper into American waters. Using some of their capital ships, they hit the U. S. island of Midway. U. S. fighters met them there, and at last reports they were limping off. But prior to that, an advance force had descended on Alaska's Dutch Harbor. Behind the heavy screen of the communiques which obscured his vision, the American could observe this pregnant fact—Columbus' continent was now really under attack.

It is true that Dutch Harbor, where the bombs fell, is not on the mainland. It is situated on the mountainous little island of Unalaska, one of the Aleutians. And its weather is so bad that a gob once cracked that he hoped the Japs would take the damned place—it would serve them right. But the bombing of Dutch Harbor was nevertheless a significant historical event. History would not stop in the cold rain of Unalaska, any more than it could pause upon the sunny beaches of San Salvador.

Gone Forever

The nature of the new forces set loose in the Pacific could be deduced last week from the violent events over the Rhine. In the long, slanting light of a northern dusk, more than a thousand bombers roared down the runways of English airfields, lifted 3,000 tons of high explosive across the English Channel, and dropped most of them on the teeming city of Cologne at the rate of 30 tons a minute. The fifth largest city of Germany burst into flame and its citizens were trapped like rats in their cellars. The city's newspapers had to suspend publication. But a few days later, when the *Koelnische Zeitung* resumed, a copy reached Switzerland. Wrote the *Zeitung*: "Those who survived the night of May 30 and who on the morrow looked at the city were fully aware that they had said

farewell . . . to their Cologne. . . . The character and even the traditions of the city are gone forever."

Two nights later the R. A. F. again got more than a thousand planes into the air, most of which were concentrated on tough, industrial Essen. And only three days after that it staged the biggest British daylight raid of the war, sending several hundred planes over the French Coast.

Citizens of the World

If little England could put a thousand planes over Germany, if cocky Japan could strike all the way across the Pacific, it was not difficult for Americans to reach certain conclusions.

Columbus' continent had always been inaccessible. Men could get to it only in ships, and consequently its inhabitants had developed a peculiar philosophy. We were careless of our military requirements. After each war we let our Army disintegrate, and sometimes even our Navy. We took a kind of satisfaction in our ignorance of other lands and languages. We thought of ourselves as different from the rest of humanity, removed from the bloody and painful problems of the older nations of the earth.

But all this is now so much junk on the scrap pile of history. The age of airpower now unfolds before our eyes—the age that the late Billy Mitchell knew was coming, when he said, "He who holds Alaska holds the world." From the granite cliffs of Murmansk to the swirling sands of Libya, from Chiang Kai-shek's Chungking to Colonel McCormick's Chicago, from towering New York to camouflaged Berlin—anyone who wants to breathe air must be prepared to defend it. Never again can our politicians tell us that this continent is "safe." Along with the Poles, the Czechs, the Dutch, the Greeks, the Chinese, the Arabians and the New Caledonian islanders, we are part of struggling humanity. And henceforth we must live, not in ignorance and isolation, but as participants in the problems and heartaches of other peoples with whom we have become mortally involved.

More Hollywood War

Those are the facts and visions of the real war, as contrasted with what the Newsfront has called the Hollywood war. But last week the Hollywood war continued. Bureaucrats in Washington jockeyed for position, tripped over one another, blunted the keen edge of the nation's war effort. The President still hesitated to appoint a strong chief of war information. Fountain of such information is supposed to be Librarian MacLeish's Office of Facts and Figures. But for weeks OFF has had a reorganization hanging over its head, has been in suspense, has hesitated to make moves. Result was that Congress and the public remained in a state of confusion.

For instance, the U. S. is faced with an

acute shortage of copper, essential to munitions, airplanes, ships, instruments and chemical plants. For many purposes silver can substitute for copper, but the purchase of Treasury silver was lately opposed by the silver bloc Senators (Johnson of Colorado, Bunker and McCarran of Nevada) because it would result in a deflation of the artificial silver price. The situation was solved only by having the Treasury "loan" its silver, so that the price could be kept pegged at 71.1¢.

The case of rubber is worse. Here Donald Nelson has failed to get action from his own appointee, Arthur Newhall, handsome head of the Rubber Division of WPB. The nation is faced with no mere civilian shortage of rubber but an actual military shortage. Yet so far Mr. Newhall's synthetic rubber program is almost entirely on paper, and Washington is torn apart by a violent dispute between the advocates of alcohol as a synthetic base, and the advocates of oil. Meanwhile, on the shameless ground that they don't want to do anything so drastic in an election year, about half of Congress is opposed to saving tires by rationing gasoline. Their protest was embodied in a House concurrent resolution, introduced by Representative Jed Johnson of Oklahoma, protesting against nationwide gasoline rationing "unless . . . full facts and figures" were furnished demonstrating its necessity. The fact that such information had not been furnished is in itself a scandal.

New Leaders

But while the Hollywood war boiled up in Washington, new leaders arose elsewhere in the country to face the facts of the real war and to advocate fighting it. Out of the mid-west state of Minnesota stepped Governor Harold Stassen, the massive young keynoter of the 1940 Republican Convention, to strengthen the liberal wing of the Republican party in its fight for an American internationalism (see p. 37). A few days after that another leader joined up in the real war with some real proposals. Having finally shaken off the clammy clutch of John L. Lewis, Philip Murray, head of the C. I. O., asserted the leadership that his friends had been waiting for. The executive board of the C. I. O., loyal to Mr. Murray, unanimously adopted a resolution inviting the A. F. of L. to participate in a joint national Win-The-War convention. The resolution also proposed that A. F. of L. and C. I. O. set up a joint council for the purpose of achieving a working unity and "a maximum effort behind the war program."

The new era, whose forces are radiating outward from the Pacific across all America, will require honest and daring leadership. The safety of almost all the nations of the world now depends on the U. S. And on the other hand the fate of the U. S. is now tied to almost all the other nations. That is a big change—and a big challenge. Americans will insist that their leaders meet it. They will insist that their leaders lead them, by real sacrifices and real proposals, to a real victory.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

During night maneuvers in New South Wales a few weeks ago, Australian soldiers were landing at the edge of a dam when a charge of gelignite, em-

ployed to lend realism to the operation, unexpectedly exploded beneath their boat. Amid splinters and spray the Aussies were hurled into the night.

As they fell, a photographer 20 ft. away snapped his shutter and caught the remarkable picture opposite. The soldiers suffered only bruises and shock.



Australian soldiers, blown into the air
by an accidental explosion, fall in river
amid the splinters of their wrecked boat



1,000 men of Houston, Tex. are sworn into U. S. Navy in a mass enlistment ceremony to replace 1,000 lost on cruiser "Houston"



DEPARTING VOLUNTEER GIVES LAST LONG KISS TO THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND. MEN WERE MARCHED TO TRAIN AFTER CEREMONY, HAD ONLY THIS MOMENT FOR GOODBYS

HOUSTON REPLACES "HOUSTON'S" LOSSES

On Memorial Day in Houston, Tex., one thousand volunteers joined the Navy in a mass enlistment to replace the thousand other Americans who had gone down with the cruiser *Houston* in the battle of the Java Sea in March. All week the men had streamed through the recruiting office, filling in forms, taking examinations. At 6 p. m. May 30, those who had met the Navy's stiff standards paraded to the reviewing stand.

There, while their fellow townsmen watched in silence, they repeated the words of the enlistment oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance . . . that I will serve honestly and faithfully. . . ." Then Rear Admiral William A. Glassford, Jr. in command of U. S. naval forces in the

Southwest Pacific last March, told them of the *Houston's* last hours. He recounted how, just before her final engagement, she had helped knock two heavy cruisers from the enemy's active ranks. Day after this fight, she vanished through Sunda Strait for the south coast of Java and was never heard from again.

After the ceremony and dedication of a 60-ft. model of the *Houston*, the men marched through cheering crowds to Union Station where five special trains waited to take them to the San Diego training base. Wives, mothers and sweethearts crowded in to say goodbye, and there were sorrow and tears mingled with the cheering. Saddest of all were 600 enlistees who had signed up too late to be part of the memorial group.



GLASSFORD ADDRESSES VOLUNTEERS



Mrs. Thomas, who lost husband in World War I, watches son Edward being finger-printed at the Navy recruiting office. Said she, "I cried all night but knew I just had to let him go."



At the San Diego naval training station several days later, the *Houston* volunteers learn to make their beds Navy style, to stow their sea bags and to keep their "boot camp" shipshape.



IN ORDER OF SCHOLASTIC RANK, THE POINT'S 1942 GRADUATES COME FORWARD TO GET DIPLOMAS FROM GEN. MARSHALL

WEST POINT HATCHES 374 NEW SECOND LIEUTENANTS AND HELPS MARRY OFF 25



LIEUT. DALE E. BUCHANAN & ORPHA ACKERMAN



LIEUT. CARL C. HINKLE JR. & SHIRLEY E. SHIELDS



LIEUT. JAMES N. WOOD & DOROTHY HAYWARD



LIEUT. JOHN A. HEWITT & AULENE CUNNINGHAM



LIEUT. CHARLES ANDREW BEAUCOND JR. & JANE HICKMAN

At West Point on May 29, the United States Military Academy graduated its first wartime class in a quarter century. Dressed for the last time in gray jackets and white duck trousers, 374 cadets marched forward in turn and received their diplomas from the hand of General George C. Marshall, chief of staff of the U. S. Army. Then, as exercises concluded, they hurried to their quarters, eagerly donned their new uniforms of

olive drab. On each shoulder gleamed a single gold bar. Big news of the day was General Marshall's address. "Today," he declared, "We find American soldiers throughout the Pacific, in Burma, India and China. Recently they have struck at Tokyo. They have wintered in Greenland and Iceland. They have landed in Ireland and England. And they will land in France." One hour later the first of 25 young officers stood at

an altar with his bride. Hitherto graduates have been enjoined from wedding on commencement day. Since war has curtailed graduation furloughs, the rule was suspended this year. Every half hour during the afternoon, couple followed couple to altar. Seventeen were married in the Academy's Cadet Chapel, seven at the Catholic Chapel, one at the "Old Chapel" in the cemetery of the post. Most of them had met on blind dates.



LIEUT. DAVID D. MAY & VIRGINIA PAULINE THOMPSON



LIEUT. ROY W. JOHNSON JR. & MARGARET WHITMORE



LIEUT. ALEXANDER M. PATCH JR. & GENEVIEVE SPALDING



LIEUT. CLAUDE C. LUMPKIN JR. & MILDRED REED



LIEUT. RICHARD S. FIELD JR. & ANNE HALL



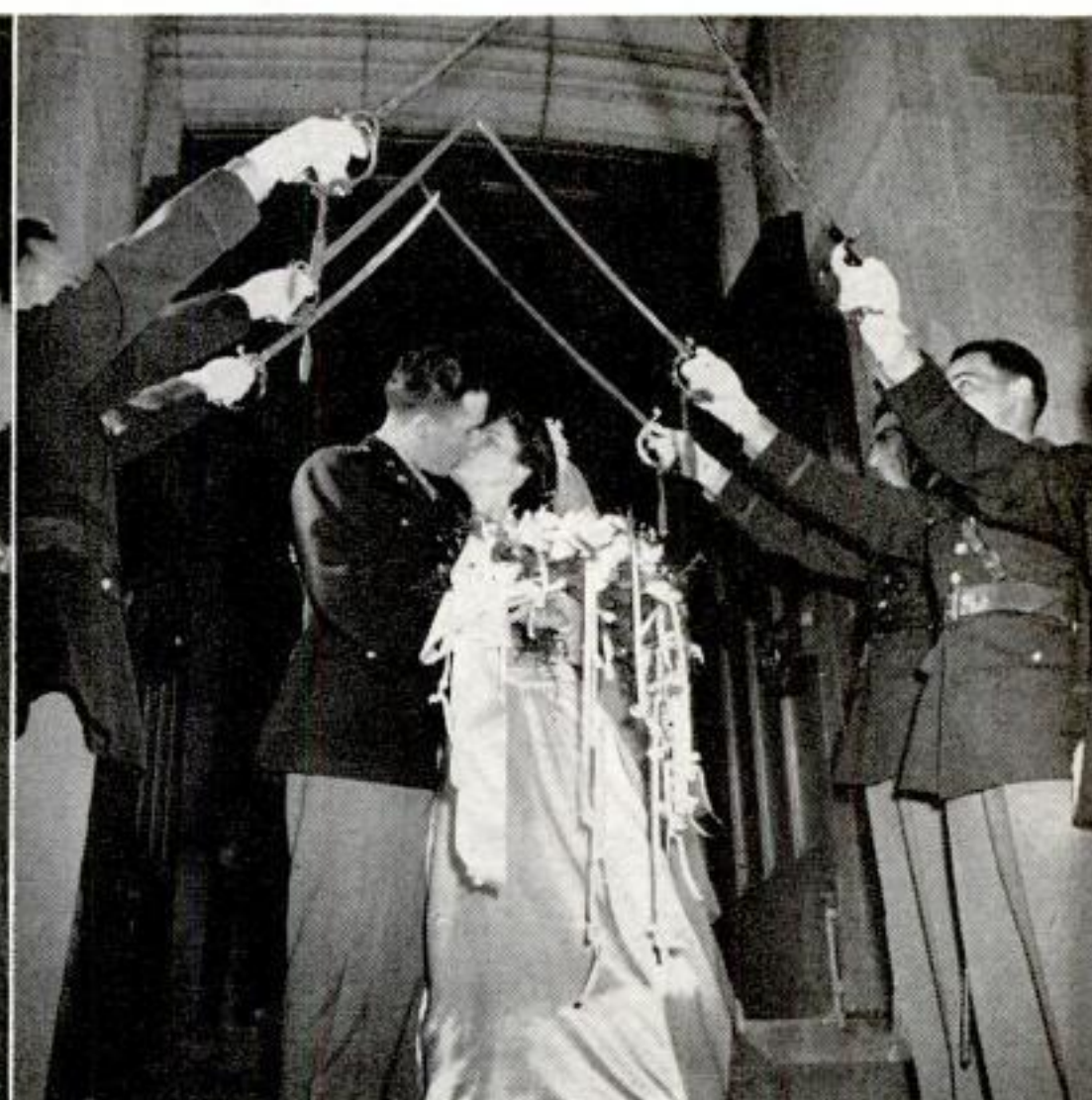
LIEUT. GLEN W. RUSSELL & MARY LANDON



LIEUT. PAUL B. WOODWARD & LAVONNE ALANKO



LIEUT. JOSEPH RICHARD ELLIOTT & BETTY WALKER



LIEUT. GEORGE R. O'NEAL & BETTY LOU SPEAKMAN



MEMORIAL DAY CROWDS JAM NEW YORK'S GRAND CENTRAL STATION. THROUGHOUT ALL EASTERN STATES GASOLINE RATIONING KEPT HOLIDAY DRIVERS AT HOME. BUT WEEKEND



Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles articulated hopes of a better post-bellum world in Memorial Day address at Arlington.

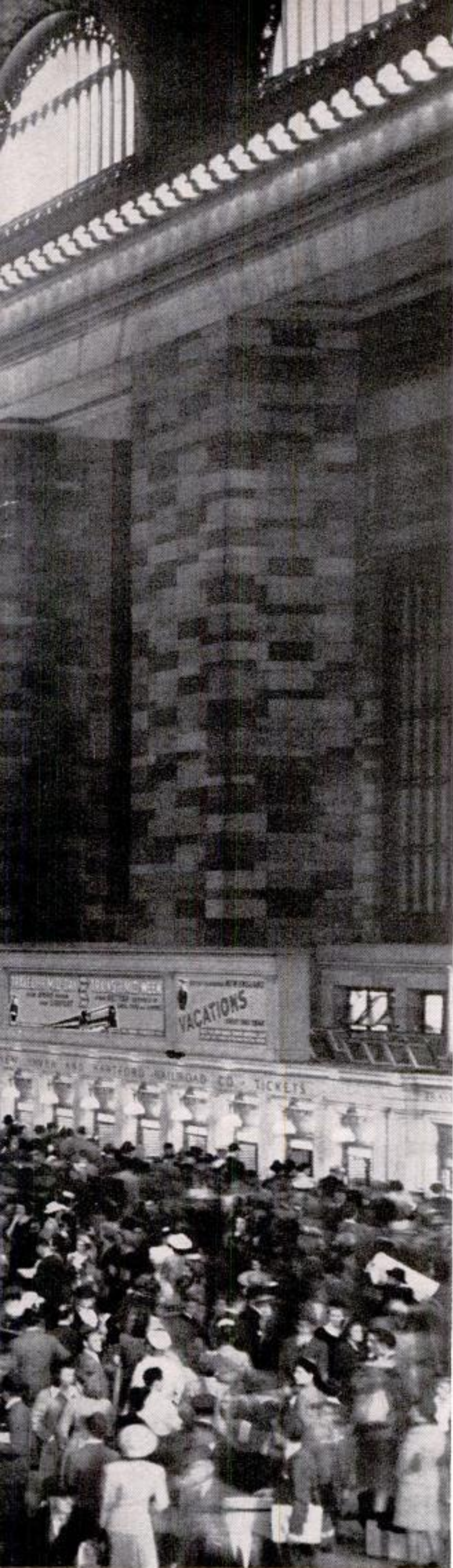
MEMORIAL DAY BRINGS HOPES

This year, as in the past, Memorial Day was a day of patriotic pageantry and solemn retrospection. Over the graves of America's war dead, bugles sounded and prayers were uttered for those fallen in battles long ago. But now there was a new harvest of dead to honor. The thunder of World War II rumbled darkly from columns of tanks and big guns that moved with the holiday's parades. And the thoughts of Memorial Day orators turned away from the past and probed the probabilities of an enigmatic future.

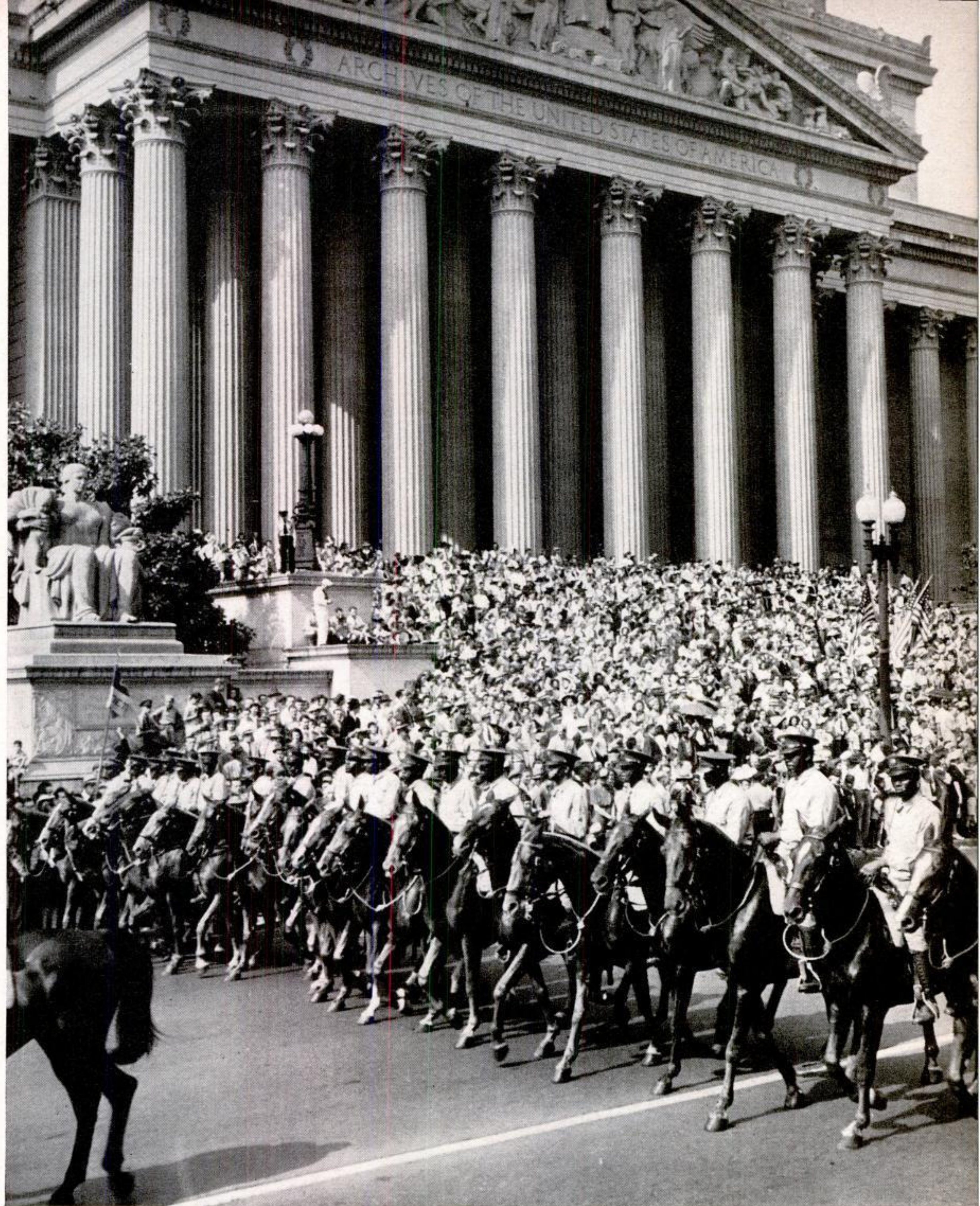
From the day's rhetoric two glimpses of the post-war world emerged. At Arlington Cemetery, Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles propounded certain general principles for peace and the reorganization of war-shattered society. He declared that while those who precipitated World War II should receive stern punishment, "no element in any nation will be forced

to atone vicariously for crimes for which it is not responsible." Aggressors must be disarmed, he continued, and the United Nations must undertake "the maintenance of an international police power" until security is established. A world organization with the United Nations as its nucleus must determine "the final terms of a just, an honest and a durable peace." And the United States must recognize that it alone "will have the strength and the resources to lead the way toward a world order in which there can be freedom from want." But the highlight of Mr. Welles's outline for history was his assertion that this war must assure equality for all men throughout the world. "Discrimination between peoples because of their race, creed or color must be abolished. The age of imperialism is ended."

Here in broad contemplative terms shone the vista



RAIL TRAFFIC WAS UP 40% OVER LAST YEAR



NEGRO CAVALRYMEN PARADE PAST NATIONAL ARCHIVES BUILDING AS WASHINGTON STAGES ITS BIGGEST MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

OF A BETTER POST-WAR WORLD

of a different and better world. In Cleveland, Minnesota's forthright young Governor Harold E. Stassen also examined the future, also envisaged hopeful horizons, and set forth some highly specific suggestions as to how they might be attained. He promulgated a seven-point program as follows:

1. Temporary governments over each Axis nation—these to serve until opportunity can be given for the peoples to establish a proper government."
2. An airways commission to control "the international airports of the future."
3. An administrative body "to take control of the gateways of the seven seas."
4. An educational commission whose "prime task would be to increase the literacy of the peoples of the world."
5. A code of justice to guide relations between the

nations of the world and machinery for administering that code.

6. A trade commission "to work out increased world trade, carefully seeking to prevent either stifling obstructions or heavy dumping of goods, both of which break down the economic systems and cause world distress."

7. A "world legion"—or international police force.

Here then were two men—one a Democrat, the other a Republican—both resolved that neither selfishness nor cynicism should be permitted to impede the creation of a happier post-war world, both resolved that the eyeless walls of isolationism must be razed once and for all. If these luminous and high-minded addresses by Sumner Welles and Governor Stassen were not necessarily precise blueprints of the future, they were, at least, guideposts to it.



Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota made concrete suggestions for reorganization of world society in address at Cleveland.

CALIFORNIA CROPS ROT IN FIELDS AND ON THE VINE FOR WANT OF FARM LABOR

Last week farmers in California's rich San Joaquin Valley were ploughing under sugar beets and watching helplessly while cherries ripened and rotted on the trees, strawberries in their rows. For California, which long has known the evil social effects of a surplus labor supply, is now suffering the more serious consequences of a labor shortage. From the San Joaquin Valley—where much of the nation's fruits and vegetables are raised—American-born farm hands have emigrated to the Army and Navy. Filipino farm workers have hustled off to the shipyards of the coast. And the Japs have been uprooted and moved inland.

In desperation sugar-beet ranchers offered up to \$20 a day to have their crops weeded and thinned. Cherry growers paid pickers 50¢-60¢ a pail. Despite these wages, it looked last week as though a quarter of San Joaquin's harvest was already lost. Though farm labor is ordinarily a problem for State and county boards, California farmers appealed last March to Washington for help. Where, they wondered last week, was Paul McNutt's War Manpower Commission? Where was James Landis' Office of Civilian Defense? And isn't agriculture a war industry in time of war?



A CHERRY GROWER DESPAIRS OF HIS CROP. MORE THAN 25% OF SAN JOAQUIN'S CHERRIES ARE BEING LEFT TO ROT



MORE THAN 20% OF THE STRAWBERRY CROP WILL BE LOST

A SUGAR-BEET RANCHER DISKS UNDER ROW AFTER ROW OF HIS VITALLY IMPORTANT CROP. MORE THAN 1,000 ACRES HAVE BEEN PLOWED UNDER IN SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY



Science Tells Why You Need Vitamin "C" Every Single Day!

BLOOD PRESSURE BLOOD VESSELS

Newly discovered Vitamin "P" is found in citrus fruit with "C". This vitamin helps keep the blood vessels young and elastic. This means better resistance to high blood pressure—less danger of strokes in middle age.

COMPLEXION

Are you having trouble with your complexion? Is it dull and sallow? Do pimples and other blemishes take a long time to heal? Then your diet may be dangerously low on "C".

TEETH and GUMS

Lack of Vitamin "C" often shows in soft, tender, bleeding gums—and in loosened teeth. For strong teeth and healthy gums, dentists advise plenty of citrus fruit juice daily.

LUNGS and FREQUENT COLDS

If life is "just one cold after another," it is wise to check up and see whether you're getting enough "C". Doctors have found that Vitamin "C" helps build resistance to colds.

HEART TROUBLE

Recent research indicates that lack of "C" may be a contributory cause of heart inflammation, heart enlargement and heart failure. Eating lots of canned Florida citrus fruit is a wise precaution.

DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

People who "never can get up an appetite," who have to "cod-dle" their stomachs, often turn out to be innocent victims of diets weak in Vitamin "C". Serve canned Florida citrus fruit juices daily.

THE BLOOD

The effects of "C" deficiency include loss of color or anemia, lowering of ability to clot, and reduction in antibody formation. Plenty of "C" helps keep the blood more healthy.

GRAPEFRUIT

THIS CHART shows the relative amount of Vitamin "C" supplied by ten cents worth of the 3 leading juices.

TOMATO PINEAPPLE

Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice supplies so much Vitamin "C" for so little money that everyone can get ALL the natural "C" he needs... just by drinking a glass or two a day!

TIRE QUICKLY

One of the commonest signs of Vitamin "C" starvation is lack of energy. If you feel "all played out" at the end of the day, then try stepping up your daily supply of "C" with canned citrus fruit juice.

ACHING JOINTS

Pains in the joints frequently indicates that you're not getting enough Vitamin "C". No need to buy fancy pills at high prices. Your grocer has a tempting variety of Florida citrus fruits in cans.

BRUISE EASILY

Do you get black-and-blue easily? Do cuts heal slowly and with difficulty? Vitamin "C" deficiency may be the reason. Medical science now knows that body tissues cannot form properly unless "C" is present.

STRONG BONES

Calcium (a mineral found in many foods) is the "raw material" from which the body's bones are built. To enable the body to form this calcium into strong bones, plenty of Vitamin "C" is an absolute necessity.

Do you want to stay young longer? Do you want sound teeth and gums? Strong elastic blood vessels? Better digestion? Clearer complexion? More vitality? Here are some of the things science knows about Vitamin "C"... The vitamin that can't be stored in your system... the vitamin you should get in your food every day!

Few people realize that life in the human body is a continuous "replacement" process.

You see, body tissues constantly wear out. Constantly re-build, re-form. In youth, they re-build faster than they wear out. In the declining years, they wear out faster than they re-build. This is the process of growing old. Now science knows that without enough Vitamin "C" connective tissue, body and bone tissue cannot replace itself properly, cannot re-form fast

enough. Thus without enough "C" the process of old age comes on faster than it should.

Why You Need "C" Daily

To help stay young longer, to help glands, blood vessels and body tissue resist the aging process you need plenty of Vitamin "C" daily.

All vitamins are essential. But some vitamins like "B" and "C" are not stored by the system. You must get them in your food daily! And "C" is often hard to get. Most of the foods that contain Vitamin "C" are foods that you cook. And open cooking, especially boiling... destroys Vitamin "C". Air destroys it too.

But canning preserves Vitamin "C". And canned Florida citrus fruits and juices are loaded with Vitamin "C"... Loaded with "C" and a fair amount of "B₁", "B₂" and valuable fruit sugars and minerals that the body needs.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKE LAND, FLORIDA

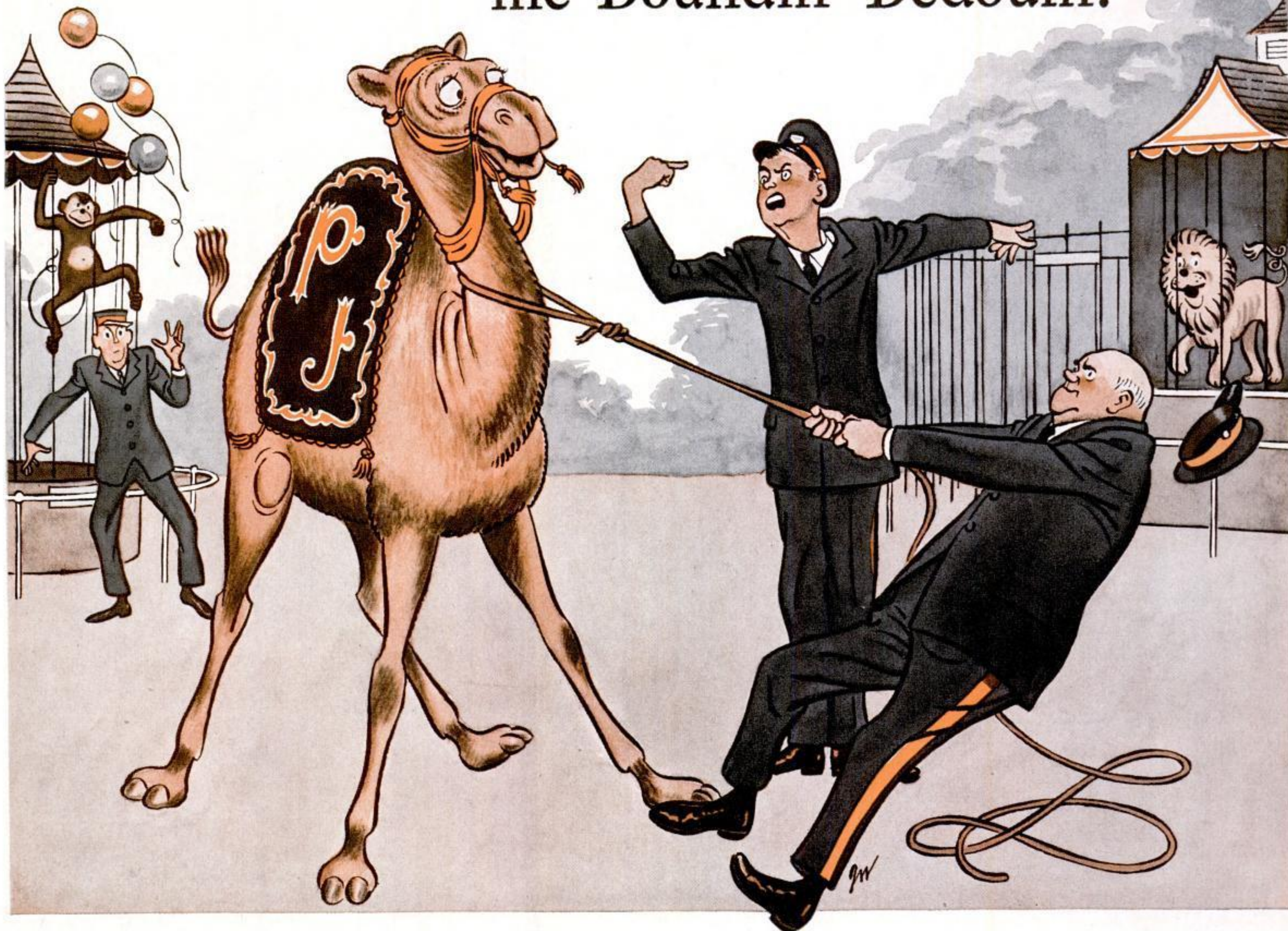


Canned FLORIDA Citrus Fruits

GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS • GRAPEFRUIT JUICE • ORANGE JUICE
BLENDED ORANGE & GRAPEFRUIT JUICES • CITRUS SALAD

BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

"Back to your corral, me Boundin' Bedouin!"



KEEPER: Now listen, me maunderin' Mohammedan, ye are nothing but an ordinary city zoo camel, an' it's back to yer cage ye go!

CAMEL: But Master, I am *not* one of your zoo camels! I am the *Paul Jones* camel! The living symbol of—

KEEPER: Whoosht! Wurrooo, Clancy, we've got hold of a symbol! Put some rivirince in your pullin' there, Clancy me lad, 'tis a symbol ye're draggin' around!

CAMEL: But Sahib, I *am* a symbol! I am the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey! The qual—

KEEPER: So! Ye've befuddled yerself, me Boundin' Bedouin! This *dryness* you talk of has to do with fancy champagne! It has no connection with whiskey at all!

CAMEL: But Master, it *has*! Have you never heard of that magnificently flavored whiskey, *Paul Jones*? Do you not know that it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones—its lack of sweetness—which permits its *full* flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted, for your greater enjoyment?

KEEPER: Me greater enjoyment, ye say, Camel? Shure I'm thinkin' t'would be me greater *amazement* if all this were true!

CAMEL: But Master, it is true! Go to *any* liquor store, and you will find this truly magnificent Paul Jones—at a price so modest that it does not tax the purse!

KEEPER: Wurroo! Clancy, ye gape-faced gossoon, what the blazes are ye pullin' that fine camel for? Can ye not distinctly see that he is an old friend of ours? Belay, Clancy, an' bring him the finest hay in the house!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry



Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

PEOPLE

CAMERAS OF THE WORLD PRESS PUT THESE PEOPLE IN THE NEWS



China's Foreign Minister **T. V. Soong** signed a lease-lend agreement with U. S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull on June 2 in Washington. For weeks before that heart-warming event, Chinese spokesmen had been talking with studied gloom of China's defeat, of possible surrender. "China is worse off now," one dolefully declared, "than before Amer-

ica entered the war." Two days after the signatures to the lease-lend agreement above were dry, three important U. S. Army generals appeared in Chungking to talk to China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. They were Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell (see pp. 94-106 and cover), Major General Lewis H. Brereton and Brigadier General Claire L.

Chennault of the American Volunteer Group "Flying Tigers." Certain now of substantial U. S. aid, the Generalissimo completely reversed his field and announced, "we have passed our most dangerous crisis and there is decidedly no danger of our being subjugated by the enemy. We must fulfill our duties on the Asiatic mainland as one of the Allies."

"Henry! Such LANGUAGE!"



Fine way to end the day!

After long, hot hours at the office, you aren't inclined to give Home Life much of a break. But you *can* make evenings the Best Part of the Day. Just before dinner, get out of those hot clothes, grab a cake of Ivory Soap, and get into the tub.



Pep up in an IVORY BATH

Give your muscles a good going over with a little elbow grease and a lot of that thick, quick Ivory lather. Takes only a minute. That big white floating cake lathers up faster than any leading bath soap. The brisker the rubbing, the better your skin feels. New Ivory is so mild lots of men use it for shaving! You'll step out, feeling cool and keen!



A Fresh Start for a Happy Evening!

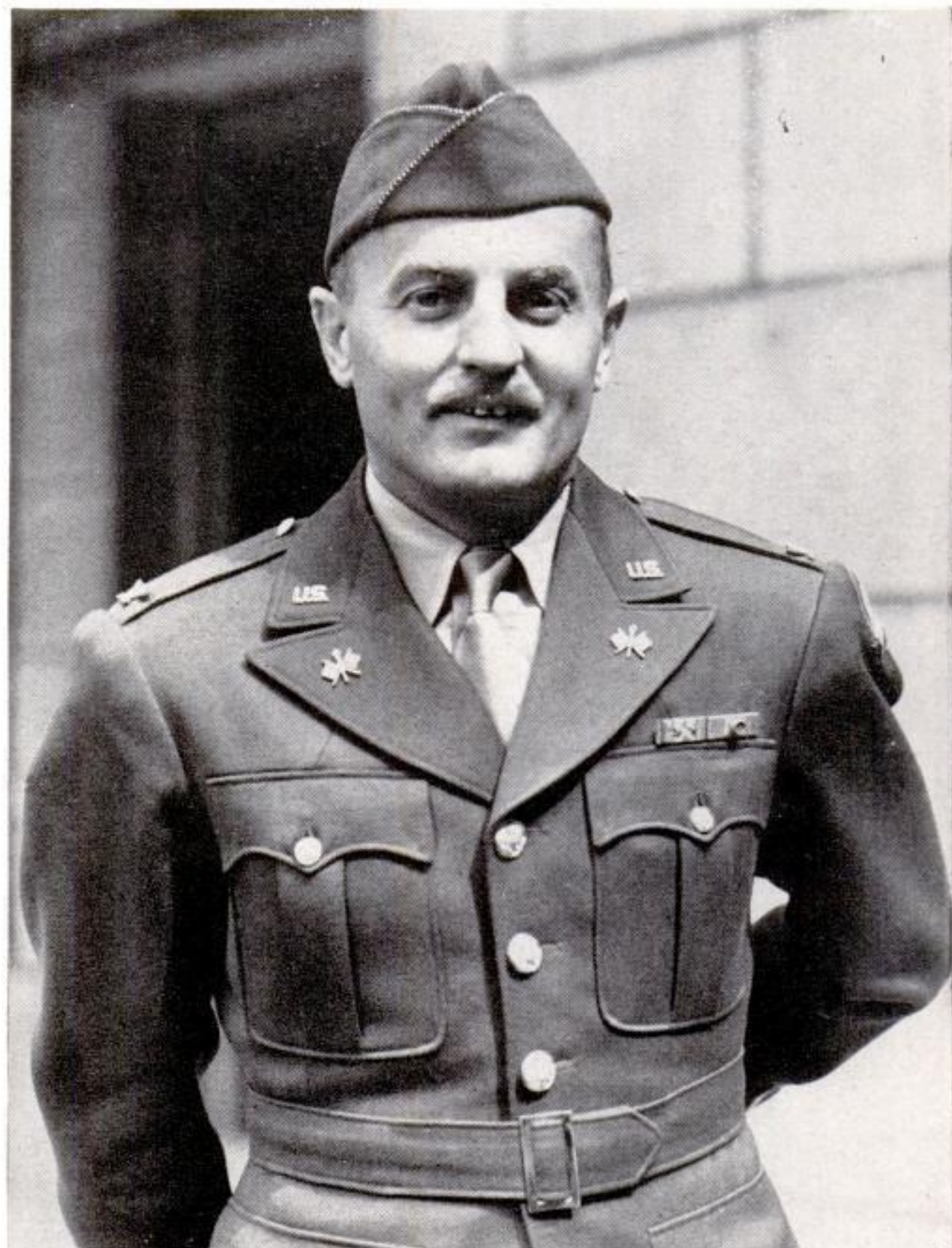
Dinner till bedtime becomes good fun time, after your Ivory Bath. You're so refreshed you find friends better company. And that fresh, clean "Ivory" smell makes you better company, too. For a quick pick-up at the end of the day, enjoy Ivory's faster, more luxurious lather. Get a Fresh Start every evening in an Ivory Bath!

99⁴⁴/100% PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... Take an IVORY BATH

PEOPLE (continued)



Colonel Darryl Zanuck of the U. S. Army Signal Corps popped up in London looking very military. There to see how the British made army training films, Zanuck hinted that he might go on to Moscow to get cooperation from the Russian Army. The No. 1 genius and production chief of Twentieth Century-Fox became a reserve lieutenant colonel (without pay) last year, received his colonel's eagle a couple of months ago.



Eagle Scout Bette Davis, on location at Lake Arrowhead in California, went canoeing with 12-year-old Janis Wilson (left). The canoe capsized, Miss Davis dragged Janis 40 yd. to shore. There Janis' mother kissed the star and gave her daughter a spanking. Miss Davis shrugged the rescue off. "I'm an old eagle scout," she revealed. "I learned this thing a long time ago in New York." Which, in fact, she had.

Again, this summer...

BRING THE CHILDREN FREE*

to Statler Hotels



* LAST SUMMER we made this offer: *Bring your family to the Statler Hotels . . . there will be no room charge for the children.*

This summer we repeat the offer—during the period from July 1st to September 7th.

Here's your opportunity to stay at America's

most famous group of hotels . . . to turn an ordinary trip into a thrilling experience for the whole family, yet keep within a sensible budget.

And here's a suggestion for you men who have been so busy traveling that you've forgotten what your families look like: Have the

family visit *you* for a few days, at one of the seven Statlers. Or, if you make frequent business trips, take the family along with you next time. They'll have the time of their lives. And, when you stay at the Statlers, there is no room charge for the children.

There are Statler Hotels in Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh (Hotel William Penn) and New York (Hotel Pennsylvania).

NOTHING OLD-FASHIONED BUT THE HOSPITALITY

Statler Hotels

STATLER OPERATED		
	For one	For two
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA . . .	\$3.85	\$5.50
NEW YORK		
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN . . .	\$3.85	\$5.50
PITTSBURGH		

HOTELS STATLER IN		
	For one	For two
BOSTON	\$3.85	\$5.50
BUFFALO	\$3.30	\$5.50
CLEVELAND	\$3.30	\$4.95
DETROIT	\$3.30	\$5.50
ST. LOUIS	\$2.75	\$4.50
WASHINGTON, D. C.	(Now Building)	

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE SERVICES YOU'LL GET AT THE STATLER HOTELS

- City maps, and directions for any sight-seeing you want to do.
- Lunch rooms, cafeterias, or coffee shops where delicious Statler meals are priced to fit your budget.
- Reservations wired ahead for you to other Statler Hotels.
- Comfortable, cheerful rooms, with private baths, radio, circulating ice water, and the many other features that have made the Statlers famous.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS NOW!



Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you . . . The modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less*—yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! Extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

86 PROOF

FREE! Write for your copy of Carioca's handsome party booklet: "Recipes and Toasts for Popular Hosts."

Import Division—AMERICAN SPIRITS INC.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Dept. A-3.



A Pearl Harbor widow, Mrs. Evelyn J. W. Casola, takes her small but effective revenge on the enemy who killed her husband on Dec. 7. In a big U. S. aircraft plant, she drills rivet holes in belly-gun door of a U.S. bomber which may some day bomb and kill some Japs. Evelyn Casola is one of dozens of Pearl Harbor widows working in aircraft jobs and one of scores of war widows now doing other defense work.



An Army aviator of the First Air Force, Captain Maurice Fitzgerald, points to an X painted across the picture of a U-boat on the side of a B-25 bomber. Airmen love to paint pictures and mottoes on their planes. An X is the equivalent of a notch cut in a gun. This B-25 is used in the Atlantic coastal patrol. How many subs it has sunk or how many subs have been sunk altogether in the Atlantic is a tight military secret.



Agfa Ansco

PLENACHROME FILM

MADE IN U.S.A.

The right camera angle is part of the secret of every good picture. In this picture notice how the photographer caught the rider and lariat against the sky. But it's even more important to use a film that gets all the desirable detail—Agfa Ansco Film. Its extra margin of quality, its dependability make possible this exclusive guar-

antee: *"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"*

For sparkling outdoor pictures, insist on Agfa Ansco Plenachrome. It minimizes certain exposure errors anyone can make! Look for the orange-and-blue box. Your guarantee is packed with every roll! *Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. 100 Years of Service to American Photography.*



THIS 3-MONTH-OLD YOUNGSTER WAS FRANKLY ANNOYED BY WAITING TO BE BLESSED



THIS PLACID CHILD DISREGARDED DISTURBANCE, SLEPT SITTING ON THE ALTAR RAIL

MASS BABY BLESSING

3,000 Catholic children are brought to Bishop in Buffalo

Fortnight ago, St. Joseph's Catholic Cathedral in Buffalo was thrown open to the youngest generation. Three thousand infants, aged 3 months to 3 years, squirmed and squawked through a mass baby blessing sponsored by Bishop Duffy's Committee for Christian Home and Family. Part of a program for earlier religious education, the three-hour ceremony gen-

erated a variety of feelings in the youngsters.

The service started with a hymn, *Mother Dear, O Pray For Me*, followed by dedication of the children to the Virgin Mary. Bishop Duffy preached, competing with a symphony of wails. During the baby-by-baby blessing, tiny Catholics eluded harassed parents and amused themselves variously (see the following pages).



PARENTS BEARING BABIES LINE UP BEFORE BISHOP FOR BLESSING

ELIZABETH ANN CAMPBELL TOOK UP STANCE IN FRONT OF PEWS FOR A BETTER VIEW



DONALD GUERCIO BROUGHT A STICK, STRODE BACK & FORTH SWINGING IT MANFULLY





Two on the aisle for the Milky Way

You are sitting out on the edge of space. Ahead of you a couple of million stars are blinking. It is dark below you. The earth is down there. Six miles down.

You are the bombardier in a Boeing Flying Fortress* making more than 300 miles an hour over enemy territory, and you are ready for action any minute.

Behind you, the navigator is on the job, too. So are the pilot and co-pilot, the radio operator and the gunners behind them. The objective is near. The task force is ready for business.

One of the reasons that Boeing Flying Fortresses complete so many missions on schedule is that Boeing

designers and engineers build for performance of personnel, as well as for the performance of the airplane itself.

Boeing engineers study the effect of noise upon the nervous system of fighting men, and they sound-proof their airplanes accordingly. (Today the giant four-engined Boeing Flying Fortress is as quiet as any luxurious transport.)

Boeing heating engineers have made it possible to maintain a cabin temperature of 60 degrees above zero when it is 60 below zero in the stratosphere outside. Boeing designers work constantly with

problems of seat construction, window construction, lighting, ventilation, and vibration control.

This is the engineering that has created giant Clippers capable of taking whole oceans in easy stride, and great Stratoliners* which carry their passengers in new comfort through the smooth upper air. This is the engineering that permits the nine men in a Boeing Flying Fortress to carry out their orders swiftly and exactly and thoroughly.

The increase of human efficiency . . . both in war and peace . . . is only one of many projects that are a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedule.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

BOEING

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use



NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes for a whole year.

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, \$1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—be safe!

► LARVEX IS DIFFERENT



QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

... CHEAP! Just one LARVEXING will mothproof this \$89 upholstered chair for a year!



SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

At All Drug and Department Stores
Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

ONE SPRAYING
MOTHPROOFS FOR
A WHOLE YEAR..

LARVEX

Registered Trade Mark



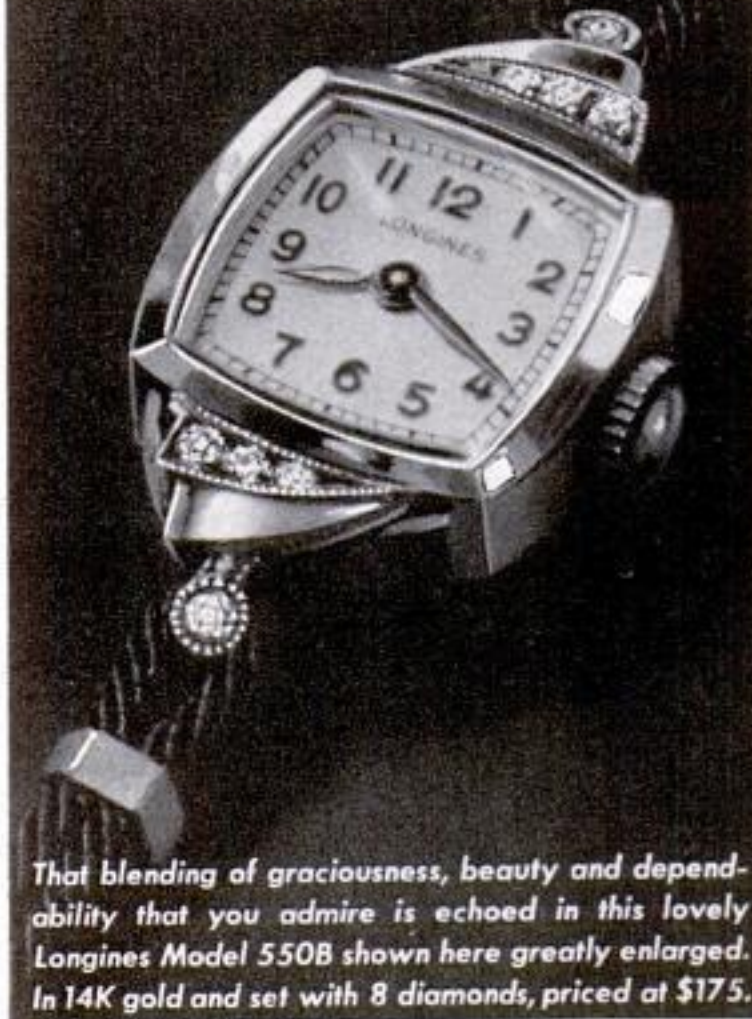
This young lady, 2-year-old Lucy Curley, whiled time away by trying her hand at safe-breaking. Though she worked long and earnestly, she did not get away with offerings.



Tour of exploration undertaken by Rachel Sacco led her into confessional and speedily out again. She also inspected votive candle stand and swung on velvet altar rope.

LONGINES

the most honored watch
for your
Wife



That blending of graciousness, beauty and dependability that you admire is echoed in this lovely Longines Model 550B shown here greatly enlarged. In 14K gold and set with 8 diamonds, priced at \$175.

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Longines watchmakers are proud of their success in building dependable timekeeping qualities into even the tiniest Longines ladies watches. The dual virtues of elegance and excellence are the reasons for Longines' 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals. For accuracy, Longines Watches have won more honors throughout the world than any other timepiece.

In addition to Longines Watches, Longines jewelers also sell the Wittnauer Watch a companion line of outstanding value, moderately priced and known for 75 years... product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Ladies' Longines: left Tally-Ho, \$77.50; right Salina, \$75.00; men's Longines: above Pres. Garfield, \$150.00, below Robert Burns, \$55.00.

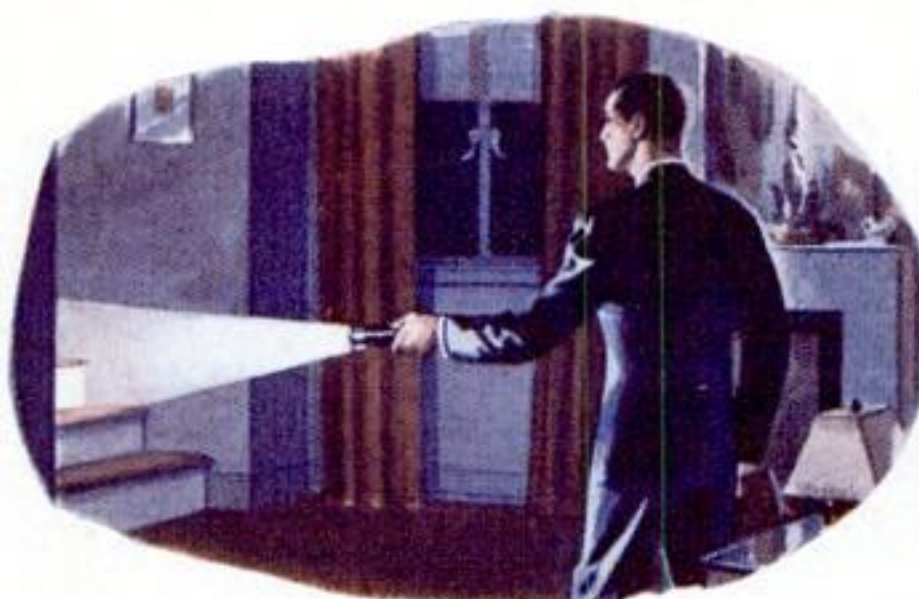
CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

WHEN and HOW to Use Your FLASHLIGHT in a BLACKOUT

THESE INSTRUCTIONS Reviewed and Passed
by the OFFICE OF CIVILIAN DEFENSE



1 EVERY HOME should have one or more flashlights! But before buying *new* ones, inspect and repair your *old* ones. They may need only a new bulb, new lens or fresh batteries.



2 KEEP YOUR FLASHLIGHT in a convenient, accessible place—and *always* in its place. When using it **INDOORS**, never point it toward unshielded windows, skylights or open doors.



3 DO NOT USE an *unshielded* flashlight **OUTDOORS** in a blackout except when absolutely necessary. Keep the beam level or downward—never point it even *slightly* upward. And never point it toward highly reflective surfaces.

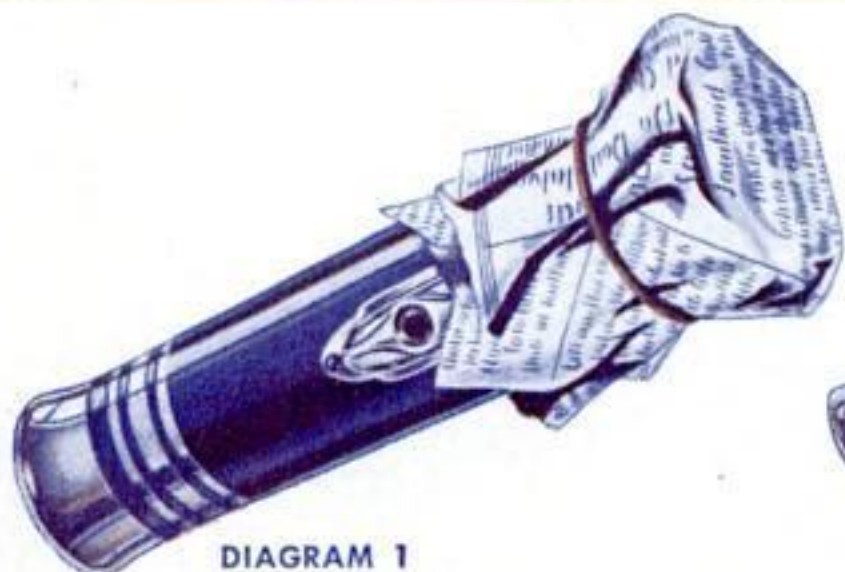


DIAGRAM 1



DIAGRAM 2

4 HERE'S HOW TO SHIELD your flashlight for outdoor use: Cover lens with two thicknesses of newspaper or similar paper, held in place by string, as in Diagram 1. OR, cut two discs of paper and insert under lens, as in Diagram 2. Deep red paper may also be used (blue is unsatisfactory). **CAUTION:** The Office of Civilian Defense has not yet approved any so-called "blackout lights." To be safe, follow the instructions given here, *until further instructions are issued.*

KEEP FLASHLIGHTS LOADED with fresh batteries, and have an extra set on hand for your light in case of long-continued use.

THE FOREGOING INSTRUCTIONS ARE PUBLISHED FOR YOUR AID AND GUIDANCE

We hope you will never meet with an emergency, but if you do, we hope you will have *fresh* "Eveready" batteries in your flashlight, because we know they will not fail you. Fresh, DATED "Eveready" batteries last longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.



FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER...
Look for the **DATE-LINE**

For the World's Lightest Highball

Seagram's V.O.
...Canadian Whisky at its
Glorious Best!



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Baby Blessing (continued)



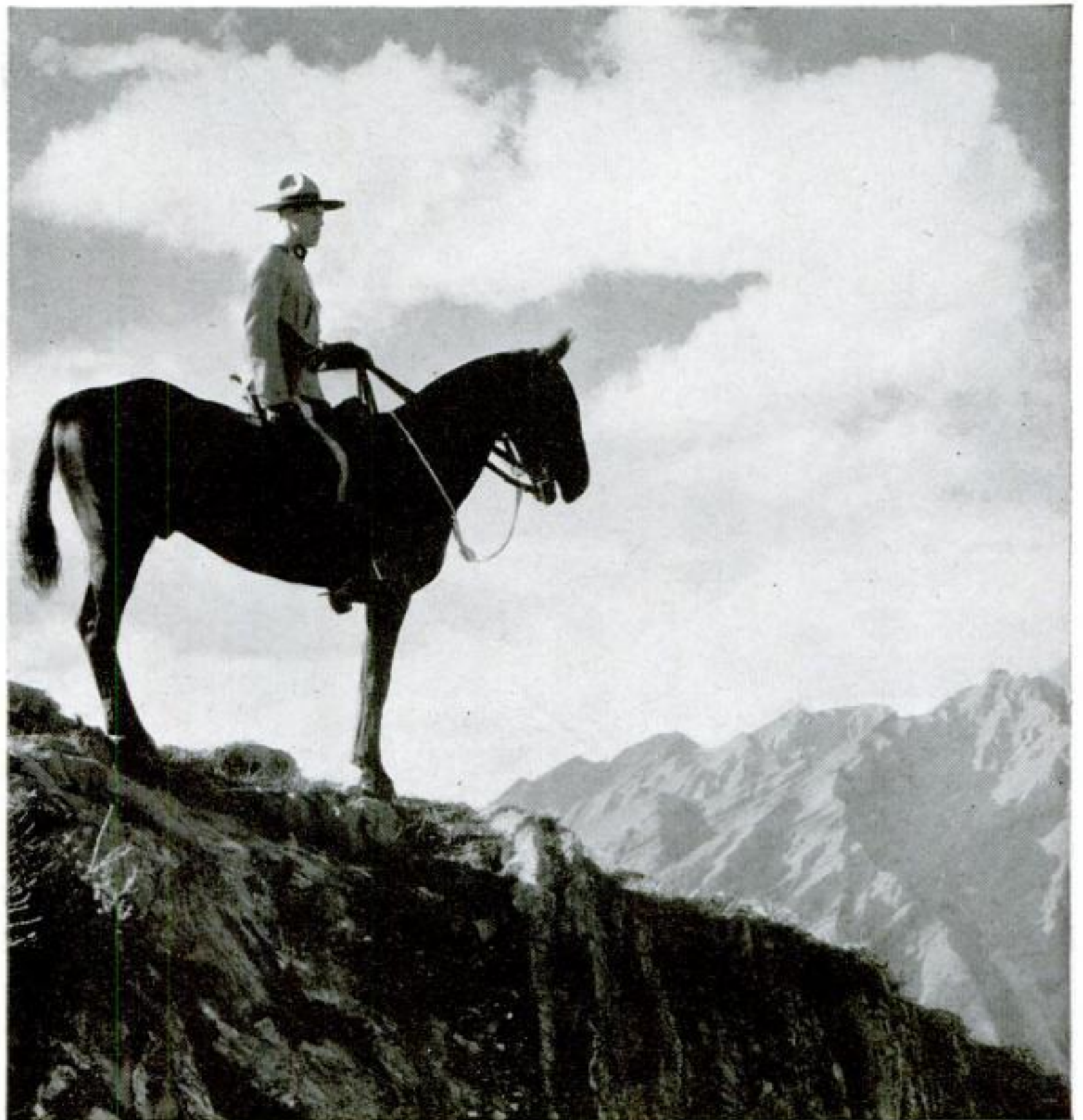
Ordinary routine of life went on for most infants during long ceremony, though no diapers were changed in church. Here 11-month-old Marita Ann O'Brien gets her dinner.



Squirming around at mother's feet, 2-year-old Dorothy Buchanan plots crawling expedition down aisle. Others clambered over pews, snatched hats, chewed teething rings.



Bishop Duffy chucks baby under chin after blessing it at the altar rail. He had to hold most children's hands to prevent them from clutching at the jeweled pectoral cross.



C.N.R. Photo



Yes..CANADA
does things to you!



The Restaurants of the main Eaton stores across Canada set a high standard for pleasant, gracious service and delicious food at sensible prices.



Eaton's stores are proud of the large variety of British goods they offer the visitor. For your convenience you will find information bureaux and shopping services in all of the main stores.



In the past, millions of good neighbours have followed the natural instinct to head north in summer. In Canada they have satisfied a deep-down need for green hills and cool woods . . . for bracing atmosphere . . . for space and quiet. These things remain. Come and enjoy them this year if you can, if only for a little while.

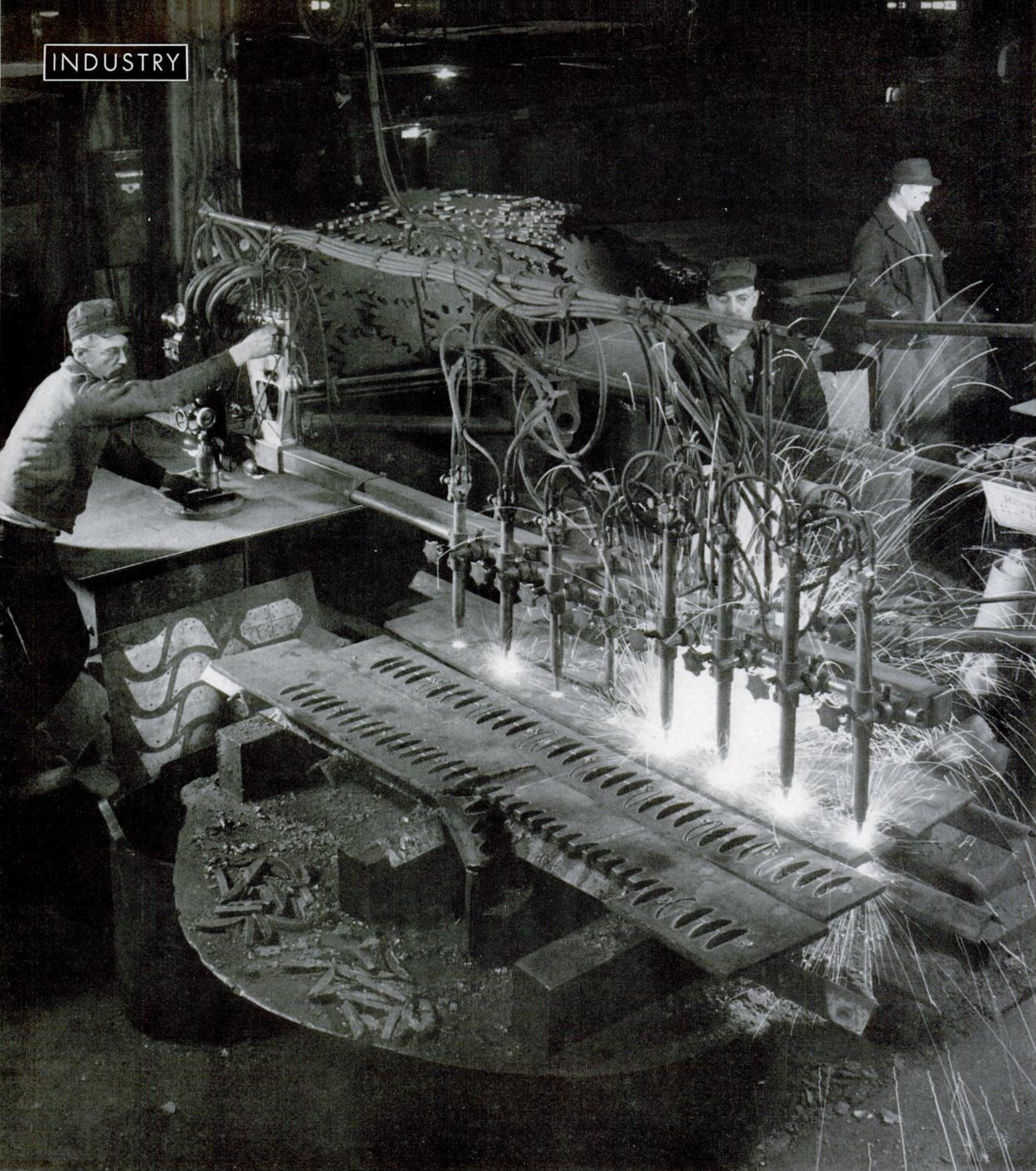
... and don't miss visiting EATON'S

Eaton's of Canada is a nation-wide retail organization, best equipped to fill all the needs of the visiting vacationist to Canada. No matter at what point you enter our country you will soon find a store or branch of the Eaton organization near you where a warm and hearty "good to see you" welcome awaits every American visitor.

For information address: Dep. T-20
EATON'S OF CANADA
Toronto - Montreal - Winnipeg



The nation-wide retail organization with department stores in leading Canadian cities.



OXYACETYLENE TORCH BATTERY MOUNTED ON PANTAGRAPH CUTS EIGHT STEEL SHIPBUILDING WEDGES AT ONCE. MACHINE IS GUIDED AUTOMATICALLY ON TEMPLATE AT LEFT

FLAME AT WORK

Most versatile tool can cut metal apart and weld it together again

The most versatile tool in modern industry is made not of metal but of gas. It is a mixture of oxygen and acetylene that squirts from a torch tip in a 6,300°F. flame, the hottest known to man. The oxyacetylene flame is the only tool that cuts metal apart and joins it together again. In its ever-expanding repertory, this flame is also taking on many of the functions of the furnace, forge and machine-tool shop.

When used as a cutting tool, the oxyacetylene flame is supplemented by a jet of pure oxygen, which sets the

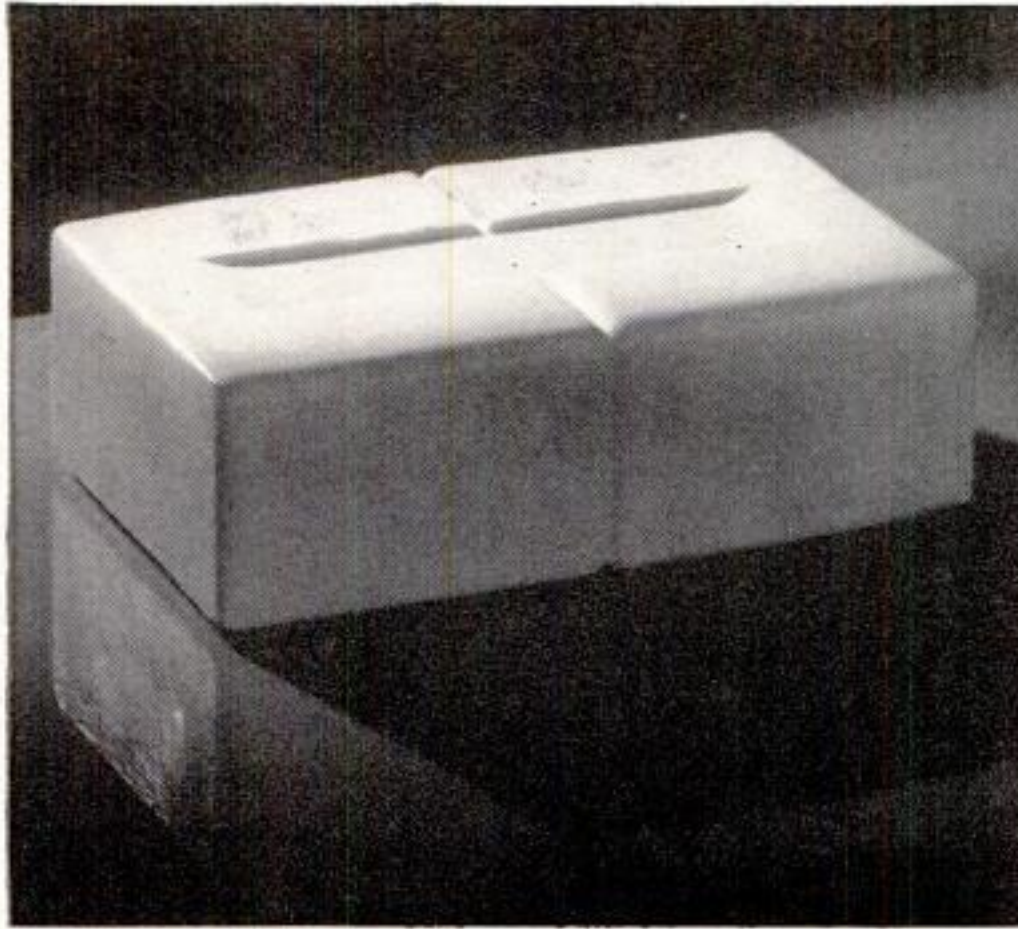
heated metal afire. Heaviest duty of the cutting torch has been in the fabrication and salvage of steel buildings, ships, tanks and machines. In the picture above, however, a battery of torches demonstrate that flame can also do a multiple production job.

As a welding tool, the oxyacetylene flame joins non-ferrous metals, light steel, leaving heavy welding operations to the electric arc. Just as it can weld and cut, the "oxflame" also performs double duty by hardening metal for surface protection, softening it for shaping.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

Can you guess the Answers?

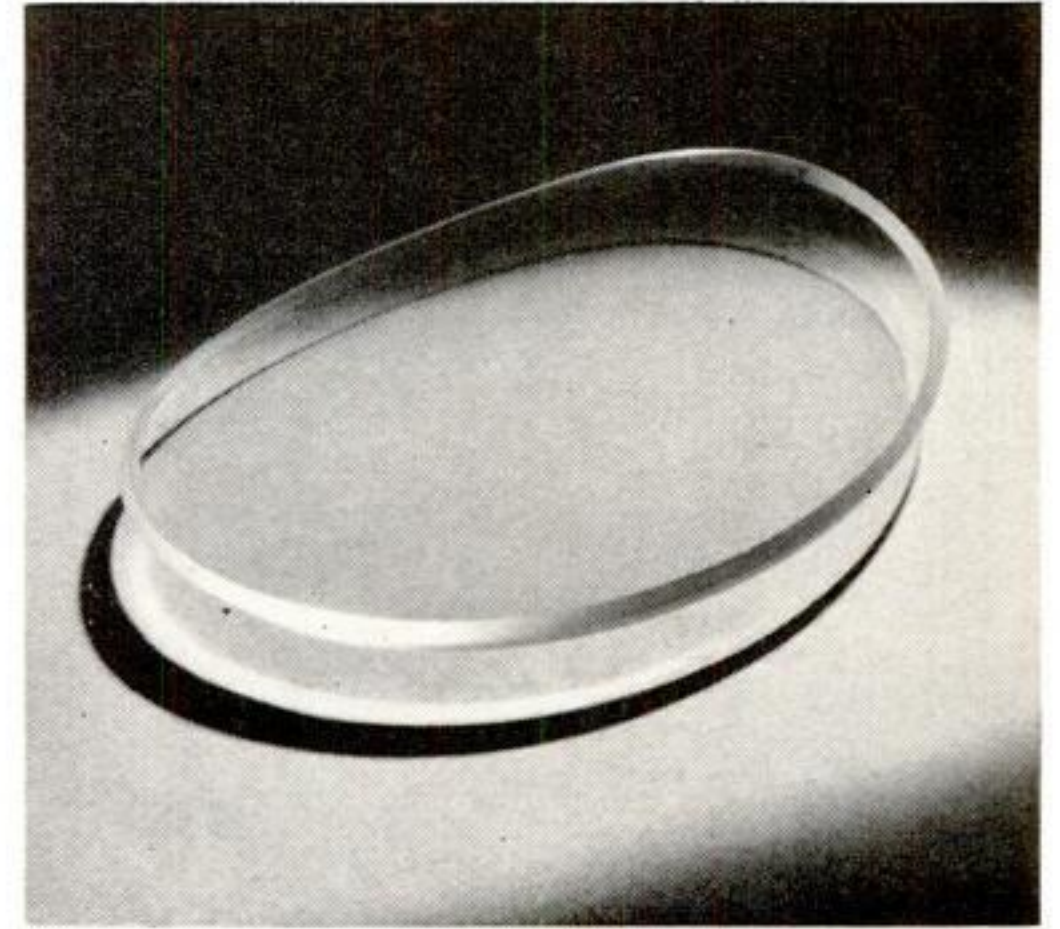
A QUICK QUIZ FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE
WORKING HARDER BECAUSE OF THE WAR!



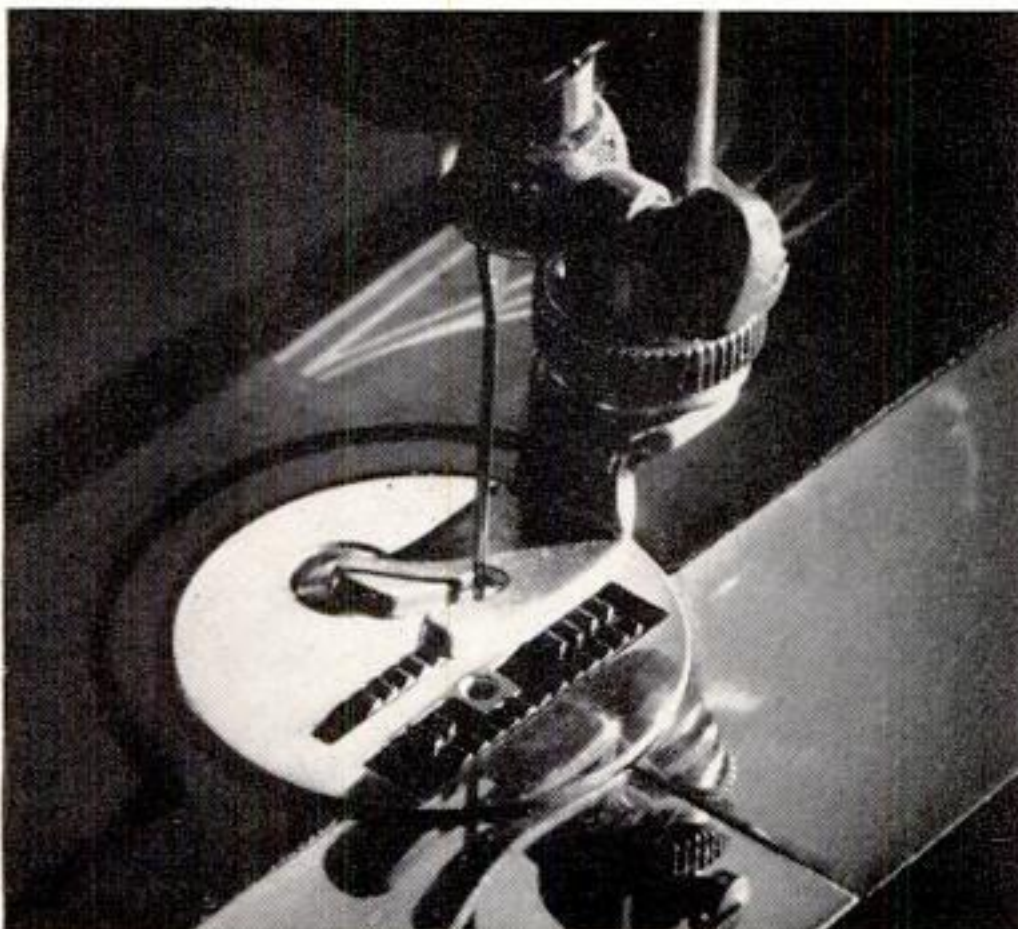
1 This happens to be (A) a firebrick, (B) a whetstone, (C) a method of getting more light from existing lamps or fixtures.



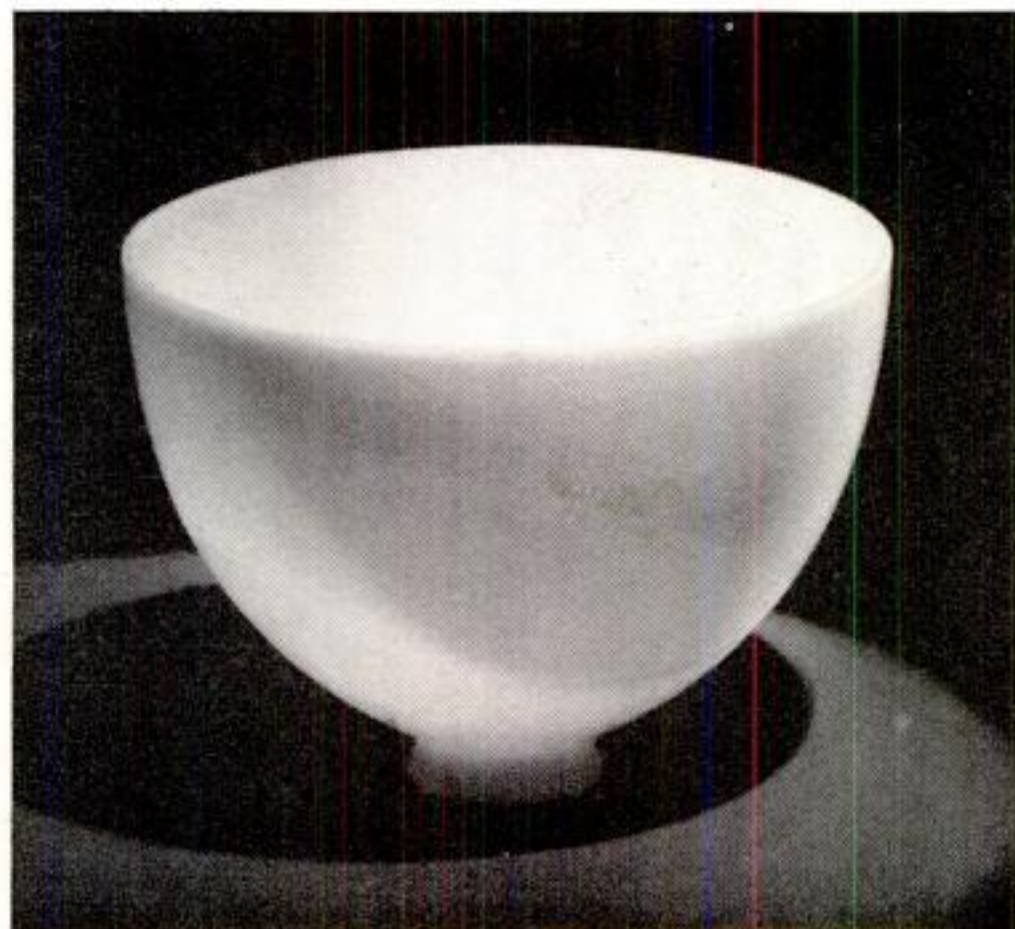
2 There's a clue here which shows whether this young lady is (A) playing peekaboo, (B) just waking up, (C) suffering from eyestrain.



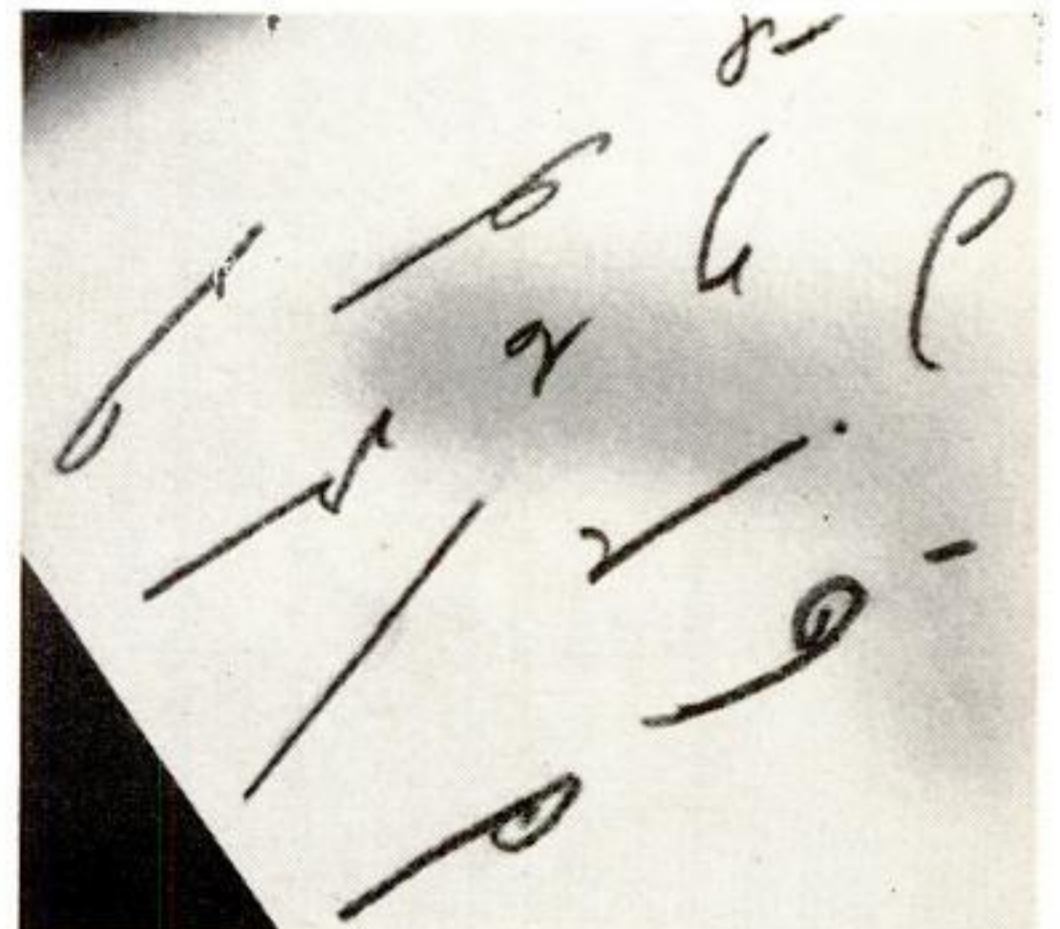
3 Here we have (A) a raindrop magnified 150 times, (B) method of making reading or studying easier, (C) glass baking dish.



4 Here's (A) part of a labor saving device used in volunteer war work, (B) drill press, (C) pyrography set, (D) needle valve in your carburetor.



5 This is (A) a mixing bowl, (B) part of new all-glass automobile headlamp, (C) device for removing glare from reading lamps, (D) eye cup.



6 This one could be (A) telephone doodles, (B) code message from a Japanese spy, (C) Turkish writing, (D) what a stenographer thinks about.

Check your score with these right answers!

1 (C) It's a cake of soap! Dust and dirt build up on bulbs and reflectors almost before you know it! Soap and water can often double the light you get from the same current.

2 (C) The clue, if you look closely, is the thimble on her finger. She's suffering from eyestrain because she's been "doing her mending and sewing in poor light.

3 (B) An eyeglass lens. Symbolic of the important part eyes must play in winning the war. If you're using your eyes longer and harder these days, have them examined!

4 (A) That important war weapon, the sewing machine. Eyestrain that used to be blamed on too much sewing is now rightly blamed on too little light.

5 (C) An IES Better Sight Lamp Reflector—the glass or plastic bowl which has revolutionized lighting in millions of homes by providing abundant light without annoying glare.

6 (D) Gregg shorthand for "I'd make fewer mistakes if the boss did something about my light!" Office lighting in war plants can be just as important as light in the plant.

MORAL: DON'T BE A LIGHTWASTER!

Eyesight and electricity are vital to the war effort. Conserve both! When you read, work, or study, have enough light to guard against eyestrain—but don't waste it! When you need bulbs, buy carefully. Get the right sizes! Be sure they're G-E MAZDA lamps. They're made to stay brighter longer. They'll help you avoid being a lightwaster.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA—not the name of a thing, but the mark of a research service

"Daddy, what's a dermatologist?"

A dermatologist, sonny, is a doctor who specializes on the care and treatment of the skin. There are only thirteen hundred such recognized authorities in the entire U. S. It is interesting to know that a recent survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand... more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of experts?

... the choice of dermatologists



① WHISKERS OFF!
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced (extra cool).



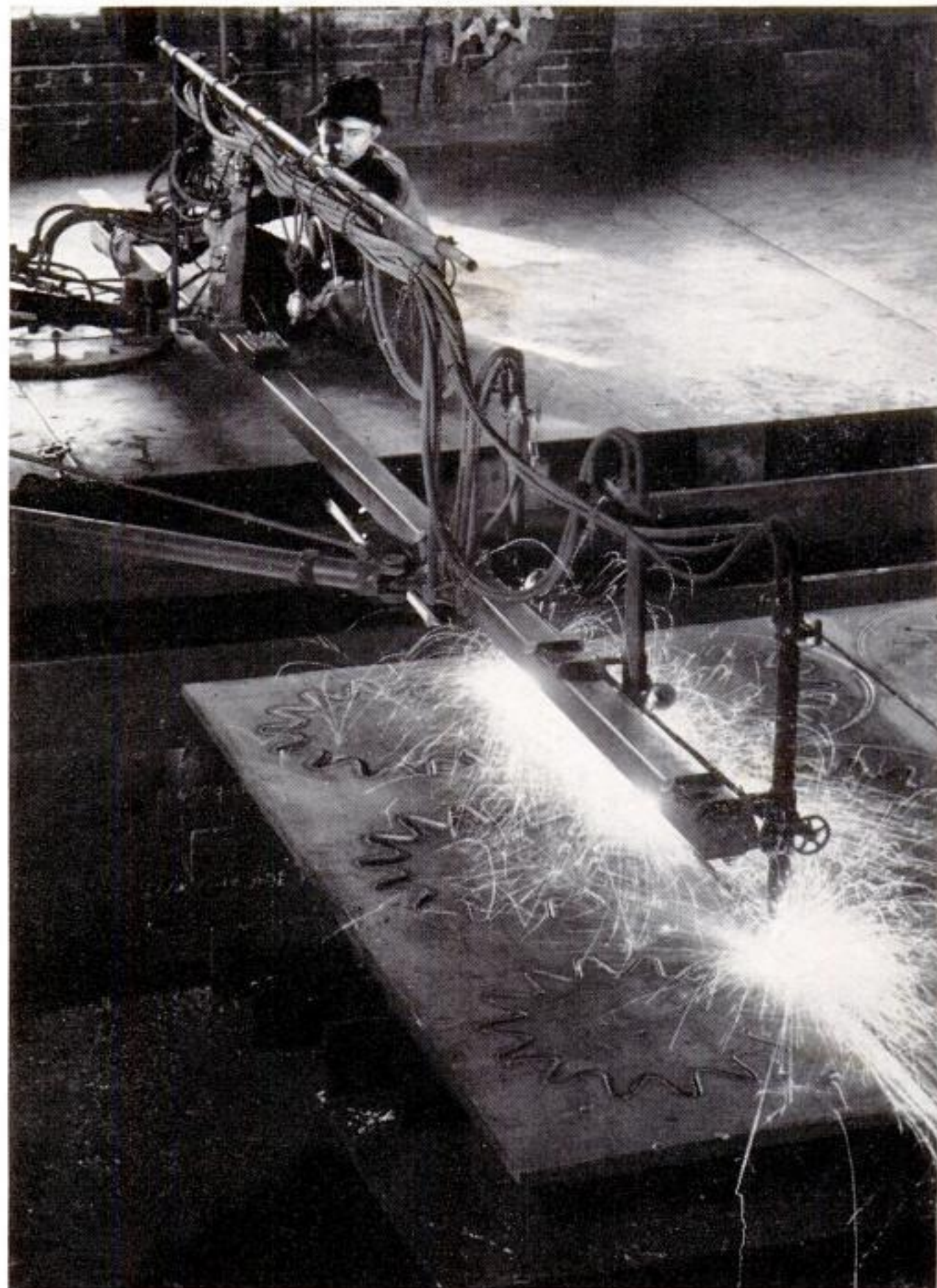
② FACE PEPPED-UP!
Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face - and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!



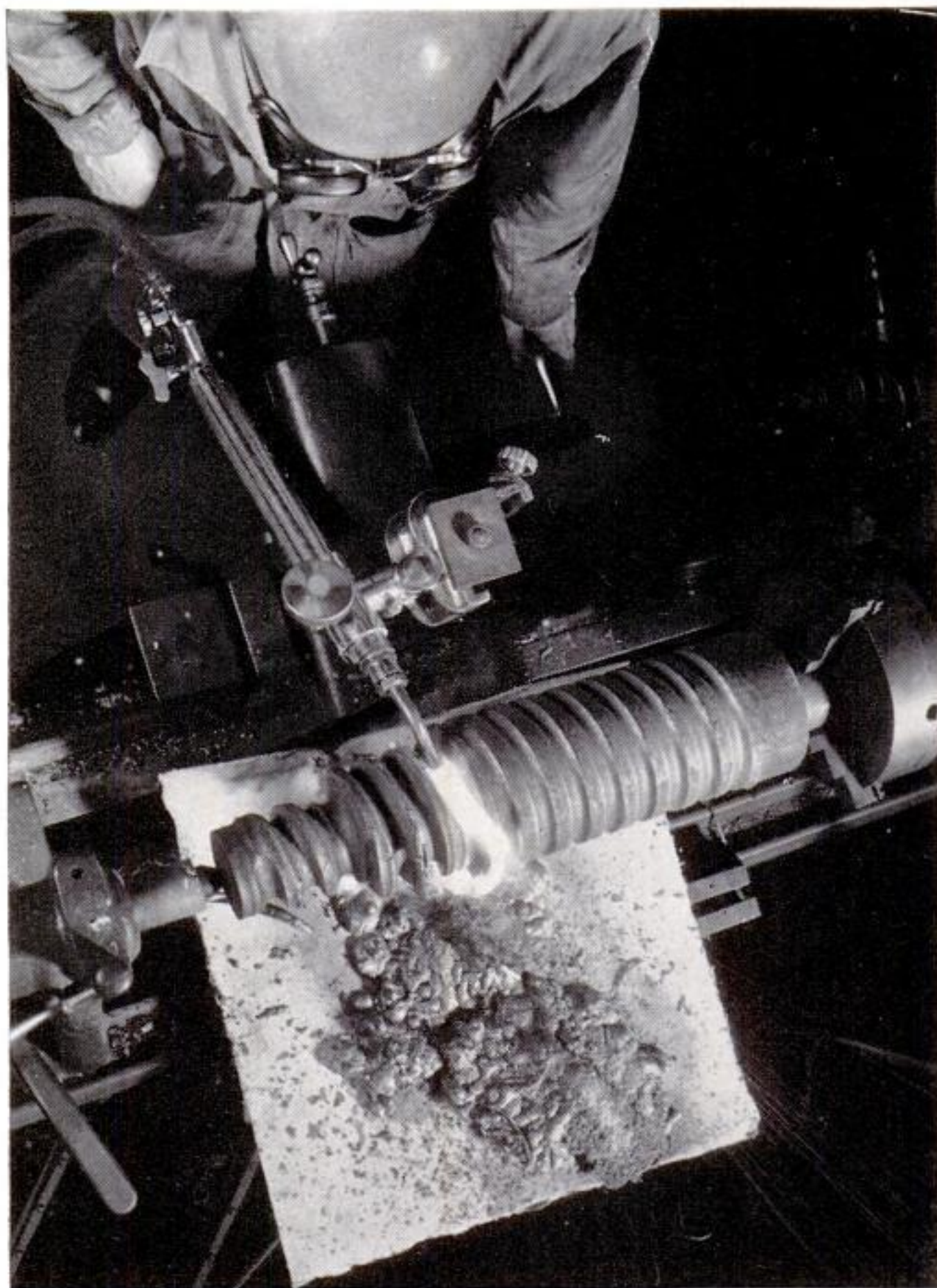
③ PERFECT FINISH!
Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHADE

Flame at Work (continued)



Sprocket wheels for tank tracks are cut three at a time in 20-minute cycle by Air Reduction "Oxygraph" battery of oxygen torches. Flame has here eliminated casting and machining operations and produces these complex shapes in one-eighth the time.



Flame machining of rough screw thread achieves tolerance of one-sixteenth of an inch and is up to 50 times faster than operation with standard metal machine-tool blade. Flame, mounted on machine tools, may some day do many rough machining operations.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55



THE FISK BOY HAS GONE TO WAR

The Fisk boy has retired from the manufacture of the tire with the Safety Stripe Tread and other peacetime goods. Today, he has no time for anything that is not essential to the war effort.

The Fisk Tire plant and cord mills are working to the fullest extent possible making truck tires, bicycle tires, bullet sealing gasoline tanks, yarn for belts and balloon nets, duck for gas mask carriers and other war goods.



FISK

Fisk tire dealers have accepted their responsibility to help keep the wheels of trucks and automobiles going on *necessary* work with their "Fisk Tire Saving Service Plan" to prolong the life of tires.

However, the Fisk boy wants you to know that the light from his candle still burns in the engineering laboratories, too, so that after we've won the war you can retire your automobile with even safer, longer wearing Fisk Tires.

**AMPLE STOCKS OF NEW FISK TIRES ARE AVAILABLE
FOR CERTIFICATE HOLDERS AT ALL FISK DEALERS**

FISK TIRES, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. • Division of UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

**My
MOMMY
IS THE
SMARTEST
OF ALL!**



"My breakfast tastes so good, and Mother says it has VITAMIN B₁ as NATURE provides it"*

That honest-to-goodness whole wheat flavor of crisp-toasted Nabisco Shredded Wheat goes mighty well with anybody's morning appetite. It's a flavor that "*wears well*" — that

keeps on pleasing. And how satisfying it is to know that this whole grain breakfast is a good source of natural Vitamin B₁ and other needed food values from the rich whole wheat.



IT'S EASY ENOUGH to keep fit, with fresh air, exercise and proper foods. Such as Nabisco Shredded Wheat and milk. In one tasty dishful you get food values essential for the whole family's fitness.



CHILDHOOD ENERGY requires well-rounded meals. Give them Nabisco Shredded Wheat with milk and strawberries or another fruit—a good source of Vitamin B₁ as NATURE provides it.

Help Keep America Fit

*** IMPORTANT**

Nabisco Shredded Wheat ranks high as a natural Vitamin B₁ source, per ounce, *as eaten*. That means that *when it reaches your table it is still a good source*. Some other foods looked upon as good sources in their natural state, cannot be called good sources after cooking. Nabisco Shredded Wheat reaches you ready to eat, and in its finished form is recognized as a good source of natural Vitamin B₁.



Baked by **NABISCO** . . . NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

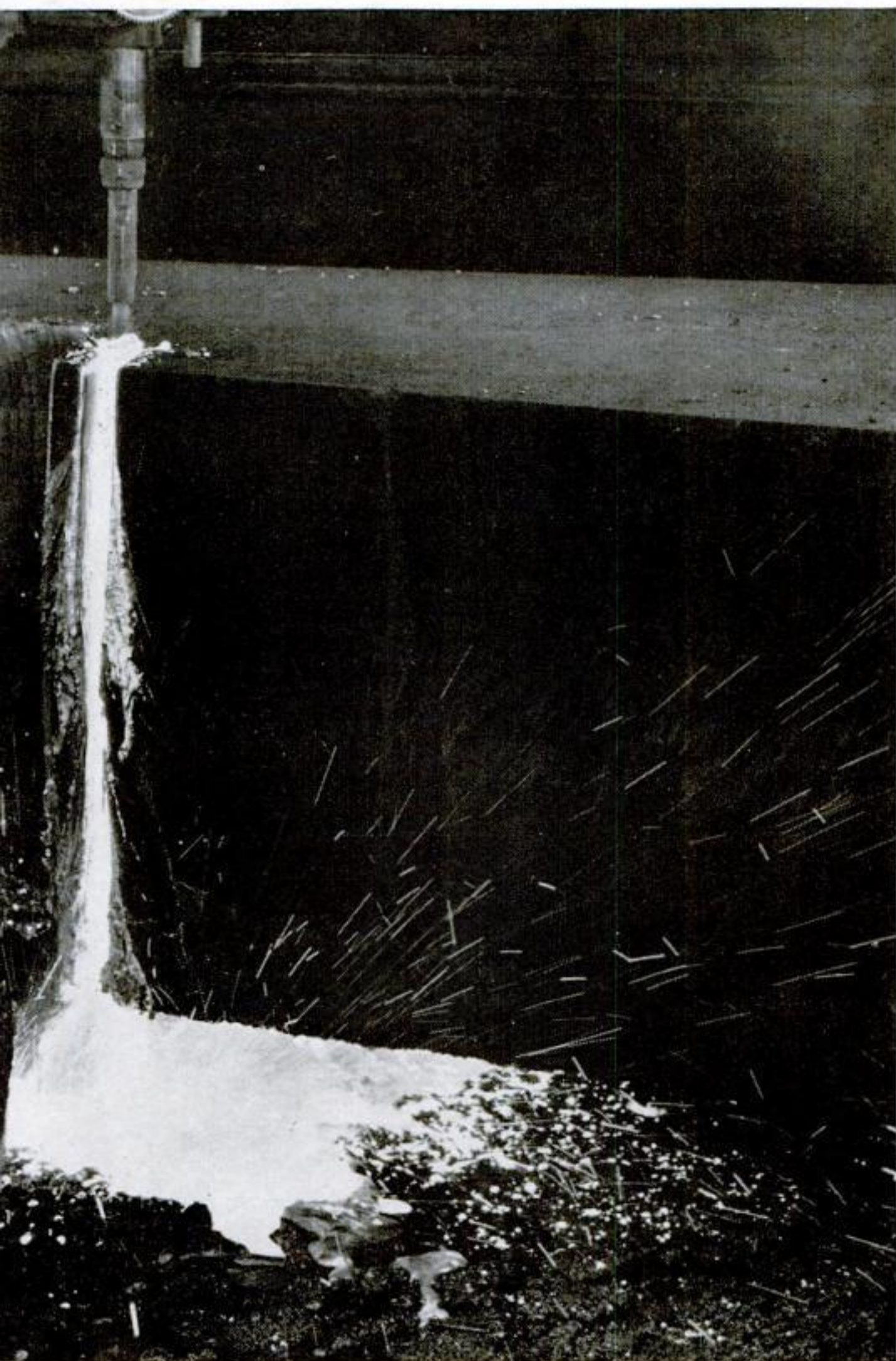
Flame at Work (continued)



Oxygen stream here slices through 20 in. of steel to make first rough cut in the building of a housing for a rolling mill. Stream can cut plate of half-inch steel at the rate of 20 in. per minute. On a steel slab like this it moves along at 2 or 3 in. a minute. Oxy-



Underwater torch cuts steel almost as quickly as in open air. The flame burns in dry air inside compressed air bubble. Underwater torches like this are being wielded by divers at Pearl Harbor and by salvage crews working on the overturned *Normandie*.



gen cutting tip has two concentric rows of openings. The outer openings are nozzles for 6,300° F. oxyacetylene flame, which preheats steel to ignition temperature. The oxygen jet, from inner opening, literally sets molten metal afire and blows it away.



Oxyacetylene "broom" like this is swept over steel tubes to weld their seams, producing hollow drive shafts for Army trucks. The production of oxygen, to supply torches, was doubled last year to 9,000,000 cubic ft., and this year may double again.

TAN BEAUTIFULLY

WITHOUT
PAINFUL
BURNING



Here's a marvelous scientific product, SKOL, that actually filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and ugly, painful redness while it lets the tanning rays pass through.*

SKOL lets you get a glorious tan without painful burning, even if you are blond. Made after a formula first developed in Sweden for snowburn, SKOL contains an exclusive, patented form of tannic acid. Antiseptic, too!

SKOL is a quick-drying liquid. It doesn't pick up sand, doesn't make you messy, doesn't show. SKOL is not greasy, not oily. Be sure to apply before going into the sun. Use after each swim.

Relief! . . . SKOL also helps relieve painful sunburn and dry chapped skin

Skol Company, Inc., New York

*Scientific tests prove that SKOL blocks out harmful burning rays—those below 3130AU—but lets the tanning rays—those above 3130AU—pass through.



NOT OILY — PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN

SKOL is the largest selling non-oily suntan lotion in the world



AT THE END OF ANDOVER'S GRAND OLD CAMPUS, LAID OUT WITH NEW ENGLAND ORDER, STANDS SAMUEL PHILLIPS HALL, A RECITATION BUILDING

PAINTINGS AT ANDOVER

"A schoolboy's art museum" is not a fine-sounding title but it fits one of America's finest new galleries. This is the Addison Gallery which stands on the lovely long campus at Phillips Academy, commonly called Andover after the little Massachusetts town where it was founded in 1778.

Fittingly, the Addison Gallery is devoted entirely to American art. For Andover itself is an American

tradition, being one of the oldest of the big Eastern prep schools. In Andover's early days, its curriculum was so advanced that many students finished their schooling there without going on to college. Today many of its classes are conducted on a college level.

In its new museum, built in 1931, each of Andover's 700 boys must take at least one year of art instruction. The gallery is always open free to the public and

the local public-school children are invited for special lectures by members of the museum staff. Its well-balanced collection is especially strong on such 19th Century painters as rugged Winslow Homer and sensitive Thomas Eakins, while its excellent crop of contemporaries includes many bright names in U. S. art. On the following pages LIFE presents eleven paintings in color from this distinguished school museum.

ANDOVER STUDENTS PAINTED MURAL DEPICTING MICROSCOPIC LIFE IN THIS BIOLOGY LABORATORY WITH TWO PONDS FOR PLANTS, TURTLES, FROGS





"Mrs. Benjamin West" was done by her famed husband about 1780 in England where he taught young U.S. artists. She was always homesick for America and a little bored by her good spouse.

"The Coming Storm," dated 1880, is by George Inness, an American master of moody, dynamic landscapes who was influenced by the nature cult of Swedenborg. His son described Inness at



"Self Portrait Of Samuel Morse," an Andover graduate himself, shows noted inventor of telegraphy at age of 23. Loving art more than science, he called art his "smiling mistress."

work: "I have seen him sometimes like a madman, stripped to the waist, perspiration running like a mill race from his face, with some tremendous idea struggling to expression."

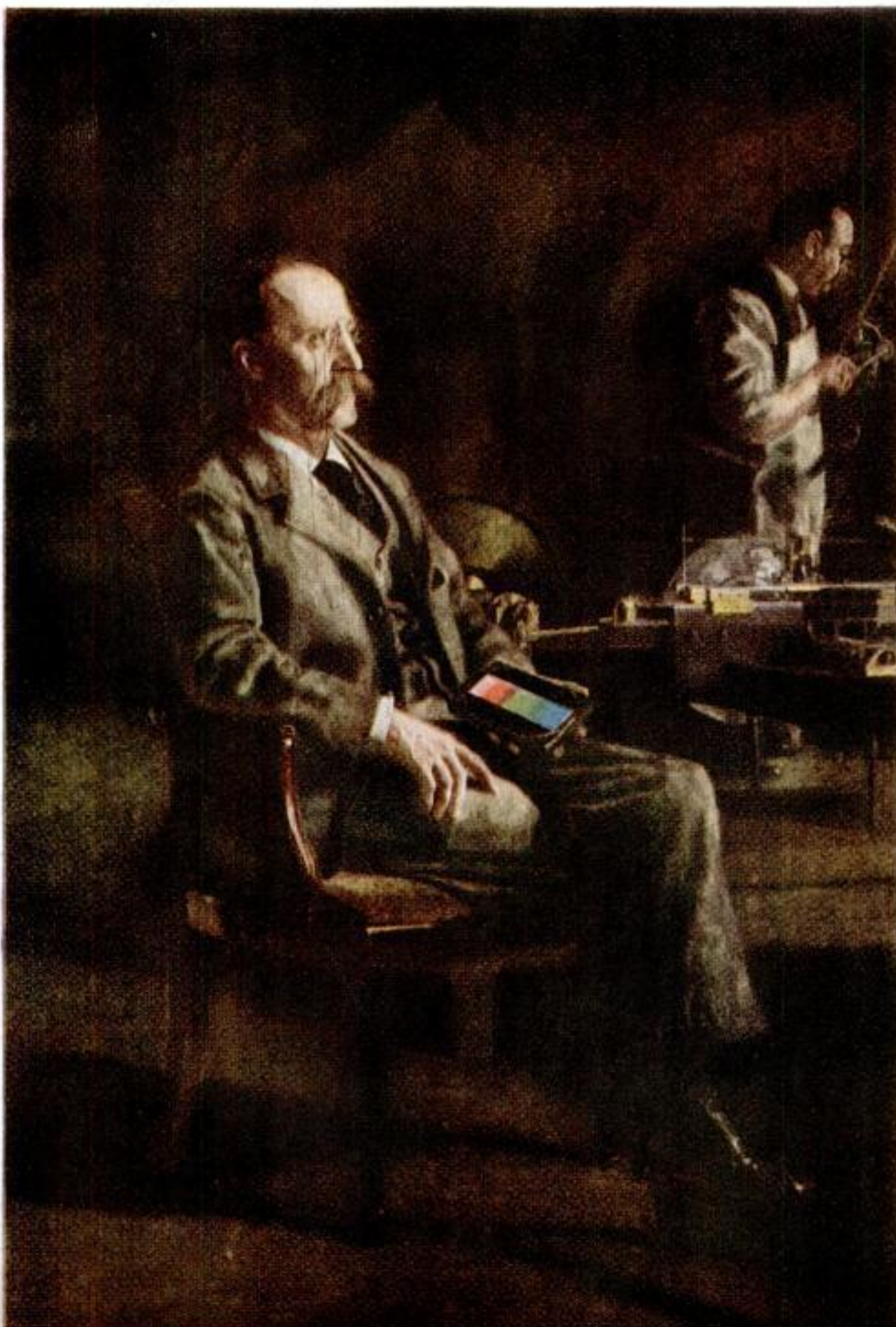




"Eight Bells," painted in 1886 by Winslow Homer at Prouts Neck, Me., shows a skipper at left with sextant and his mate with chronometer on the quarter-deck of a fishing schooner,

taking the noonday observation. The artist's brother, Arthur, was the model for the skipper. Most popular of all Homer's pictures, he sold it for \$400. Today it is worth \$75,000.

"Scientist Henry A. Rowland," another Andover graduate, is portrayed by Thomas Eakins holding a diffraction grating, while his assistant works in the background.



"Mary" was painted by Robert Henri on a farm in southern Ireland in 1913. A lover of humanity, the artist once said: "I seek only for symbols of greatness . . . and they may be found in the eyes of a child."





"March Sun" by Henry Varnum Poor shows the artist's family at Sunday breakfast nine years ago. Little Peter is now 16 and a student at Andover. Anne (*right*) takes after her fa-

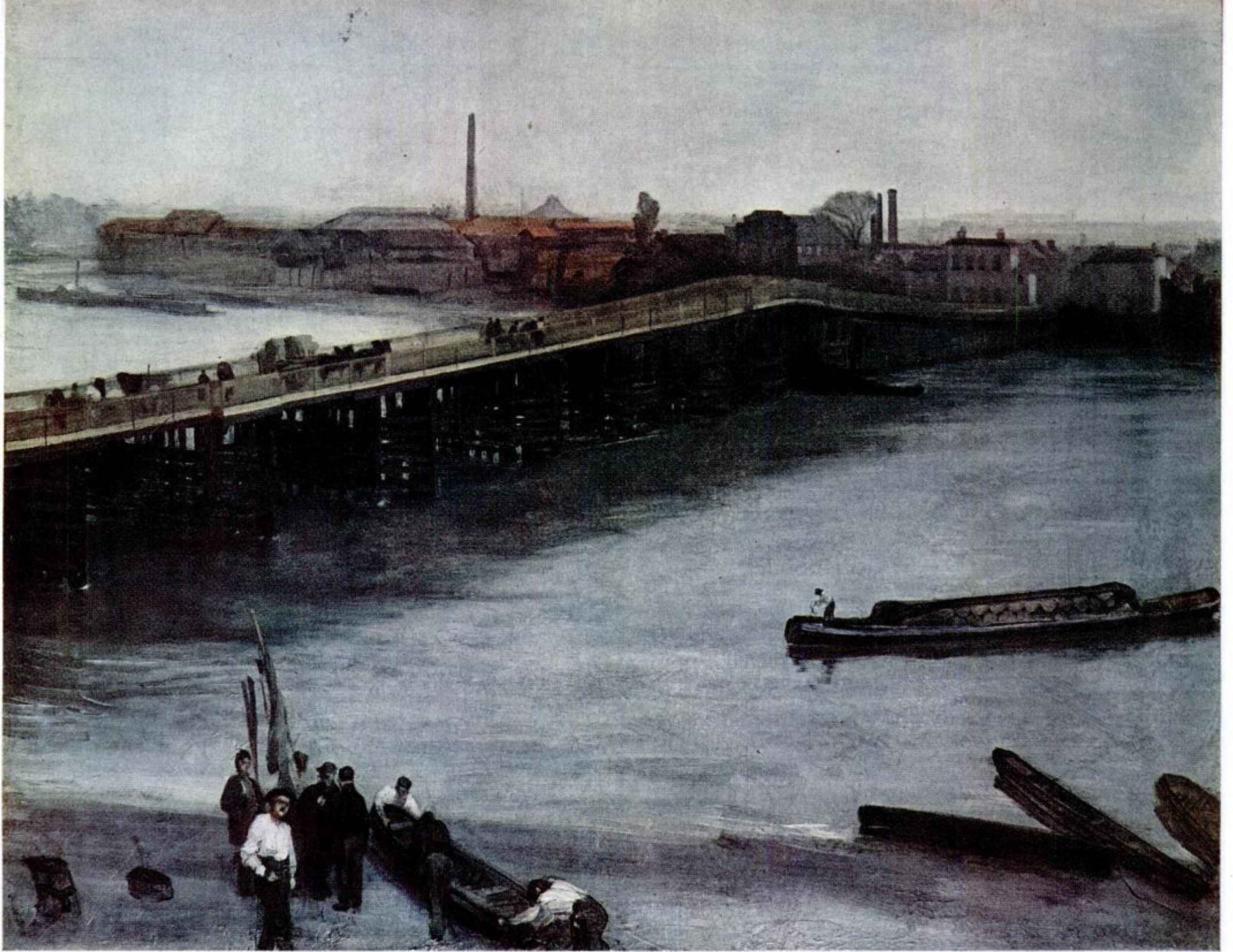
ther and is becoming well known as a mural painter, while Mrs. Poor (*left*) continues in the limelight as Bessie Breuer, the novelist. This painting won third prize at Carnegie in 1933.

"The Birches" was painted by Waldo Peirce six years ago at Penobscot Bay. Models were his wife, Alzira, and their daughter Anna-Gabby, aged 3. Peirce graduated from Andover in 1903.



"The Spielers," George Luks's famous painting, catches a joyous moment in the lives of two little girls dancing merrily to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy on the sidewalks of New York in 1905.



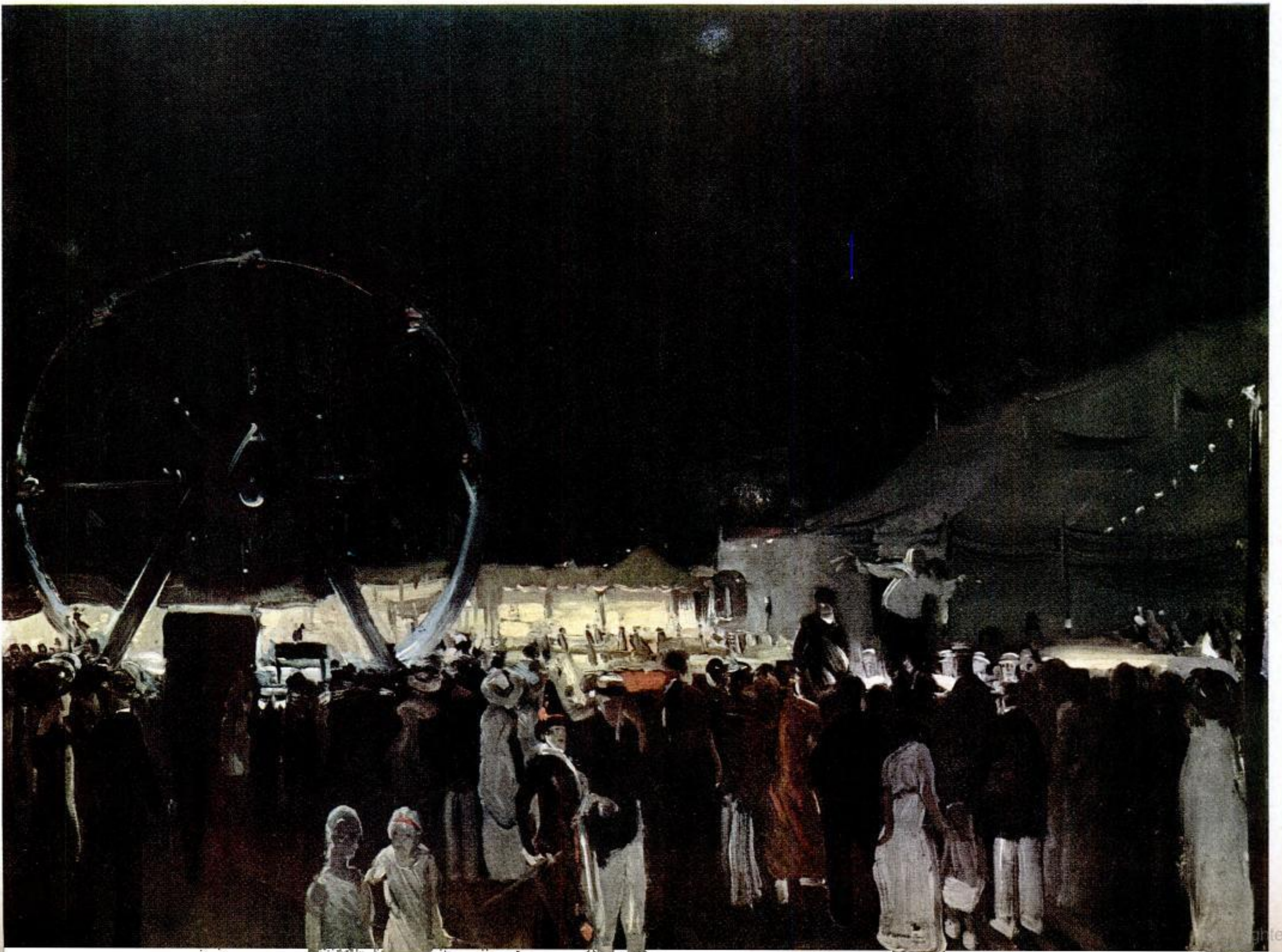


"Old Battersea Bridge" is an early version of one of James A. M. Whistler's favorite subjects which he painted in many moods, by day and by night, in fog and in sunlight.

He spent long hours here on the banks of the Thames River because it was so near his studio in Chelsea, the favorite hangout of artists in London during the 19th Century.

"Outside The Big Tent" was painted by George Bellows in 1912 after he had been to a country circus in Montclair, N. J. The circus was put on for charity with help of local

talent. "However," writes Mrs. Bellows, "George got more out of it than did charity. Expenses were so great charity got practically nothing, but George got this picture."

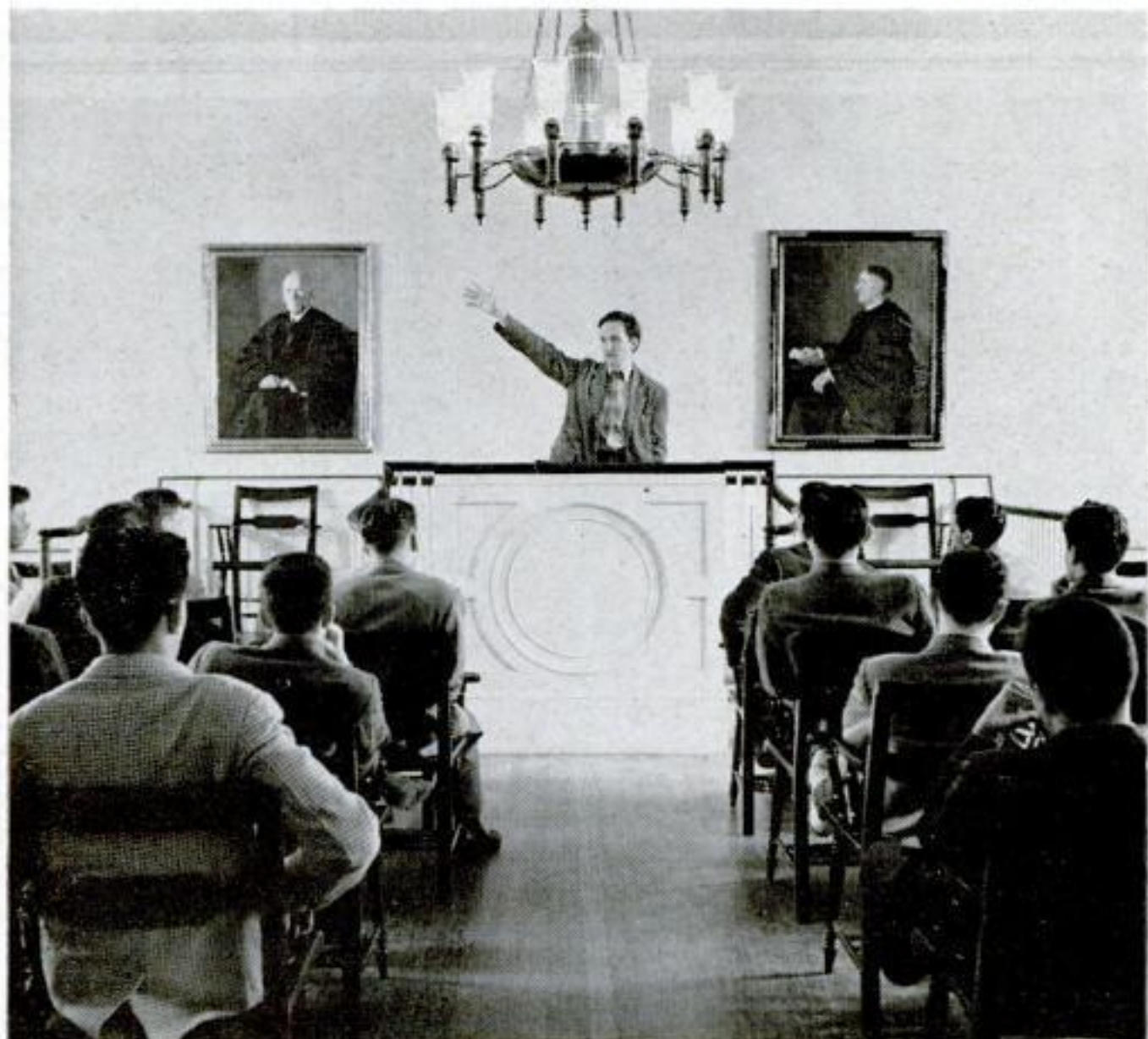




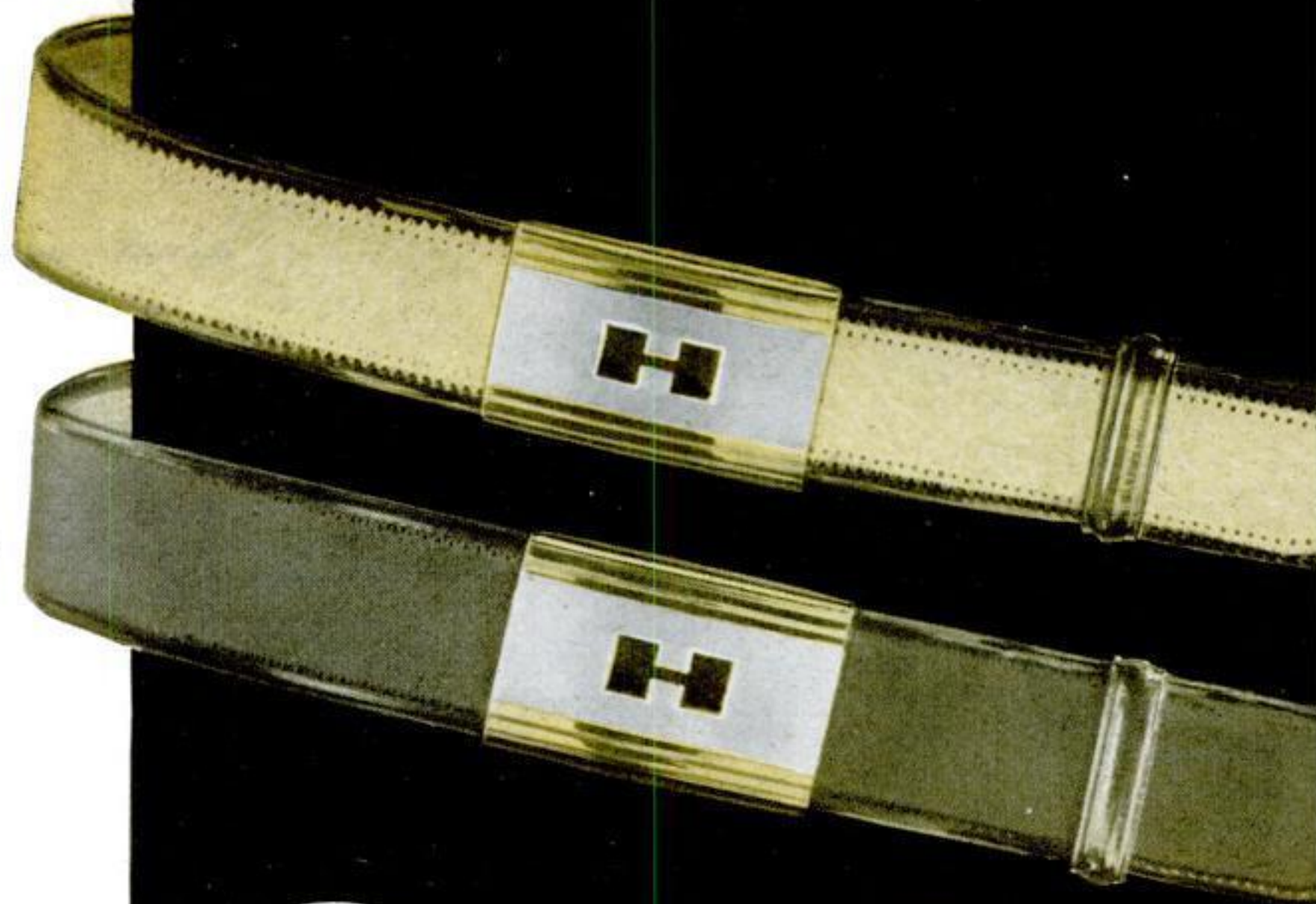
Addison Gallery was given to Andover by Alumnus Thomas Cochran. More than a school museum, it has become an important national center for study of American art.



Through gallery entrance boys come to lectures and creative art courses in the studio. They get well acquainted with permanent exhibit and see many good loan shows here.



Art in classrooms is common sight at Andover. Here during a student debate a fiery young orator derives inspiration standing between portraits of wise Andover alumni.



Twice as Smart

A REVERSIBLE SPORT BELT... BY

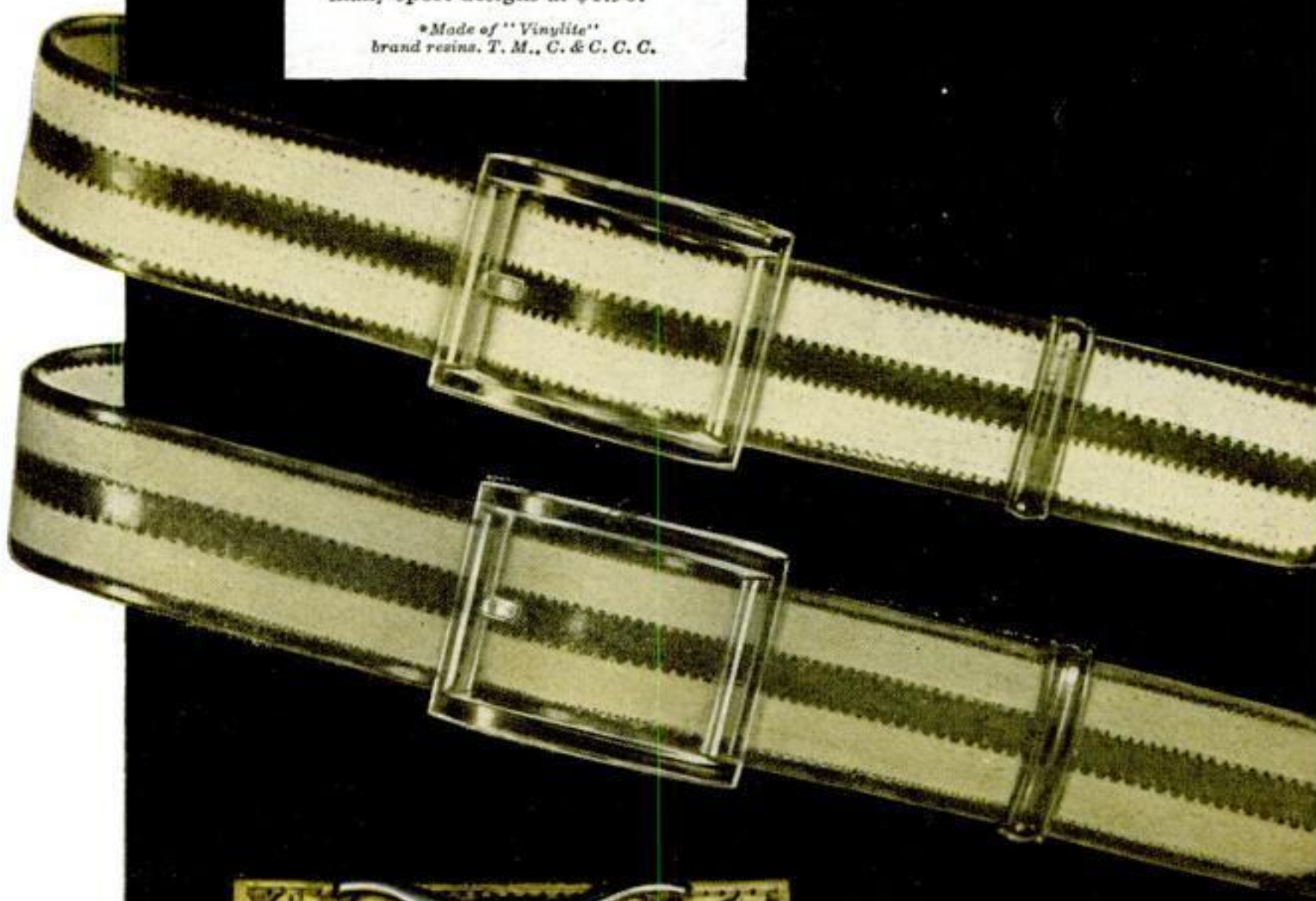
HICKOK

Buy one Hickok sport belt... have two... because they're *two-in-one*! Each side different in effect... both sides alike in smartness! A simple *flip*... and your belt is set to match suit or slacks. See summer's newest colors now!

Top: Selected cowhide, each side a different shade; harmonizing LiveGLAS® edges, \$1.00. Initial Hickok buckle, \$1. Complete set, \$2.00.

Below: Perforated sport belt, colored LiveGLAS® center and edges, leather in brown, tan, blue... *reversible*! \$1. Hickok tie bars with many sport designs at \$1.50.

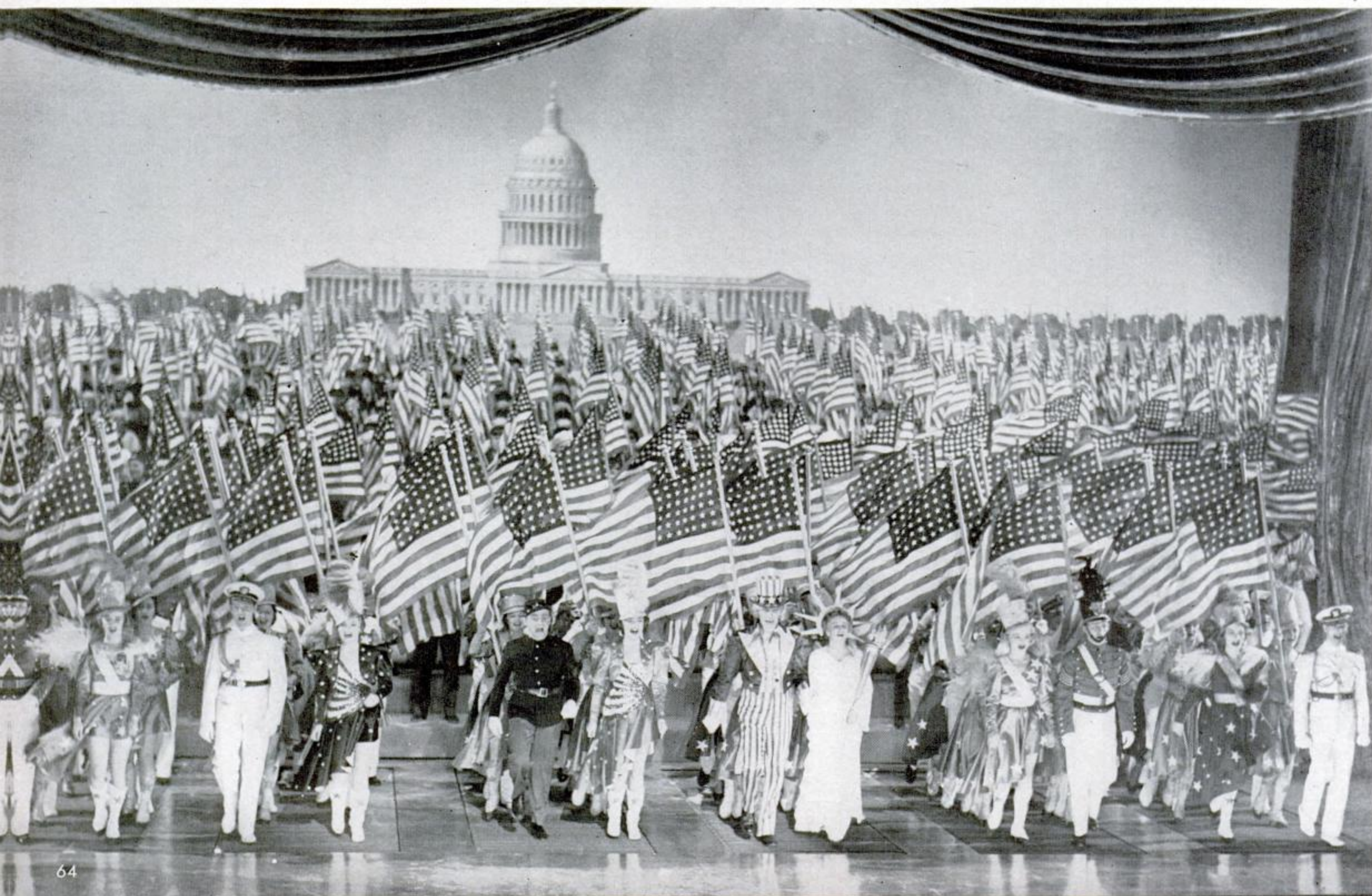
*Made of "Vinylite" brand resins. T. M., C. & C. C. C.





↑ **"I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy,"** sings George M. Cohan (James Cagney) in this snappy English race-track scene in his first Broadway production, 1904. Mixing real ponies with silk-and-satin chorus, Cohan achieves a smash beginning for his long string of successes.

"You're A Grand Old Flag" (below) brings the Cohan family together on the stage for last time, mother as Liberty, father as Uncle Sam, sister as majorette, George as soldier. Written in 1906, this is one of songs for which Cohan won Congressional Medal. ↓



MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Yankee Doodle Dandy

Cagney as Cohan makes a big whiz-bang musical

George M. Cohan had the good luck to be born on July 4, and the good sense to make the most of it. Thirty years ago when Americans felt pretty cocksure about everything, Cohan caught the spirit of his day by writing scores of smash-bang musical shows. They were unsophisticated, romantic, full of honest flag-waving. Later, during World War I, Cohan wrote exactly the kind of thumpety war songs Americans wanted to sing. Now, in World War II, Cohan's career is the subject of a rip-roaring musical, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, that once again, for these times, is just what the doctor ordered.

To the part of Cohan, Warner Bros. assigned kinetic Jimmy Cagney who used to be a Broadway hooper himself. Aside from being blond, brash and Irish, he does not resemble Cohan, but more important, Cagney has enough talent of his own to make you believe in Cohan's success. Cagney's performance may win him a 1942 Academy Award.

As Cohan's sweetheart and wife, 17-year-old Joan Leslie (below) adds glory to a career she began in *Sergeant York*, makes it a good bet she will have almost as many years of movie success as there are freckles on her pretty face. As Cohan's father, Walter Huston is in his best form. Wisely, *Yankee Doodle Dandy* tells the story of Cohan's life without any phony plot, lets most of the excitement spring out of Cohan's own song hits—songs as simple as do re mi, corny as a village band, touched with the magic that stirs heart and feet.

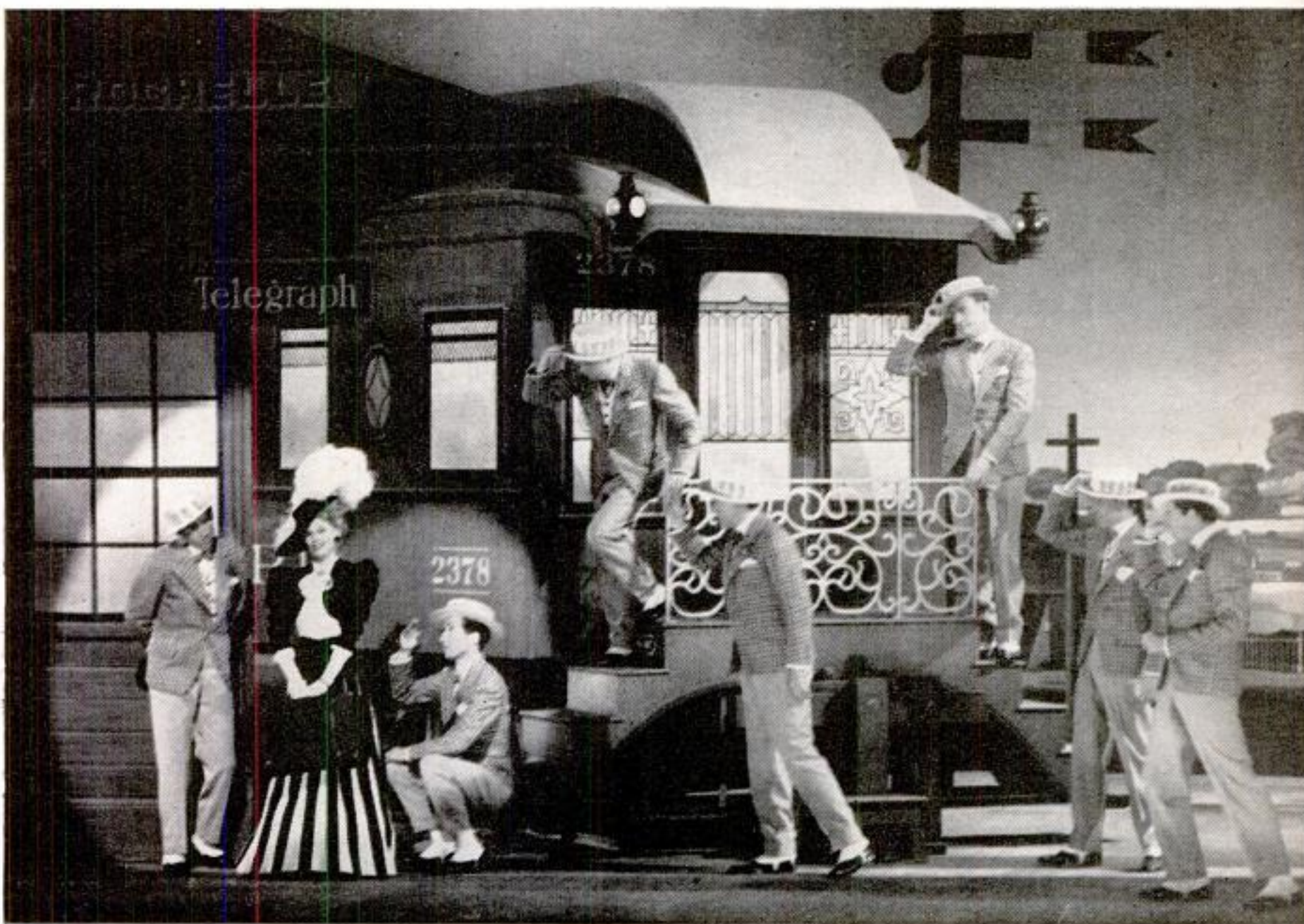
On May 29, to launch their *Yankee Doodle* patriotically on Broadway, Warner Bros. sold first-night tickets for war bonds. Cheapest seats sold for \$25. Highest went to 88 moviegoers for \$25,000 apiece. Total take of \$5,750,000 was donated to the U. S. Treasury department.



"Mary Is A Grand Old Name" is sung on stage by Fay Templeton while Cohan (James Cagney) sits in box with his wife Mary (Joan Leslie), to whom he dedicated song in 1905. Says Mary when Fay sings: "She has the song, but I've got the author."



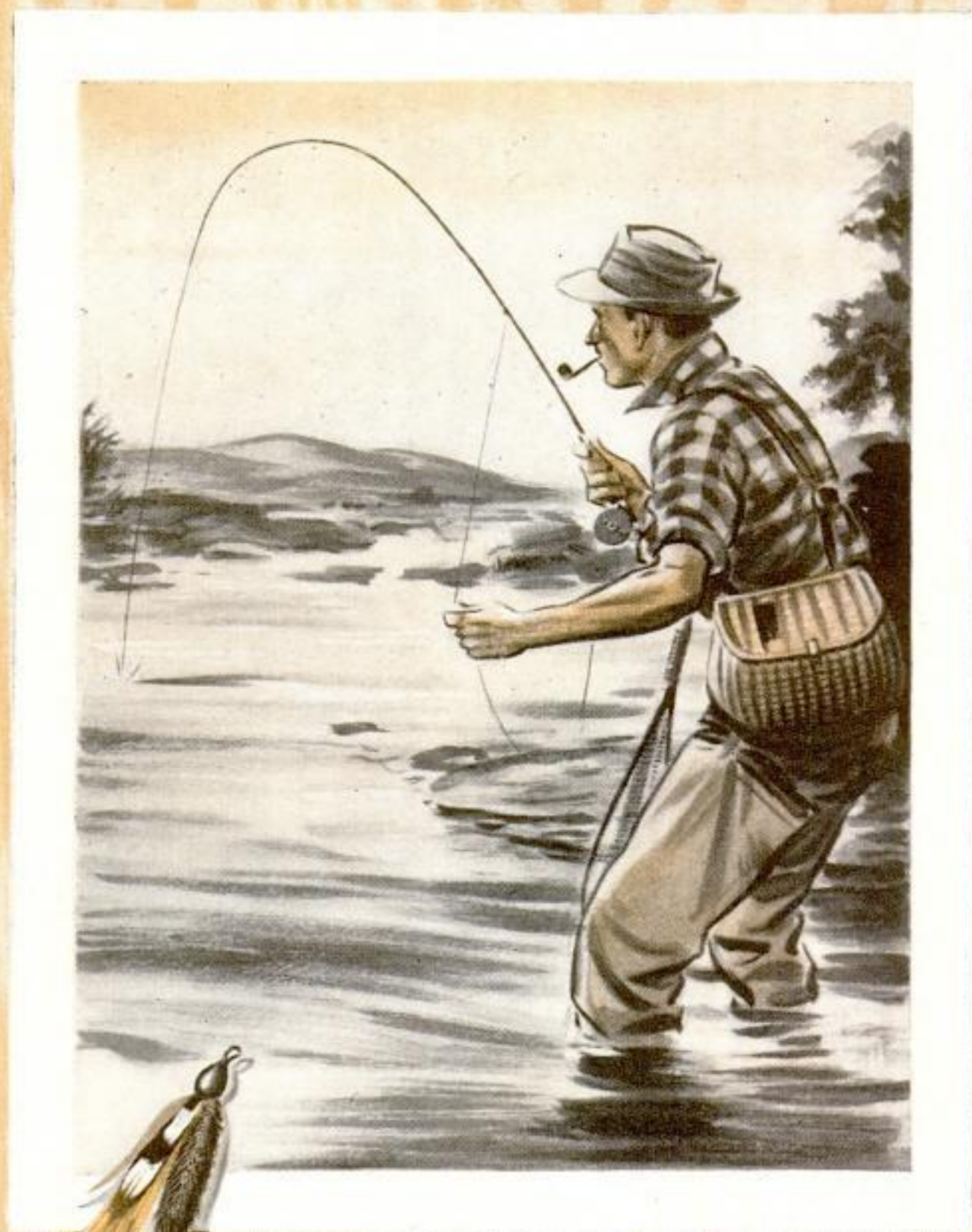
"Give My Regards to Broadway" was first introduced in George M. Cohan's smash musical, *Little Johnny Jones*, in 1904. In the movie it is sung by Cohan as a big ocean liner rolls off stage, leaving him behind in England homesick for his pals in the U. S. A. It is one of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*'s nostalgic moments.



"45 Minutes from Broadway" is the hit song in a popular Cohan musical of the same name, shown here with pretty Fay Templeton (Irene Manning) kissing the boys goodbye at a railway station at New Rochelle, N. Y. The real Fay Templeton played in this show in 1905, sang another Cohan hit, *So Long Mary*.



"Over There" shows how Cohan's famous war song was first introduced one night in 1917 before a crowd of soldiers at Camp Merritt, Long Island, with Cohan himself drumming the piano (right). At that time Nora Bayes was the singer. Here the singer is Frances Langford who is now entertaining in real Army camps.



Time to be outdoors again.
But Briggs' choice golden tobaccos
linger on inside their casks of
fragrant oak . . . sleeping undisturbed,
until ripe age has mellowed each leaf
to bite-free perfection.

Briggs is cask-mellowed for years
. . . (Longer than many luxury-priced
blends). Result, a rare pipe treat . . .
and all yours for
only 15¢ a tin.



PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

"Yankee Doodle Dandy" (continued)



Real Cohans and movie Cohans are matched here. At top (left) is Jerry Cohan, his wife Helen, Daughter Josie, Son George, taken in 1900. Below are movie Cohans: Walter Huston, Rosemary De Camp, Jeanne Cagney and Brother James as George.

HIS FLAMBOYANT CAREER IS OUTLINED IN MOVIE

Today George M. Cohan is too ill to see publicly the movie of his life. But he may rest assured that it does him full honor.

In outline *Yankee Doodle* is faithful to Cohan's career. It begins with his birth in Providence, R. I., where his family were touring in small-time vaudeville. It carries him through his boyhood, barnstorming with the Four Cohans. It brings him to Broadway when in 30 years of almost incredible creative effort he wrote more than 300 songs, 90 plays, and became a leading actor of his day. While it deviates from fact regarding his marriage—he was married twice—it conveys his firm loyalty to his parents and sister.

For the sake of a good story, Cohan's 1937 portrayal of President Roosevelt in *I'd Rather Be Right* is pushed up to 1941, but the facts are true. When Cohan was summoned to the President he told him: "I've always thought this was the greatest country on earth. . . . Because where else in the world could a plain guy like me sit down and talk with the head man of his nation." "Well," said the President, "that's about as good a definition of America as any I've heard."



A newborn Cohan waves his first American flag on July 4, 1878 when his actor father dashes home between shows to see him. Parents wanted to name baby George Washington but decided to make it George Michael so it would fit better on billboards.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

IF YOU'RE A MAN, it's a shine on your shoes . . . the sweet feel of a fly rod in your hand.

It's your favorite pipe . . . your roses . . . that old hat your wife tried to throw away last fall.

If you're a woman, it's a tricky new hair-do maybe . . . or a change of lipstick.

Morale is a lot of little things like that. People can take the big bad things . . . the bitter news, the bombings even . . . if only a few of the little, familiar, comforting *good* things are left.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer

. . . with friends on a warm summer evening . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—*morale is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

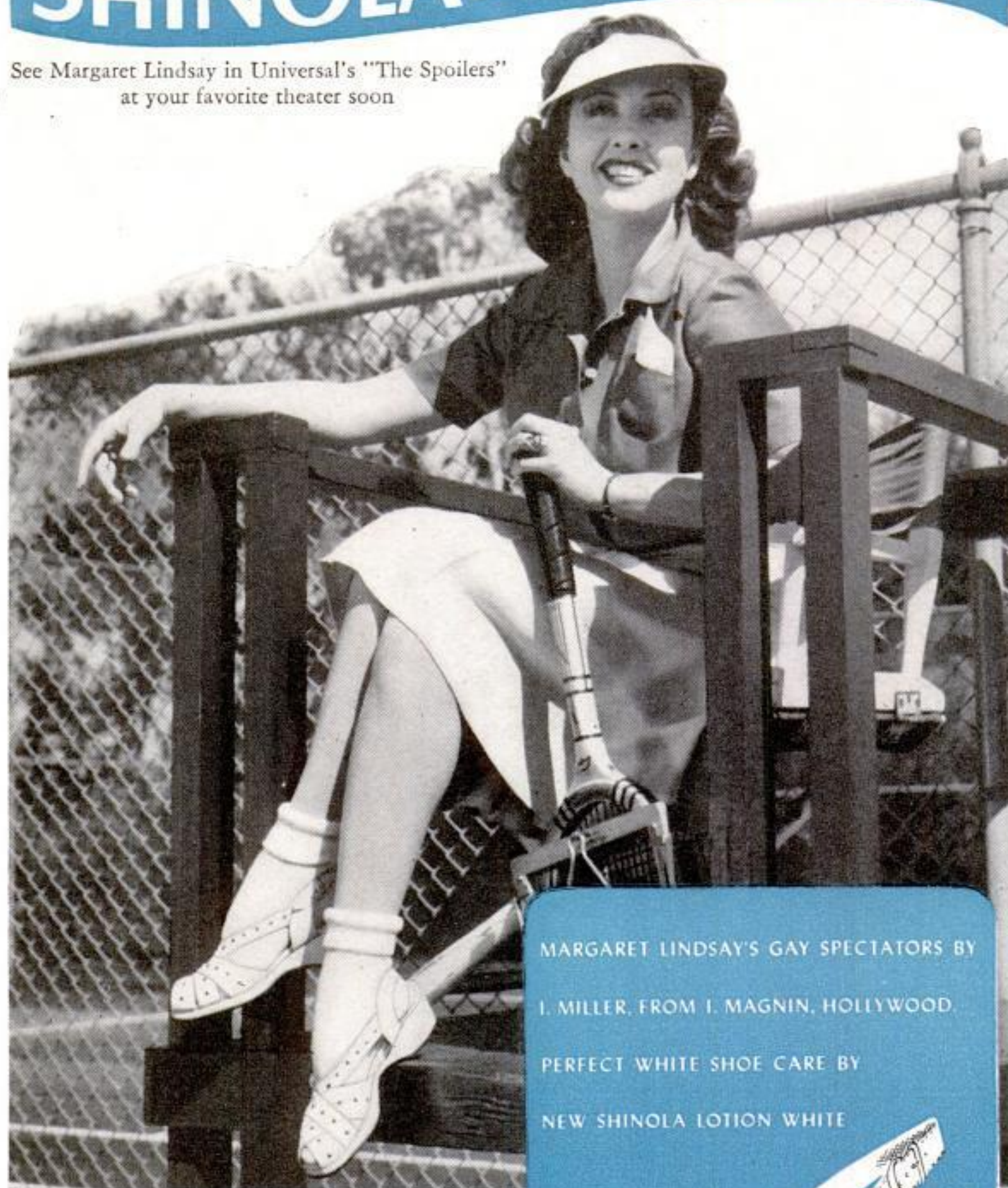
A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up



Margaret Lindsay says...
 "For spotless white shoe care...I choose

SHINOLA Lotion **WHITE**

See Margaret Lindsay in Universal's "The Spoilers"
 at your favorite theater soon



MARGARET LINDSAY'S GAY SPECTATORS BY
 I. MILLER, FROM I. MAGNIN, HOLLYWOOD.
 PERFECT WHITE SHOE CARE BY
 NEW SHINOLA LOTION WHITE



And listen—this new snowy
 lotion-cleaner helps keep
 white shoes soft and supple,
 longer wearing too!



BETTER 6 WAYS!
 Your choice of bottle,
 tube, jar. Every
 package complete
 with applicator.

10¢ or 25¢

• Cameras don't lie about soiled white shoes! That's why famous Hollywood stars make sure their shoes are *really white* with snowy new Shinola White! The minute you try it, you'll find this new lotion-cleaner is *different*... with *six* great benefits:

1. **SEE** Shinola's *whitest white pigment* restore all kinds of white shoes to snowy whiteness in a jiffy!
2. **WATCH** its special active cleanser banish surface stains and smudges *fast!*
3. **NOTE** how it *stays creamy*—doesn't separate. Always the right consistency to spread evenly, cover thoroughly. Dries quickly, non-streaky too!
4. **FEEL** how *soft* and *comfortable* your shoes become as Shinola White's special ingredient helps keep leather lively and flexible—longer lasting!
5. **ENJOY** its distinctive fresh *fragrance!*
6. **COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!** If not delighted, return the unused portion to address on the package for double your money.

"Yankee Doodle Dandy" (continued)



George is accosted by a crowd of tough kids at the stage door of the theater where he is starring in *Peck's Bad Boy*. They dare him to make good his stage threat that he can lick any boy in town. George gets uppity with them and is thoroughly trounced.



The Four Cohans in blackface do a minstrel show number, banging tambourines and cutting fancy capers. From left to right they are little George, sister Josie, mother and father. Billed as the "fun-creating family" they tour all the one-horse towns.



George sells his first show to Producer Schwab in a New York saloon with the aid of another playwright, Sam Harris (Richard Wharf). Schwab buys Cohan's play, tossing Harris and Cohan into a famous partnership that continues almost 20 years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Important to all buyers or users
of office or portable typewriters:

A War Time Message to:

- ☆ Susan Wood of Mansfield, Ohio
- ☆ James V. Hammond, Purchasing Agent, Chicago, Ill.
- ☆ Corporal John Watts, Governors Island, New York

☆ *Dear Susan:*

Probably you know it already...we can't sell you that smart new Corona you wanted. Uncle Sam has ordered us to make fewer Coronas, to sell those we do make only to Army and Navy, and to turn the rest of our factory, men, and machines over to making things our fighting men need. We're sorry, Susan...and likewise we're proud and glad.



But Susan...don't give up your good idea! Borrow or rent a typewriter, and learn to type—*now*. Today, and for years ahead, this country needs lots of good typists. Your plan was smart. It still is smart...stick to it. We still say, "Many a career starts on a Corona!"



☆ *Dear Mr. Hammond:*

Nobody dreamed of a rubber shortage three years ago, when you "standardized" your office on L C Smith typewriters. But when we tell you today that you can regrind your L C Smith rubber platens, and make them last six, eight, maybe ten years, you can certainly credit yourself with smart buying. It's a feature most typewriters do not have.



You probably know that we're keeping our service and repair departments going full blast at every branch office. We know how much you need typewriters, and although we can't sell you new ones, we can certainly keep your present machines going. Proof? Well—L C Smith Model 1, Serial 1, made in 1905, is in good operating shape right now! Why not have us work out a service program for you at minimum cost?

☆ *Dear Corporal:*

You're one typewriter user we can talk "turkey" to, because (within certain limits) we can still make and sell new L C Smiths and new Coronas to the Army and the Navy.



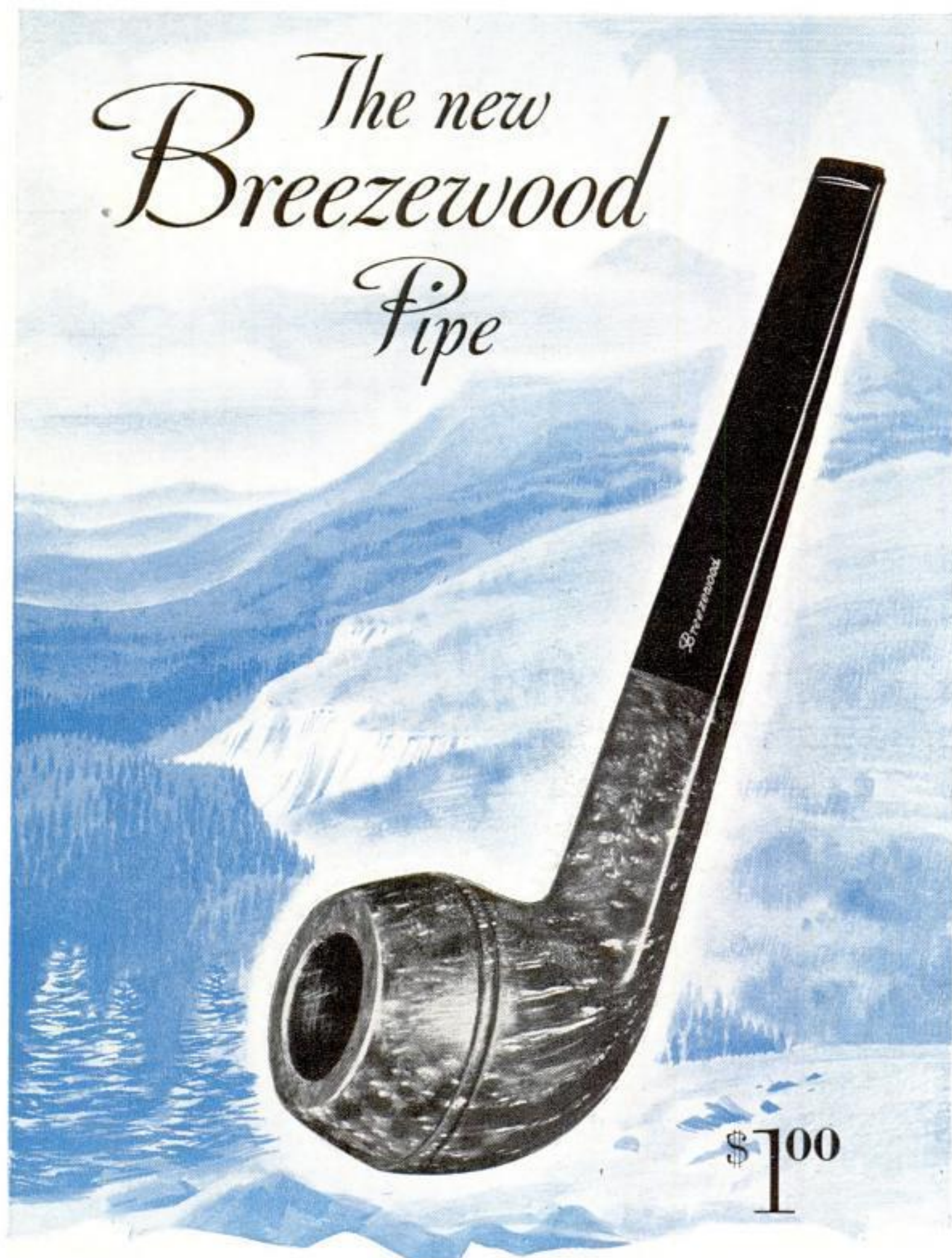
You already know something about the speed of both machines, and you know their record for standing up under hard use. Both were re-designed before war hit us—so you can be sure they're equipped with all worthwhile operating features.

Here's the point: you might be asked to express your preference (and again you might not!). If you get a chance, ask for an L C Smith or a Corona, as the case may be. You can take our word for it—for sound design, honest workmanship, and long-lived usefulness, they are both outstanding. Descriptive booklets free on request.

Smith - Corona
OFFICE PORTABLE
Typewriters

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Syracuse New York



Again! America gives Americans a new treasure! Now, a native-born pipe incredibly light in weight!

There, deep in the Great Smoky Mountains, they found it — found an uncharted virgin forest of burls, great old burls that had been growing there uncounted years. And from these old burls, pipes of astonishing lightness of weight are made — their name: Breezewood. Breezewood pipes weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. At your dealers, right now, these Breezewood pipes await you. Buy one, and discover for yourself how sweet-smoking a Breezewood pipe really is! Do it today — enjoy Breezewood smoking right away! In all traditional shapes, at your dealer's.



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

The Breezewood Pipe

Free your Hands for Other Tasks. Breezewood is comfortable because it's light. When motoring, writing, fishing or whenever your hands are busy, you don't have to interrupt yourself so much to handle your pipe.

COPYRIGHT 1942. THE BREEZEWOOD PIPE CO., 630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

"Yankee Doodle Dandy" (continued)



Cohan composes "Over There" in an empty theater, banging it out with one hand on a piano from a theme he heard on a bugle. Too old to enlist in 1917, Cohan wrote *Over There* as his contribution to the war effort. It is still a favorite in World War II.



As President Roosevelt in *I'd Rather Be Right*, Cohan leaps over Supreme Court bench. Cohan came out of retirement to act in this musical show by Rodgers & Hart, which turned out to be a Broadway hit. It was produced by his friend Sam Harris.



Roosevelt bids Cohan goodby after giving him a Congressional Medal for his songs *Grand Old Flag* and *Over There*. In keeping with an old Cohan tradition, he says, "My father thanks you, my mother thanks you, my sister thanks you, and I thank you."



"And this, I suppose," smiled Elsie, "is an army mess!"

"THAT," said the mess sergeant, glaring at Elmer, "is no mess. That is your husband. He just came barging in here and . . . blooey!"

"I tripped," muttered Elmer. "It could have happened to anyone."

"Well, suppose you just trip around and clean up this litter while the sergeant shows me his kitchen," Elsie, the Borden Cow, said firmly.

"Sorry, ma'am," answered the sergeant. "No cows allowed in the kitchen. Army regulations. Of course, for you, I might . . ."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of your making an exception for me," interrupted Elsie. "I'm all in favor of army regulations. Particularly the one that specifies the equivalent of at least a pint of milk for every soldier every day. You know my pure, wholesome milk and all the wonderful things Borden experts make from it are my life's work."

"And good work, too," approved the sergeant. "We use a lot of your Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk."



"Then I don't have to tell you what splendid creamed soups and fluffy mashed potatoes it makes,"

beamed Elsie. "Or how digestible and rich in Vitamin D it is. It may be news to you, though, that our allies use tremendous amounts of it, too."

"You started all this," Elmer complained to the mess sergeant. "You listen to it. I'm going out and spend a quiet, peaceful hour with the heavy artillery."

"Elmer's awfully jealous of my career," chuckled Elsie, as Elmer huffed out. "Sometimes I think he even resents all the nice things people say about my luscious,



creamy Borden's Ice Cream. And I'm sure you couldn't find a finer food than that!"

"I'll say you couldn't," agreed the sergeant. "I knew that husband of yours was a wet blanket the minute he messed up my post commissary. If he had his just desserts . . ."

"You can give your whole regiment their just desserts," Elsie broke in, "with Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's the handy, short-cut way to make cake frostings, pie fillings, and loads of other delicious desserts because it's milk *plus* sugar."



"Gosh, Elsie, you sound like an expert on food," said the sergeant. "Maybe you can persuade women who entertain soldiers not to serve those wishy-washy, 'tea-party' sandwiches."

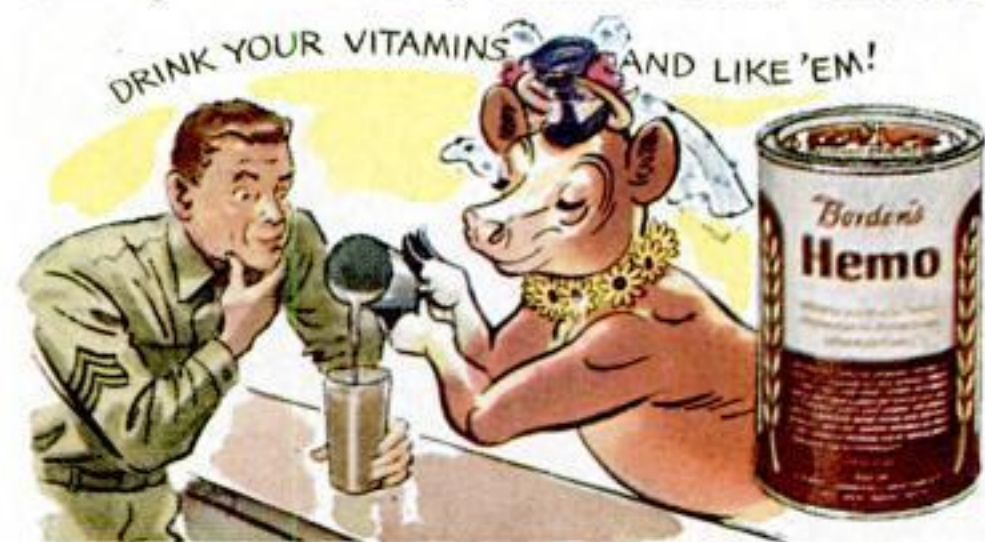
"Sergeant, I'm surprised at you," Elsie giggled. "Thousands of women already know how to turn out



hearty, man-pleasing sandwiches. It's no trick at all with Borden's Chateau. And mellow golden Chateau is only *one* member of the distinguished family of Borden's Fine Cheeses!"

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed the sergeant. "I guess all of us learn something new every day."

"It's a lucky thing for all those people who are learning about HEMO," enthused Elsie. "HEMO is

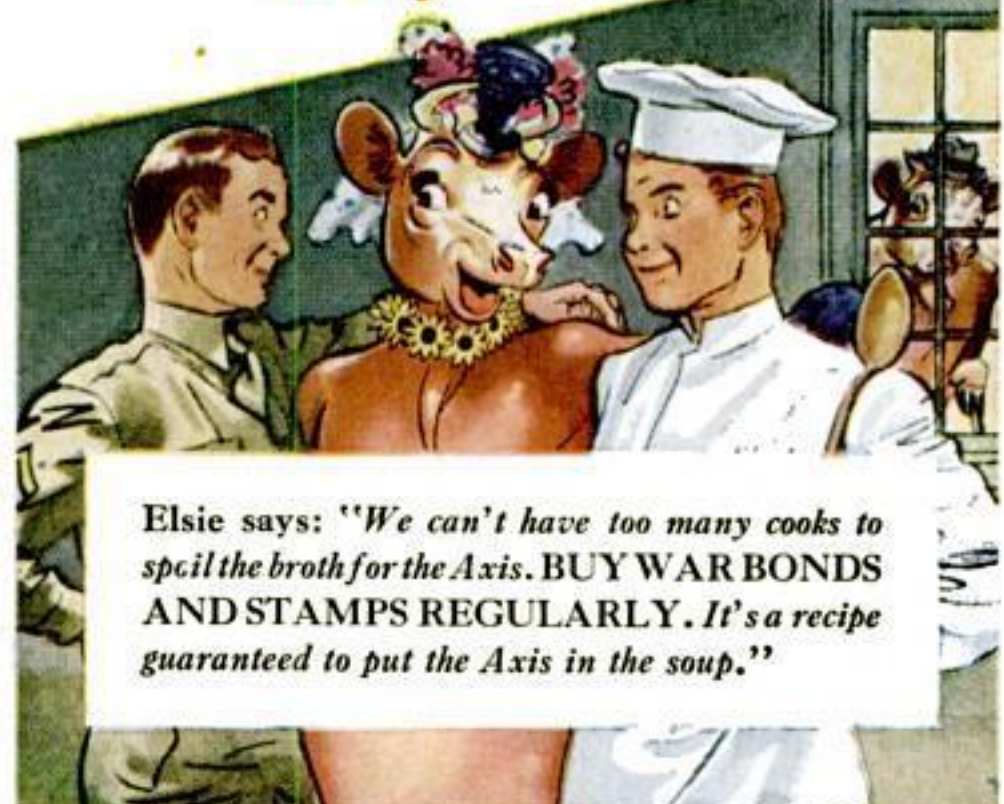


Borden's grand, new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Why, folks who need more vitamins and minerals are getting a brand-new kick out of life with HEMO. And it tastes better than the most marvelous malted milk ever mixed."

"Gosh," puzzled the sergeant, "to hear you tell it, everything Borden makes is super-super."

"Of course it is, sergeant," laughed Elsie. "Borden has its regulations just like the army. And the most important of these regulations is: *If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good



© THE BORDEN COMPANY



ON FOOT, BICYCLES OR ROLLER SKATES, COURIER SERVICE IS CONSIDERED MOST EXCITING WORK BY JUNIOR AWVS. HERE BETTY VAN RENSSELAER IS TAKING BOOKS TO USE

10,000 SUB-DEBS DO HARD USEFUL WAR WORK AS JUNIORS IN AWVS

Sub-debs in the U. S. have found a new mission in life. Their earnestness and exuberance have been put to useful war work through junior auxiliaries of American Women's Voluntary Services. Nearly 10,000 eager young girls between 14 and 18 are now enrolled in 110 junior AWVS units throughout the country. Under the auspices of senior AWVS they learn first aid, air-raid precautions, how to work

a switchboard. Their services include running errands, clerical work, hospital and settlement work, salvage collections. Service stripes cost only 1¢ but require 80 hours for red, 130 hours for white, 180 hours for blue. One of the first AWVS juniors in New York City is 18-year-old Betty Van Rensselaer who today has more than 500 hours' service to her credit. Her activities are shown on this and following pages.



BETTY VAN RENSSELAER

AFTER SERVICE BETTY AND SCHOOL CHUMS HAVE STAGLESS PARTY AT HOME. BETTY DEMONSTRATES A TRICK NEW RUMBA TURN TO THE TUNE OF FAVORITE CUGAT RECORD





Group of juniors, with Betty at front (right), leave headquarters to report to another unit. Betty says formation marching is fun, makes for quicker going through crowds.



At nearby Shanty juniors gather for lunch, pay for it themselves. On flush days Betty (lower right) has hamburger, milk and ice cream, otherwise just sandwich and milk.

Craig Wood
U. S. Open Golf Champion
photographed in Wards

SUN MATES
SLACK SUITS

They may not help your game, but the championship comfort and prize-winning styling of Wards Sun Mates are guaranteed to help your appearance. Wear them together as an outfit. Separately, the shirt can be worn with other slacks, or the slacks with other shirts. Free-for-action styles, tailored of cool, frosted fabrics (rayons or rayon and cotton blends). Easy to launder at home. And economy priced in the famous Montgomery Ward tradition.

TAILORED BY THOMSON

On sale at Ward stores or through our catalog . . . \$3.98 and more

MONTGOMERY WARD

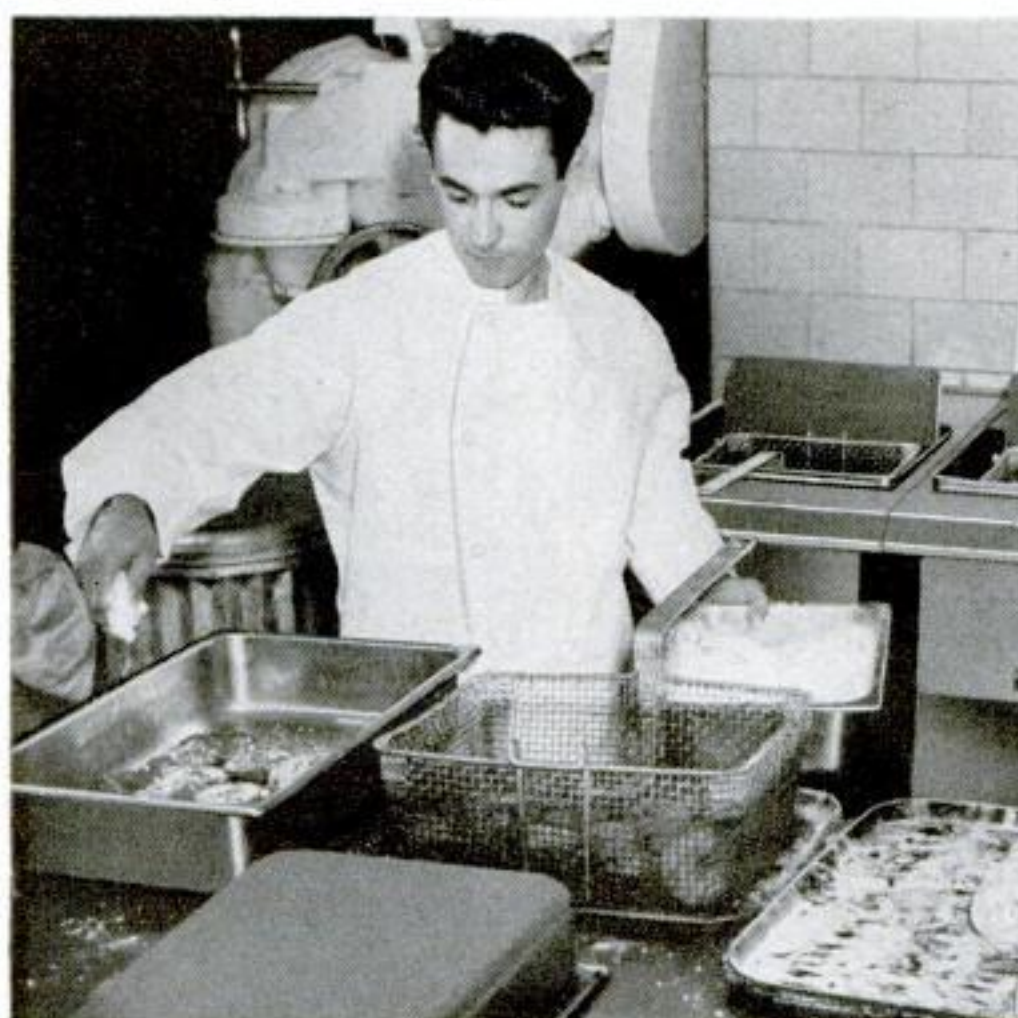
AMERICA STREAMLINES COOKING



FEEDING AMERICA'S armed forces calls for "streamlined cooking." Typical is this scene at an Army Air Corps Field. Here hundreds of thick, juicy steaks are speedily fried to a turn on Hotpoint Ranges... and how they satisfy he-man appetites! The two chefs shown above using flameless, efficient Hotpoint-Edison Electric Cooking Equipment, were officially commended for their clean kitchen and delicious food.



To "Pass Inspection" at this U.S. Coast Guard Training Station, meals must have that real *home* taste. And prepared the quick, easy, Hotpoint electrical way, they're every bit as wholesome, healthful and downright *delicious* as mother's own! Durable Hotpoint-Edison equipment is widely used aboard U.S. naval vessels and at many navy bases, for its outstanding thrift, safety and dependability.



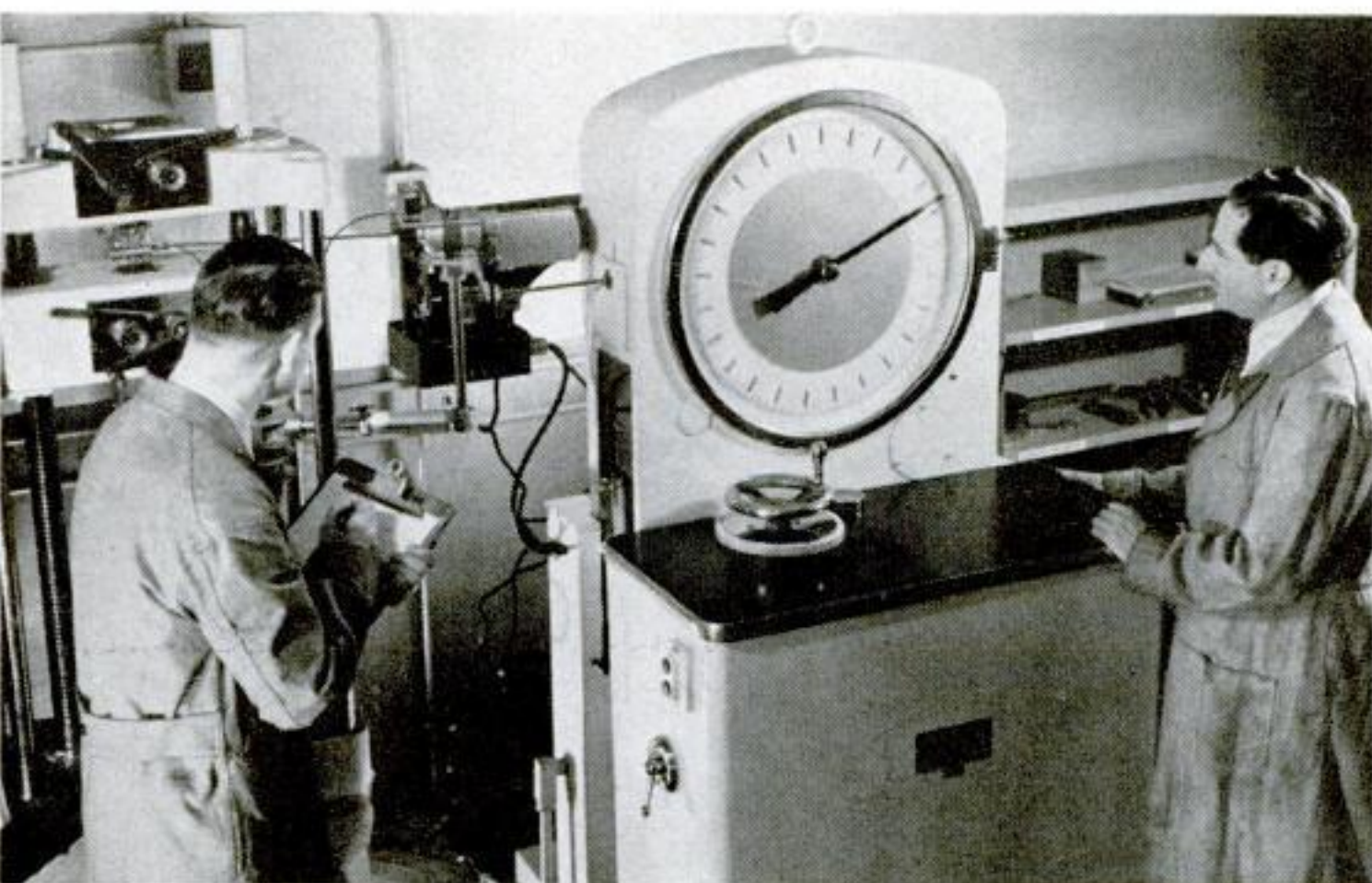
Speed, Safety and economy are essential in the cafeteria kitchens of war industry plants. That's why hundreds of them—such as the one partially shown above, where 6,300 meals are prepared daily—depend on cleanly, Hotpoint-Edison Electric Cooking Equipment!



Mrs. G. A. Sickler—Milwaukee defense-home tenant—speaks for more than a million Hotpoint Range owners when she says, "My Hotpoint is clean and safe—gives perfect results every time. And by using Hotpoint's *measured heat* I save money, conserve electric power!"



Mrs. W. J. Grenier of Leominster, Mass., states that, "Our grocery bills are away down since getting a Hotpoint Refrigerator. I buy food at bargain prices—keep a week's supply safely. And because our Hotpoint uses so little current, we conserve electricity as well as food!"



For A Better, Brighter Tomorrow! While Hotpoint's vast factory is busy turning out implements of war, engineers in Hotpoint's laboratories are forging ahead with research that promises great things for the future. Discoveries made today will provide homemakers with still finer time-and-labor-saving Hotpoint Electric Appliances when our factories again turn to civilian production.

Good Care Conserves Good Appliances

Today Hotpoint's entire production facilities are devoted to war work. If you already own Hotpoint Appliances, however, you can expect them to serve economically and well over a long period. They are built for *extra* durability by America's largest manufacturer of electric ranges. But with proper care, good appliances will perform *better*—last even *longer*! To help you conserve your present equipment, Hotpoint has just issued an informative new 20-page booklet packed with practical suggestions for the proper care and use of electrical appliances—plus new ideas for preserving vitamins, cutting food and current costs. Ask your Hotpoint retailer for a copy, or fill out the coupon and send to us with a 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost.

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC KITCHEN APPLIANCES

RANGES, REFRIGERATORS, WATER HEATERS,
WASHERS, IRONERS, DISHWASHERS,
DISPOSALS, ELECTRASINKS,
STEEL KITCHEN CABINETS

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5673 West Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is 3c stamp for your new booklet,
"How To Conserve With Hotpoint Appliances."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

TRIPLE LIFE? Sure, I Lead a Swell One!
that's why the Buxton "3-Way" is the only Billfold that can keep up with me



For it's **THREE** billfolds in one!
(Large Picture)

Here's the Buxton "3-Way" for every day. 3 full-length compartments and 8 smaller ones to organize your money, checks, papers.

(1/2-size Picture)

Center partition completely removed gives you a complete wafer-thin evening billfold.

\$7.50 in English
Pin Morocco...
"3-Ways" in other
leathers \$3.50 to \$10.

(1/2-size Picture) The center partition put back reversed makes still a third billfold... with secret pocket, grand for traveling.

1

At the Office

I need a sort of pocket file to keep my papers, bills, cards, licenses straight and easy to get at. My Buxton "3-Way" has 3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones to keep everything in perfect order—yet doesn't bulge.

2

As a Man About Town

For evening I want a billfold that's dressy—wafer-thin. The inner partition of my Buxton "3-Way" makes the grade. It's good looking. And although it holds everything I need, it slips into the pocket of my evening clothes without a bulge.

3

For Travel

Traveling for business or pleasure, I want a secret hideout for my larger bills, checks, important papers. I get it by reversing the center partition of my Buxton "3-Way." It locks into place by itself... and it keeps out of sight things I don't want seen.

Triple Life! Buxton "3-Way" Billfolds have much more than a triple life when it comes to wear!

That's because they're restitchless! They are ingeniously folded into a patented, self-interlocking construction that requires neither stitches nor glue to hold them together. Flexible, too—they expand as you cram them full, ease back as you lighten the load... keep that "just-bought" look! That's why Buxton Billfolds can be guaranteed until the leather wears out—and they are guaranteed.

Free! A whole bookful of gift ideas for Graduation, Father's Day and every other occasion, too. Ranging from thoughtful remembrances at 75¢ and \$1 to beautiful matched sets at \$25. Tells about leather, too. Write Buxton, Inc., 4245 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass., or Dept. L, 47 West 34th St., New York City.



BUXTON "3-WAY"

Junior AWVS (continued)



Magazines and books for men in the services are collected and tied by AWVS juniors. Betty (center) is making scrapbooks for hospital children from old Christmas cards.



PBX switchboard operation is popular. Here Betty, at a dummy training board, is receiving incoming calls from three telephones operated by Ann Leamy, behind board.

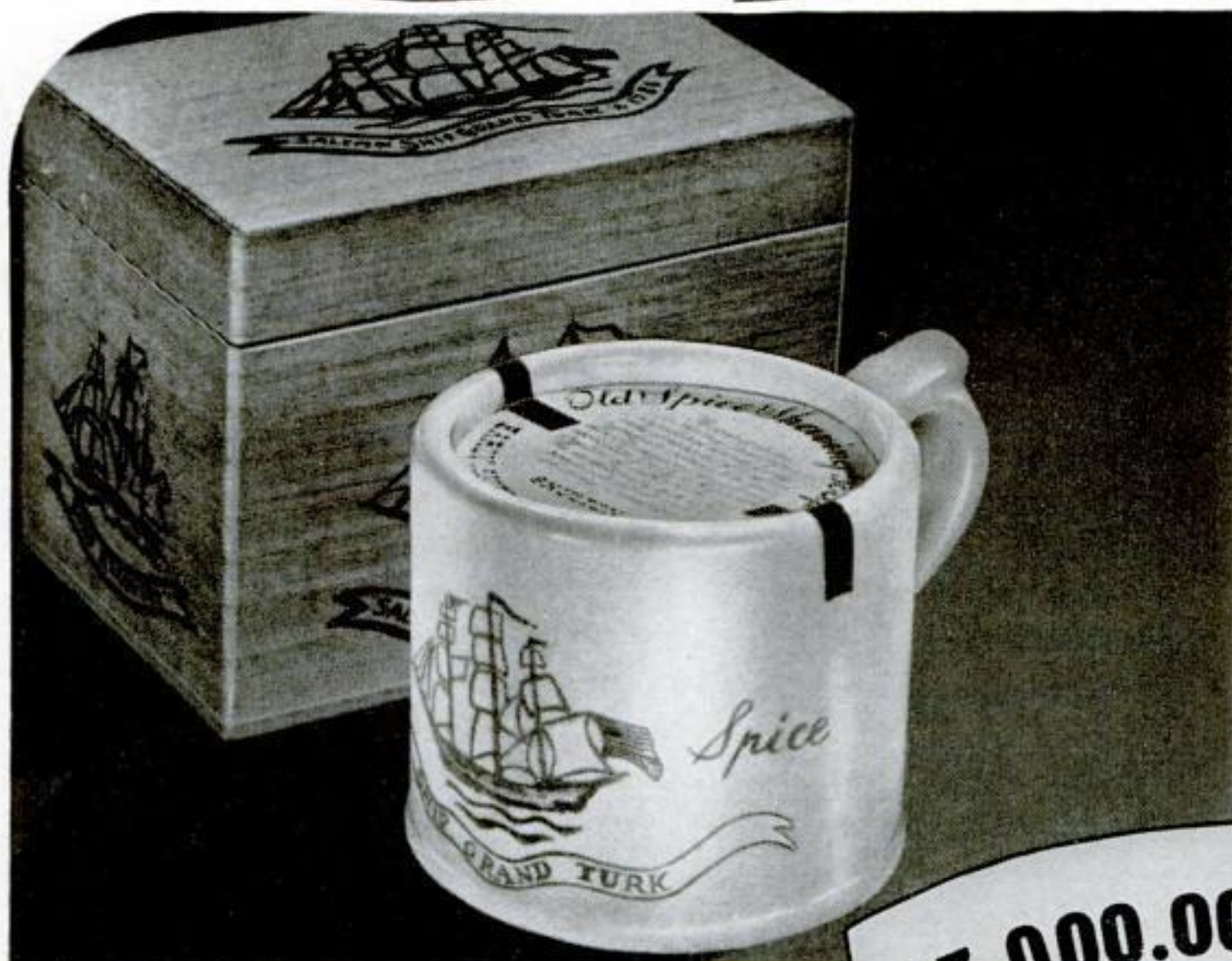


Typing and filing are routine office jobs which senior AWVS entrust to junior groups. Betty (seated at the left) is typing letters at the AWVS national headquarters office.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Early American Old Spice*

MEN'S TOILETRIES FOR FATHER'S DAY

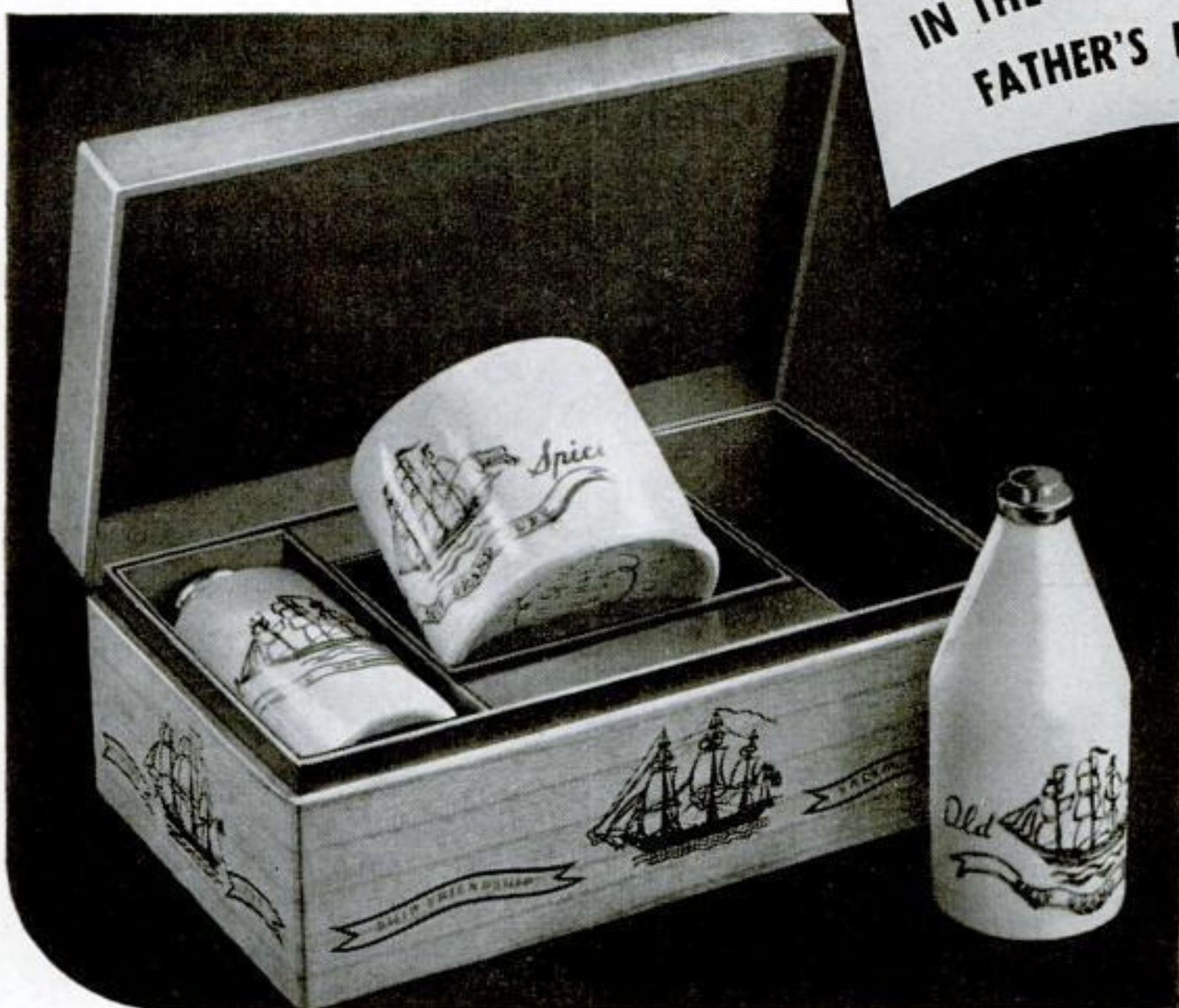


Old Spice Shave Soap—in pottery mug. Free-lathering and long-lasting \$1.00



Old Spice After-Shaving Lotion—in pottery container with sprinkler top. 4 oz. . . . \$1.00

\$3,000.00 IN PRIZES
DEFENSE BONDS AND DEFENSE STAMPS
IN THE EARLY AMERICAN OLD SPICE
FATHER'S DAY JINGLE CONTEST



Old Spice Shave Set—Shave Soap in pottery mug, After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum in wood-veneered chest \$2.75



Old Spice Shave Set—After-Shaving Lotion, Lather or Brushless Shave Cream, with used-blade container for the bathroom shelf \$1.50

Good-grooming preparations of quality, with a bracing freshness men appreciate. Gifts of character, in pottery containers and wood-veneered chests distinguished by authentic illustrations of America's first trading vessels.

Contest information and entry blanks will be supplied by stores with each purchase of Old Spice Men's Toiletries. Watch for the dramatic Early American Old Spice Father's Day window displays.



Up steps of New York Post Office goes Betty with box of printed matter. Though uniforms are not obligatory, Betty always wears one on duty, says it expedites business.



At the stamp window Betty stands in line. With poise and self-confidence, Betty explained that younger girls (14-17) are never sent on errands outside neighborhood.



Stacks of first-class mail must be taken to big branch post offices. Betty walks from the AWVS headquarters on 58th St. to branch at 76th St., carries cash for stamps.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

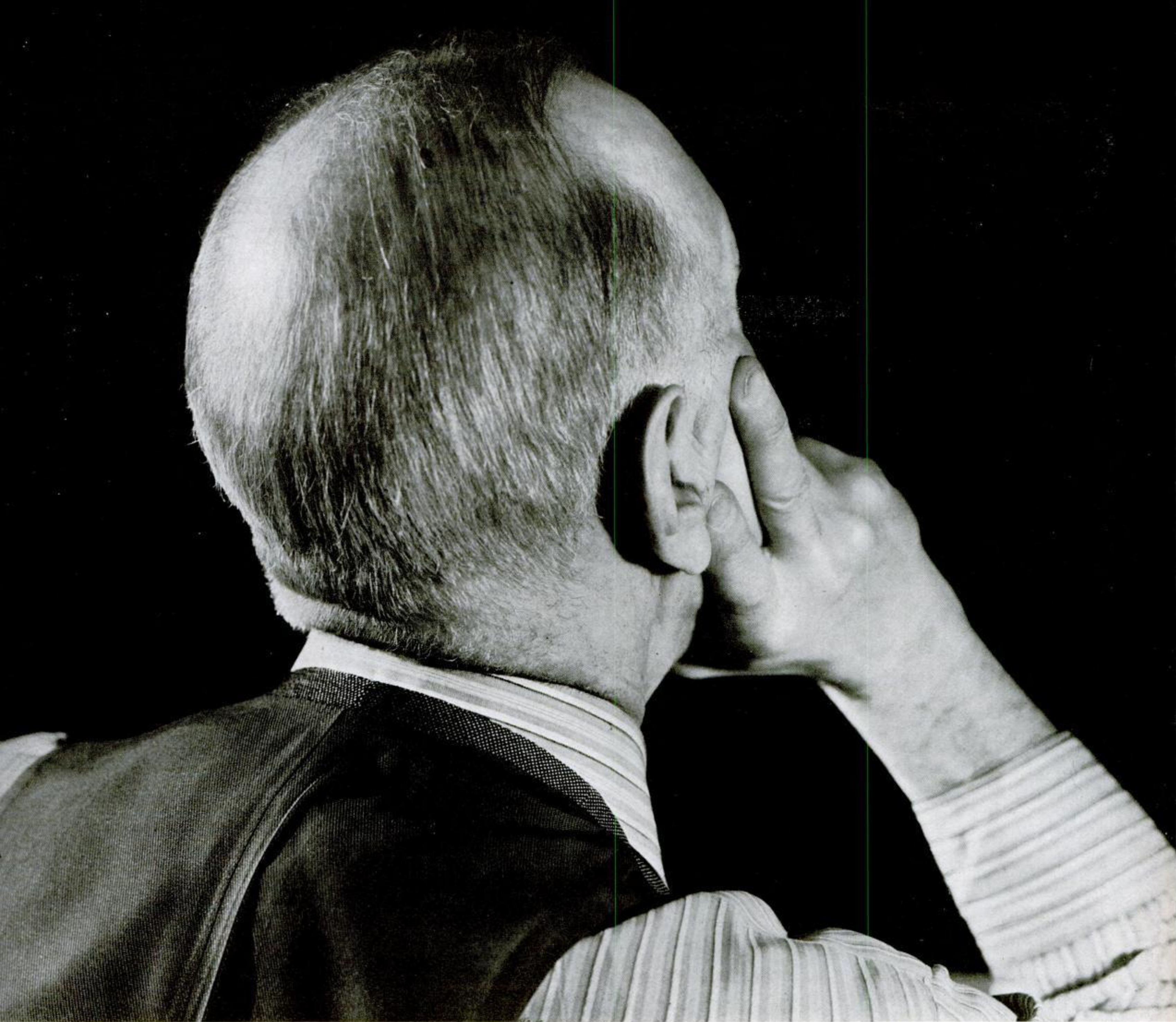


Summer black

Sheer black...accented with immaculate white...a dress to keep you cool and unwilted all through your busiest day! A Betty Hartford classic coat dress made of sheer rayon woven with Tubize yarn (fine rayon combines beauty and the wearing quality you want in all your clothes today). Beautifully tailored, with gracefully goared skirt, tab pockets, and detachable white dickey-collar. Black only. Sizes 14 to 20 and 38 to 42. Under \$8. At your favorite store, or write to R. Kolodney & Co., Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Tubize Certified Quality Label is your assurance that the fabric has been tested and is certified for color, strength and cleanability.





COPYRIGHT, 1942, BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC.

"What Can I Do To Schickelgruber?"

YOU CAN DO PLENTY! Nobody needs to mope today because he's too old for combat service.

Producers are as indispensable as fighters in this titanic struggle. Supreme effort will be required from all of us to supply the engines of victory.

Every man, every woman, needs to be tuned to fighting pitch for this do-or-die job. Personal condition is of the essence—condition of mind and body.

Most important, your eyes, which control 80% of your actions.

Good eyes perceive quickly, guide

hands nimbly and surely, conserve nervous energy, keep you producing at tops.

Defective eyes tire fast, see double, cause fumbling and accidents, lose time, destroy material, soon exhaust nerves, brain and body.

If you really want to do things to Adolf Schickelgruber and Hirohito the Wasp, check up first on your eyes. Nearly one-third of all Americans have *uncorrected* faulty vision.

Don't experiment with slipshod eye care. There are truly capable men in your community to whom you can trust your

precious eyesight. Select one of them. He will make a scientific analysis of your individual defects of vision and provide professional correction and care.

Go to him. Tune up your eyes for the victory drive. Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.





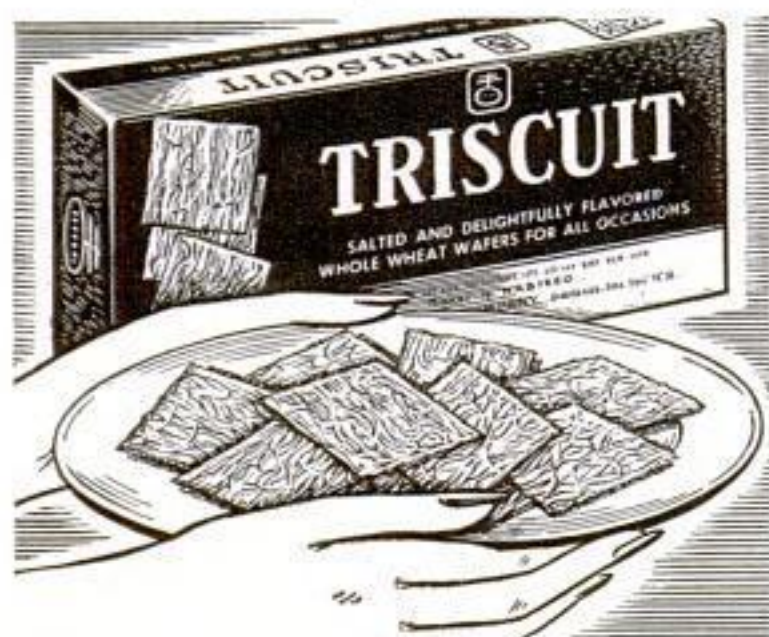
"MORE!" the ladies shouted

It *seems* absurd. A flavor so exciting that really nice folks forget themselves and scream for *more*. Well, it's happening. It's that tantalizing toasted wheat kernel flavor of Triscuit, seasoned to set up fierce longings for encores.

Be tolerant. Try a Triscuit yourself. But have plenty on hand because they lead you on and on and on. And you'll want them with your soups and salads and all sorts of drinks. As a canape base they won't wilt a whit, even under moisty toppings. Don't wait one minute. Ask your food store for TRISCUIT, in the single or the double packages.



Baked by NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



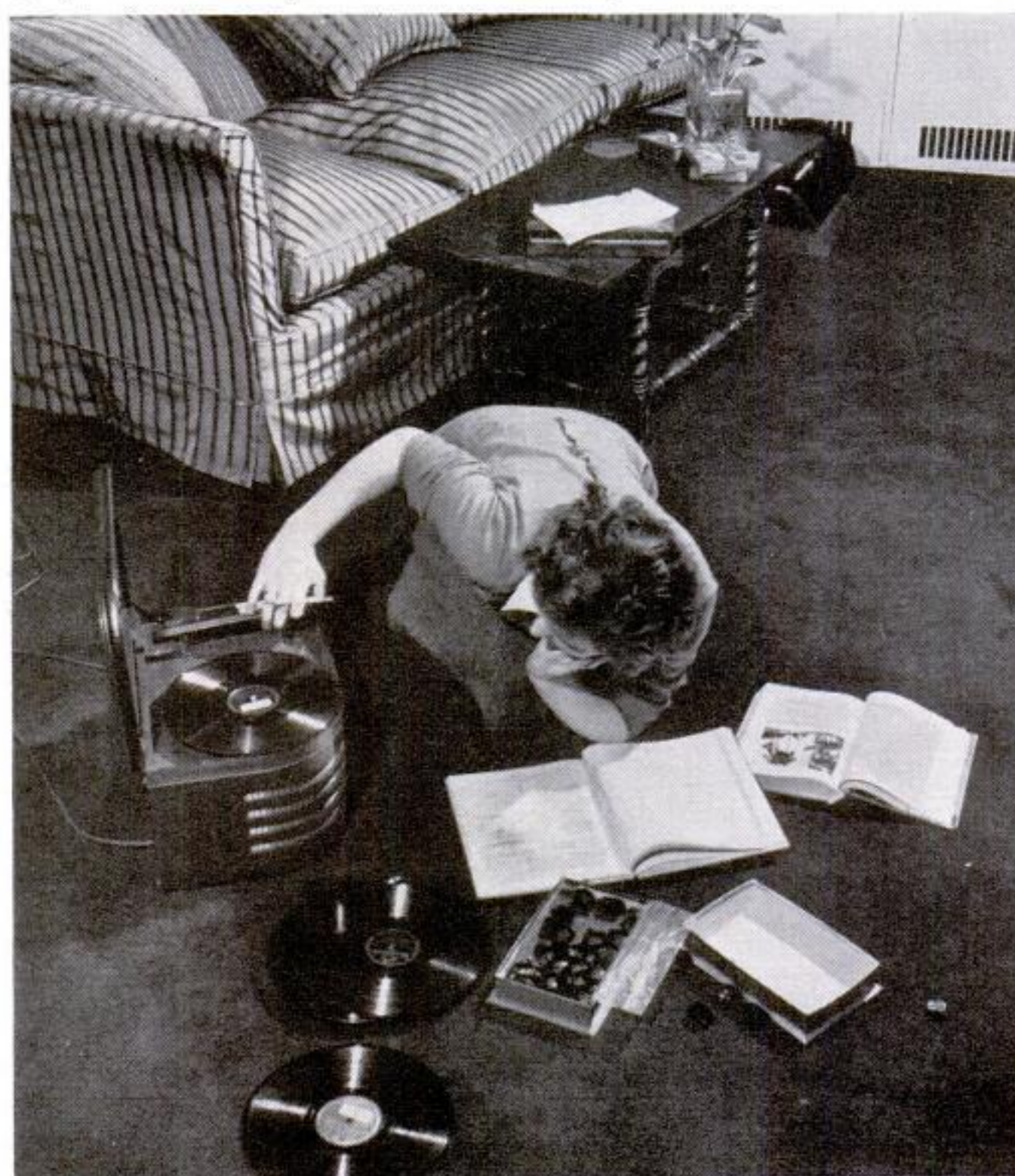
TRISCUIT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SALTED AND DELIGHTFULLY
FLAVORED WHOLE WHEAT WAFERS



At home, Betty cooks her breakfast, eats it alone on dining-room table before leaving for school. Betty says AWVS training has taught her to do things faster, better.



At Riverdale Girls' School, Betty (third from the left) is a senior, gets good marks. Betty likes school but prefers AWVS work to any extracurricular school activities.



School homework is a nasty chore which takes time from her AWVS work. To expedite the job Betty turns on phonograph, plays rumba records, munches chocolates.



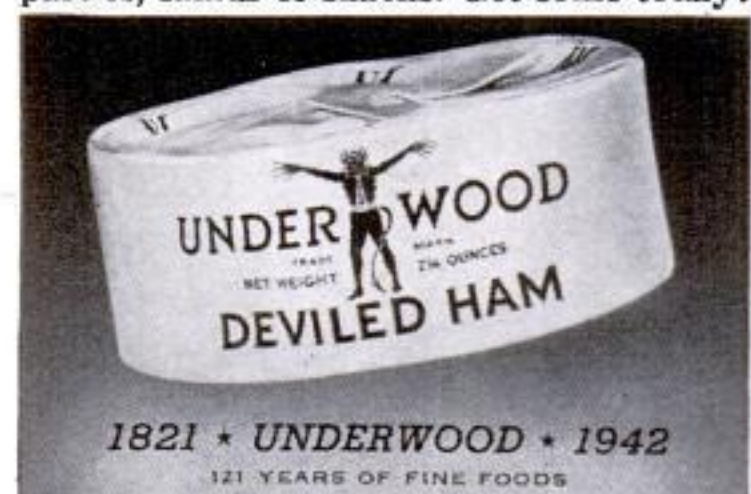
CRAVE something different? You'll find it a case of love at first bite the first time you try a flavorful Underwood Deviled Ham Sandwich.



RAVE! Who wouldn't? Underwood is fine ham, zestily seasoned with rare spices from the Indies. You'll love it!



SAVE money, too—for War Savings Stamps. You'll find Underwood as thrifty as it is satisfying. For picnics, parties, salads or snacks. Get some today!



Write for the **FREE** "Fine Foods" booklet containing dozens of recipes you ought to have. Wm. Underwood Co., 415 Walnut Street, Watertown, Massachusetts.



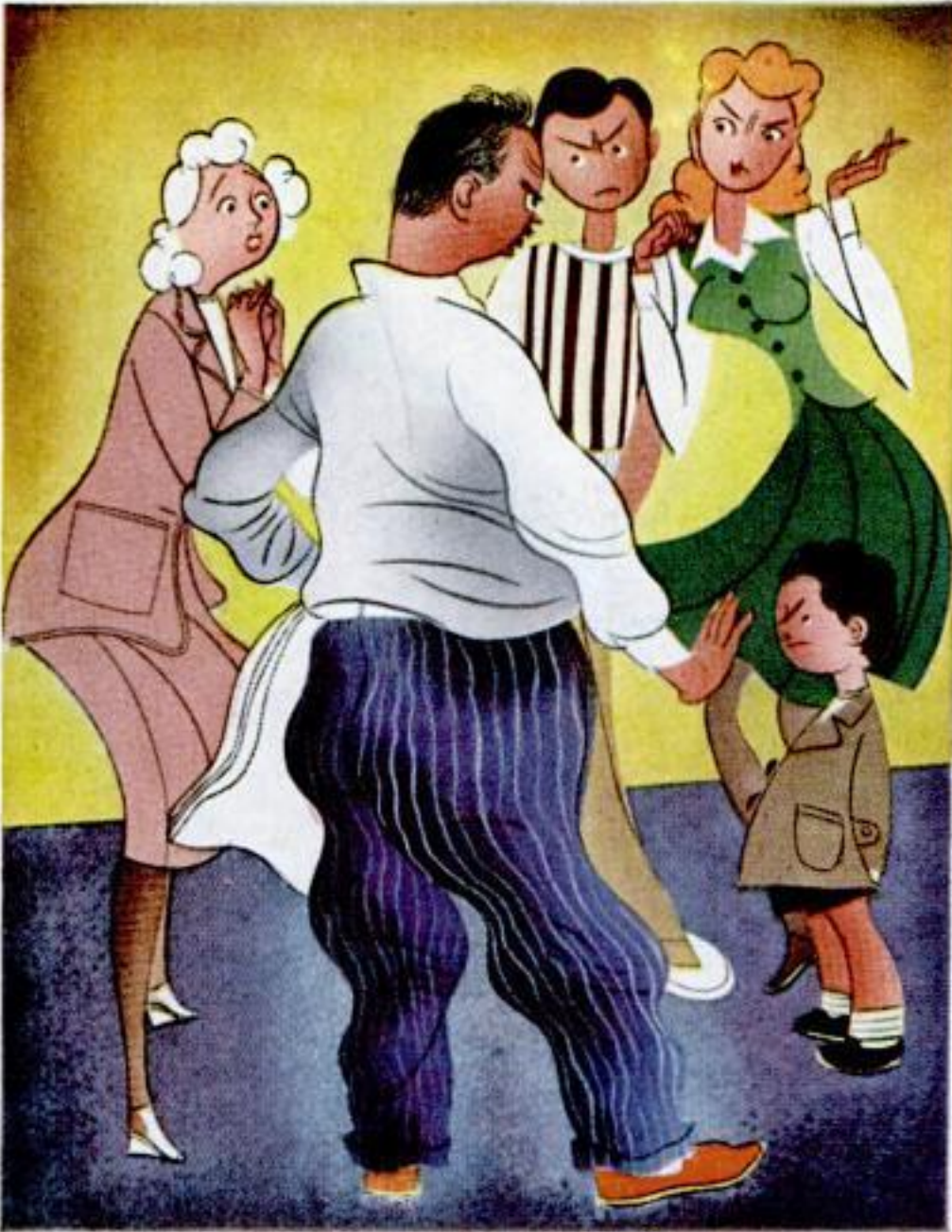
A CANARY thrills
JOAN CARROLL

"R. K. O." Star. And you, too, will thrill to the joy one of these merry little pets will bring into your home. To aid your canary's health and song, feed him FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit... the 4 to 1 Hollywood favorite—and largest-selling brand in U.S.



CANARIES... THE ONLY PETS THAT SING!

Great Day! Now Father believes in Miracles!



"Words fail me," Father explodes—and goes right on talking. "Why even a family of movie stars doesn't need so many new summer duds. You ought to do like I do. I'm content to loaf around in any old things that happen to be handy." That's Sally's cue. She stops admiring her new golf ensemble and announces: "Yes, and you look exactly like a fugitive from a hard times party!"



"It's a scandal the way your husband lets himself look," Sally tells her mother later. "The time has come for action." And while Father relaxes out of earshot, the family goes into a huddle to plot his reformation. Sally calls the signals. "Father's Day is just around the corner," she buzzes in an inspired buzz. "It's June 21st. So what? So we turn it into a Decoration Day for Dad!"



All the mirrors in the house get a workout when Father's Day dawns. Dad hurries from one to the other, admiring his rehabilitated torso. And who wouldn't! The family showed what an understanding family they are by selecting Skipper Sportwear. And you've got to be blind as a bat to be able to resist the just-right styling that Skipper Sportwear provides for a man's leisure life.



Father will be flattered no end when you celebrate his Big Day with offerings of Skipper Sportwear. You can count on this: The new Skipper Styles—created by Wilson Brothers—are exactly the kind of styles he'd select for himself. Colors and patterns are original and distinctive—but not extreme. There's no "Joe-College" audacity about them. Stop in right away at leading department stores and men's wear shops where Skipper Sportwear is featured. You'll be sorry you're not on the receiving end of Father's Day yourself.

Made by Wilson Brothers—Makers of quality men's wear for three-quarters of a century.

Father's Day—June 21



MADE BY

Wilson Brothers

ALSO MAKERS OF:

Chicago • New York • San Francisco



FAULTLESS
NOBELT PAJAMAS



BUFFER
HOSE



WILSON BROTHERS
SHIRTS



NOBELT SUPER
SHORTS



TIES



HANDKERCHIEFS

Announcing Red Heart Dehydrated Dog Food

IN 3 FLAVORS

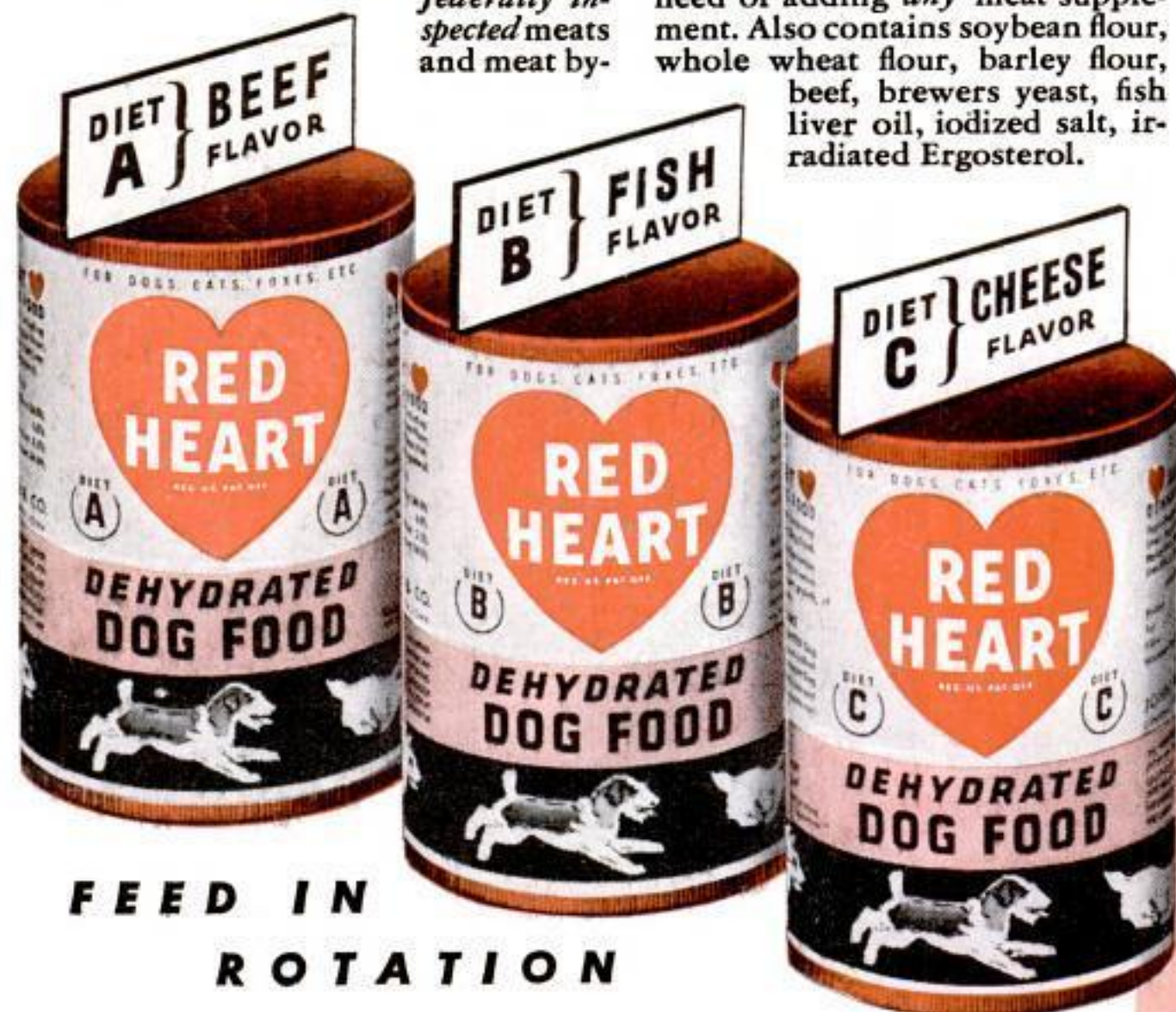


In conformity with the Government's ban on tin cans for dog food, John Morrell & Co. announce an important new product... Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food. This *genuine* dehydrated dog food—packed in moisture-proof cartons—combines the eight remarkable advantages listed in panel at right.

No Other Meat Ration Necessary!

No need to feed your dog meats from the table. By conserving meat, you are helping your country. Only *federally inspected* meats and meat by-

products are contained in new Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food—in sufficient quantity to eliminate need of adding *any* meat supplement. Also contains soybean flour, whole wheat flour, barley flour, beef, brewers yeast, fish liver oil, iodized salt, irradiated Ergosterol.



1. WELL-BALANCED FORMULA!



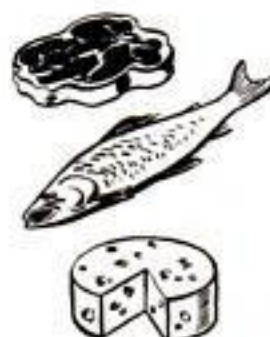
Same basic, well-balanced formula as canned Red Heart Dog Food, except moisture has been removed. Contains 50% or more *meat* and *meat by-products*!

5. FOOD VALUE EQUALS 2½ CANS!



The contents of each carton are equal in food value to that of 2½ *cans* of canned Red Heart Dog Food. Special process retains vitamins and meat flavor!

2. 3 FLAVORS!



Has the *same* appetizing taste variety—*beef* flavor, *fish* flavor, and *cheese* flavor—that helped make Red Heart Dog Food the biggest selling dog food in America.

6. MORE VITAMIN BENEFITS!



New process provides more Vitamin benefits than canned Red Heart Dog Food... abundance of Vitamin A, Vitamin B Complex, Vitamin D, and *all other* essential vitamins.

3. THOROUGHLY TESTED



and kennel-proved. Exhaustive, scientific laboratory research plus thorough kennel-feeding tests prove the quality and appetite appeal of this product.

7. ECONOMICAL!



While it costs more per carton than canned Red Heart, it actually costs *less* per feeding. 3 cartons (Diets A, B, C) will feed average 20-lb. dog for over a week.

4. EASY TO FEED!



Just add water. Notice how quickly it absorbs water...and watch, too, how your dog goes for it! No refrigeration needed. No need to add more meat in any form!

8. FEDERAL INSPECTION!



Prepared in sanitary, federally inspected plants. The meat and meat by-products (including liver) have been examined and passed under Federal supervision.

Copyright 1942, John Morrell & Co.

NOTICE:

In spite of tremendous processing and packaging changes, everything possible is being done to hasten distribution of

new Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food. If your grocer does not have it, he will be able to supply you soon. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!



TANK MANNED BY THREE NEGRO NONCOMS AND TECHNICIAN-GUNNER MANEUVERS UNDER SUNNY LOUISIANA SKIES. THEY BELONG TO 758th (GHQ) TANK BATTALION

NEGROES AT WAR

ALL THEY WANT NOW IS A FAIR CHANCE TO FIGHT

The picture above of an all-Negro crew in a fast new 13-ton U. S. Army tank will probably be a surprise to many U. S. citizens. But this summer it could be duplicated hundreds of times at training camps throughout the country. By next spring it could be duplicated several thousand times. The U. S. Army is getting rid of its old prejudices against the Negro and is putting him where he will do the most good—in the front ranks of its fighting men. At Camp Claiborne, La., where this picture was taken, the white colonel commanding a Negro outfit told LIFE Photographer K. Chester: "I'm a cotton-patch Southerner myself, and I

don't call these boys niggers. I call them American soldiers and damned good ones!"

This is bad news for the propagandists of Germany and Japan, who have long nursed a delusion that the 13,000,000 U. S. Negroes were ripe for rebellion and would surely refuse to fight. It is perfectly true that U. S. Negroes have never had a square deal from the U. S. white majority, but they know their lot would be far worse under the racial fanatics of the Axis. Now, when their country needs them, they are glad to work and fight and die alongside their white fellow-citizens. That is the spirit which will some day wipe every trace of racial bigotry off the map of America.



A CRACK NEGRO REGIMENT, commanded by Negro officers, is Harlem's 369th whose color guard is shown at win-

ter quarters in upstate New York. In World War I the 369th was part of General Henri Gouraud's Fourth French Army. It

was 191 days under fire, never gave a foot of ground, never lost a prisoner, was the first Allied regiment to reach the Rhine.



NEGRO CAVALRY TROOP RAISES A CLOUD OF DUST AS IT RIDES DOWN A HILL NEAR FORT RILEY. NEGRO CAVALRY HAS BEEN PART OF REGULAR ARMY SINCE CIVIL WAR

NEGRO TROOPS HAVE A FIGHTING TRADITION

Negro soldiers have fought under all the great generals, in all the great wars and in most of the famous battles of U. S. history. And they have fought well. A Negro, Crispus Attucks, was the first American to fall under British fire in the Boston Massacre of 1770. Negroes fought beside the Minute Men at Bunker Hill and the Continentals at Red Bank, N. J., where George Washington himself singled them out for praise. When Andrew Jackson stopped the British invaders at New Orleans in 1815, a battalion of "free men of color" formed part of his front line. In the Civil War, 161 regiments of Negro troops turned the tide for the North; without their help, said President Lincoln, "neither the present nor any coming administration can save the Union." In the State of Mississippi alone more Negro soldiers enlisted to fight for the Union than white men did for the Confederacy.

Negro cavalrymen like those above chased Indians in the West and rescued the

Rough Riders at San Juan Hill. In World War I, more than 200,000 Negro troops went to France. One of them, Private Henry Johnson, an ex-red cap from Albany, got into a battle with 24 Germans in a no-man's-land outpost. He killed four of them with bullets, rifle butt and bolo knife, probably killed a fifth with grenades, wounded and drove off all the others. The French called this "The Battle of Henry Johnson."

This proud record has already been extended in World War II. At Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, a Negro messman, Dorie Miller, dashed to the bridge of his ship, helped carry his mortally wounded captain to a place of greater safety and manned a machine gun until ordered below. He has just been awarded a Navy Cross. In the Philippines the first man of the armored forces to fall in action was Private Robert Brooks, son of a Negro sharecropper of Sadienville, Ky. Today the main parade ground at Fort Knox, headquarters for the U. S. armored forces, is named Brooks Field in his honor.



A TROOP BLACKSMITH shoes a 10th Cavalry mount. Negro soldiers get along with horses, who draw no color line.



SGT. WILL BLACK of the 10th Cavalry dons a green coat on Sunday afternoons and acts as whipper in cavalry school hunt.



NEGRO NONCOMS with families, like Master Sgt. Pentecost Daniel of 9th Cavalry, have own homes at Fort Riley.



FOUR NASHVILLE BOYS with "Avenge Pearl Harbor" armbands joined up when Navy dropped anti-Negro ban. Previously Negroes could serve only as mess attendants.

THEY THRIVE ON ARMY WORK, FOOD AND FUN

For the average Negro volunteer or draftee, Army life is no hardship. He is used to hard physical work, which is nine-tenths of a soldier's routine. He wants to learn about machinery and motors, and the Army gives him a chance. He likes the feel of a weapon in his hands, and thoroughly enjoys bayonet practice. The food is better than he generally gets at home. The base pay of an Army private (\$21 a month, soon to be raised to \$46 or more) does not look too meager. His living quarters, food, pay, furloughs, opportunities for recreation are equal to that received by white soldiers. There has been a decided increase in the number of Negroes attending officer-candidate schools. Except in the Air Corps, they are being trained in the same classes with whites.

Disturbances growing out of race relations in the Army have been few and widely scattered. One such disturbance at Alexandria, La., in January 1942, started when a Negro soldier resisted arrest by a white policeman. A crowd gathered and civilian policemen and one military policeman indulged in indiscriminate and unnecessary shooting. Twenty-nine Negro soldiers were injured, one of them critically. (Rumors that four or more were killed were denied by the Army.)

The sensational Negro press has done its best to magnify affairs such as this into "race riots," but there is every indication that co-operation and friendly feeling between the races is today higher than ever in the Army.

On June 1, 1942, a long-standing wrong against American Negroes was removed when the U. S. Navy and Marine Corps began taking colored recruits for combat duty (see photos above & below).



FIRST NEGRO MARINE RECRUIT in Nashville, George Thompson, dogcatcher, is sworn in. Said George: "Those Japs are just like the mongrels I been picking up."



TRENCH-DIGGING CLASS of 388th Engineers at Camp Claiborne, La. raises shovels for counting. Army has put many Negroes in engineer units, teaches them to build railroads, barracks, bridges.



SGT. LESLIE LEWIS of 758th Tank Battalion at Claiborne shows how he would go into action with tommy gun if intercepted by enemy. He also has a revolver. He carries messages to tank commanders.



USO AT ALEXANDRIA, LA. has two clubhouses—one for white, one for Negro troops. They are alike in every detail. This one has dance floor, game room, bar where townspeople serve drinks and food.



CAVALRY BOOTS THUMP the floor hard at Friday night dance in Fort Riley USO clubhouse. There is about one girl to every ten soldiers, creating a real rationing problem.



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES for cavalry regiments at Fort Riley are featured by earnest praying and singing. Many of these boys are sharecroppers' sons. Here the choir sings *Lord, I Am Troubled*.



SGT. JOSEPH CALIBAN, trumpeter of the 367th Infantry band, has gained 160 lb. on Army food in 16 years, now weighs 325. Here he sings *Ants In Your Pants* to officers.



AIRCRAFT WORKER Mel Nickerson shows work to Col. Robert Ginsburgh at Lockheed-Vega plant, Burbank, Calif. Lockheed was first big aircraft firm to hire many Negroes.



NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION'S J. H. Kindelberger chats with two of his 600-odd Negro employees. Kindelberger once said he would hire Negroes only as janitors, has since changed his mind.

LOTS MORE NEGROES ARE NEEDED IN WAR PLANTS

On the U. S. production front Negroes are moving into place beside white workers in ever-increasing numbers. At the beginning of 1941 there were approximately 5,400,000 working Negroes in the U. S. A few thousand had skilled mechanical jobs—the rest were laborers, farm helpers, domestic servants. But this year U. S. war industries are hiring 20,000,000 new work-

ers, and perhaps 2,000,000 of them will be Negroes.

This has brought a vast upsurge in wages, buying power and self-respect of Negroes. While discrimination still goes on in some factories, as well as in some unions, such key companies as Lockheed, Bethlehem Steel and Ford have thousands of Negroes working at every level of skill. Chrysler has put 225 Negro janitors

to work building tanks. The Sun Shipbuilding Co. is building a whole new shipyard to be manned by 9,000 Negroes. Winchester Repeating Arms in New Haven has more than a thousand Negroes working among thousands of whites, eating in the same cafeterias and shooting pool in the same clubroom. These companies want more Negro workmen because they do a good job.

PLATE BENDER at Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. must have a high degree of skill. Navy yards have upped Negro workers over 100% in last year, now employ 16,000.



TALLYMAN Moses Baker weighs boxes of finished shells at Winchester Repeating Arms plant. He once served 5 years in the Navy, tried to re-enlist a day after Pearl Harbor. He earns \$42 a week.





A NEGRO-OWNED AND OPERATED war factory is Pacific Parachute Co. in San Diego, which makes parachutes

for Army and Navy flares. Owner is Eddie Anderson, "Rochester" of Jack Benny's program (center, right). Manager is

Skipper Smith (left) who has made 254 parachute jumps. Workers are white, Mexican and Negro girls, working side by side.



SEVENTY-FIVE FIRST-AID CLASSES are held in Harlem schools, churches, apartment houses, stores and theaters.

Department-store clerks and movie ushers have been taught how to take care of air-raid victims. Some Harlem doctors and

nurses have been giving first-aid courses seven nights a week since Pearl Harbor. Here a class practices artificial respiration.



EYE "VICTIM" IS BANDAGED BY HARLEM FIRST AIDER

HARLEM BUZZES WITH CIVILIAN DEFENSE TASKS

Probably there is no place in the nation where civil defense is now a more burning topic than in Harlem, largest Negro community in the world. There are 300,000 Negroes in Harlem and at least a quarter of them are doing some kind of war work. About 15,000 are enrolled as air-raid wardens. Countless Harlem women are learning first aid, knitting sweaters, serving in canteens, studying internal-combustion engines. Even the angels of Father Divine are being fingerprinted by Harlem branches of the American Women's Voluntary Services. Soon after Pearl Harbor some Harlem streetwalkers began enrolling as air-raid wardens and wearing white badges on their arms but the police stopped that.

The citizens of Harlem have real cause for their concern. They live in one of the most overcrowded city areas in the world. There is one Harlem block which has between 3,200 and 3,300 residents. When and if enemy bombs fall in Harlem, the slaughter will be terrific. And volunteers like those pictured on these pages will have to bear the first brunt of such a calamity.

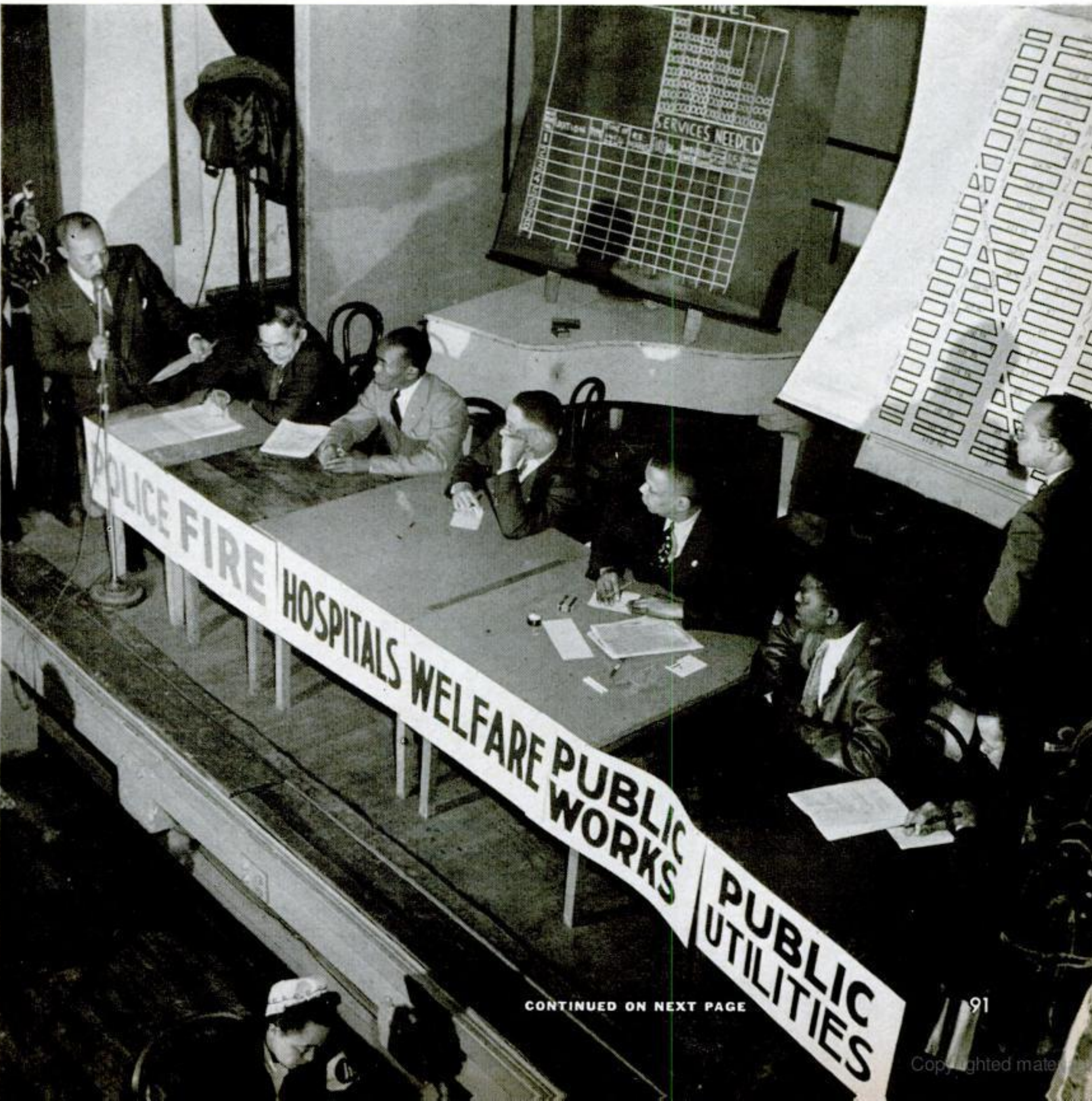


HARLEM MEMBER of American Women's Voluntary Services, Mrs. S. H. Craig, starts sweater for city health service.



POLICE CAPTAIN WALTER HARDING of the 28th New York City precinct directs civilian defense work in lower west side of Harlem. Here he gives orders to 500 air-raid

wardens. At this meeting wardens set up make-believe disaster organization on a theater platform (below) and practiced what they would do if a Nazi plane landed on a Harlem street.





DAWN PATROL IS HARLEM'S OWN WAR IDEA

Every day at 4 a.m. a procession like the one below winds through the streets of Harlem. This is the "dawn patrol" of Air Raid Protection Zone 2, 28th police precinct, New York City. Wardens of Zone 2 are not satisfied to stand the usual watches in eight-hour shifts. They get together in groups of 30 or 40 before dawn each day and drill until the sun comes up. Around 6 they all have breakfast in their headquarters (left) and the ones who have jobs go off to work. The others go home and sleep.

These early morning hours are full of excitement for members of the dawn patrol. First they select an "objective"—a roped-off street or a roof top. Then they sound an imaginary air-raid alarm. Then the imaginary "bombs" begin to fall—on churches, schools and big apartment houses. Casualties are reported, rescues made, fires put out, "broken" water mains repaired—all in vivid make-believe. At the end of a busy hour or two the patrol drafts a written report. Usually these reports are straight factual accounts of work done, but one day last winter an enthusiastic dawn patroller wrote: "The weather was fair and cold to the ladies' hands and legs, but all was in good spirits as we marched on to Zone 2 headquarters."

SOCIAL CENTER AND DEFENSE POST as well is this zone headquarters for Harlem air-raid wardens. Male wardens

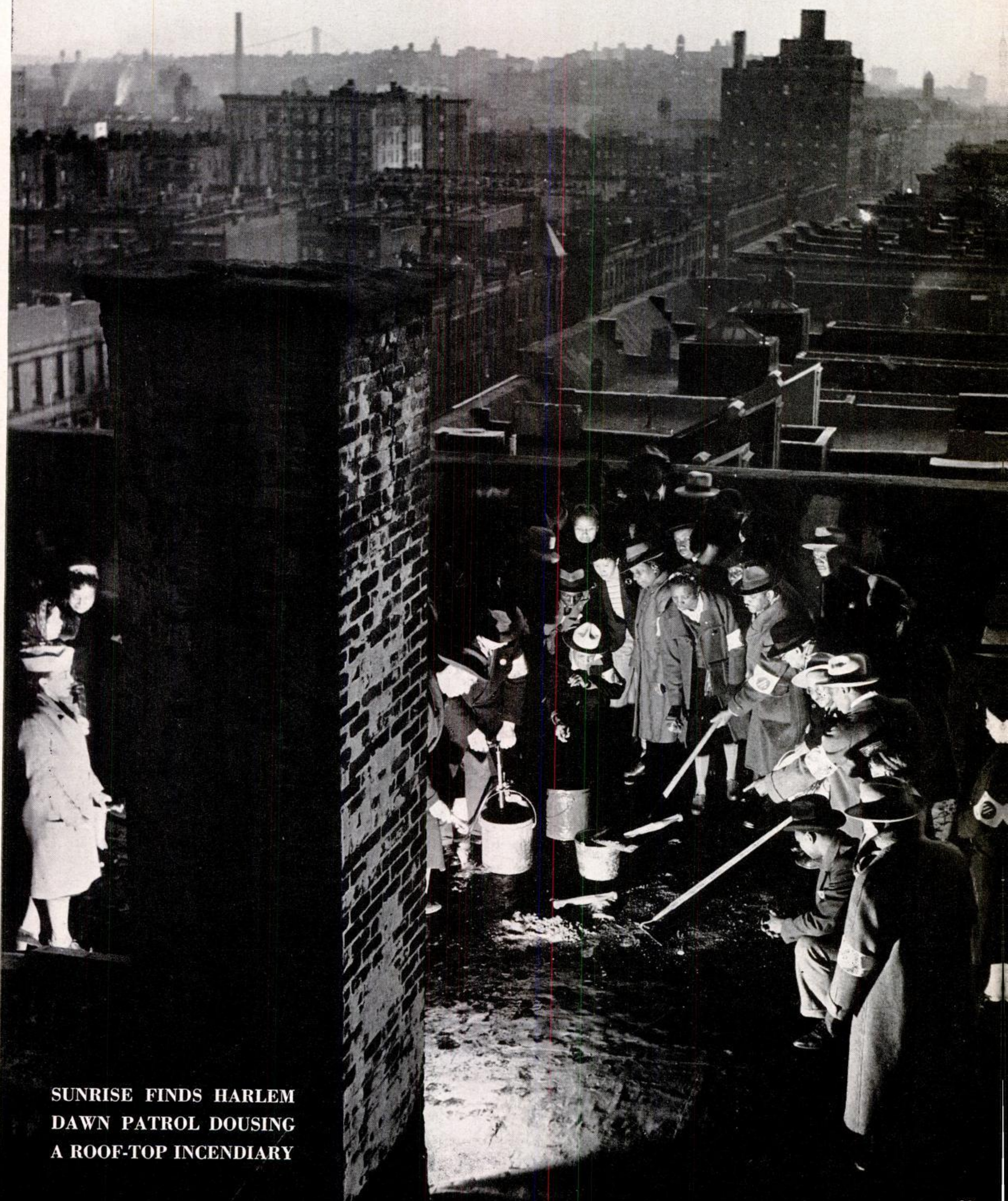
gather here to play cards, read papers, listen to radio. Lady wardens cook snacks on a small stove, keep the floor clean.



IN SOBER-FACED PAIRS, dawn patrol sets forth on its Harlem rounds. Sometimes leader is a barber, sometimes a

city tax inspector or an unemployed waiter. Regular members include laborers, housemaids, postal clerks. Women members

make their own uniforms from old khaki pants, embroidered with C.D.C. (Civilian Defense Corps) in red, white and blue.



**SUNRISE FINDS HARLEM
DAWN PATROL DOUSING
A ROOF-TOP INCENDIARY**



The Chinese sentry at Stilwell's Maymyo headquarters, just after giving his American commander a big grin, pulls himself

extra stiff and wipes the smile off his face. The white men are Stilwell aides, Colonels "Pinkie" Dorn and Frank Roberts.



General Stilwell (right) jokes with his American-born Chinese aide, Lieutenant Richard Ming-Tom Young, of the U. S. Army, un-

BURMA MISSION

LIFE CORRESPONDENT REPORTS ON U. S. GENERAL STILWELL
AND STAFF JUST BEFORE THEY TOOK "A HELL OF A BEATING"
by CLARE BOOTHE

Clare Boothe began her career as a LIFE war correspondent in May 1940 when she saw the first Nazi bombs fall on Brussels. Her LIFE articles on France and England were expanded and published in book form as *Europe in the Spring*. In 1941, Correspondent Boothe covered a Japanese bombing of Chungking, met Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, inspected the Yellow River Front. Later she returned to the Philippines and wrote the LIFE Close-up of General Douglas MacArthur that appeared the week the Japanese attacked Manila. Last February, Miss Boothe flew to Cairo and on to India and Burma. Since her return to the U. S., Burma has fallen to the Japs and General Stilwell, after taking "a hell of a beating," has retreated to India. In two articles, the first of which follows, Miss Boothe excerpts her diary to report her experiences with U. S. forces in Burma. Her second article will appear next week.

Calcutta to Lashio, Easter Sunday, April 5

At Dum Dum Airport at 1 p.m. I boarded a CNAC Douglas Army transport plane for the five-hour flight to Lashio. All but seven of the bucket seats at the rear were flapped down to make room for the cargo—20 burlapped tin cases of currency for the coffers of Chungking. My fellow passengers were six shaven-headed Chinese soldiers in khaki shorts.

Three hours out we passed over the south-running Chin Hills, into the Irrawaddy Valley where, north of Prome, the British are fighting under General Sir Harold Alexander. After a time we passed over another chain of parallel mountains which sharply separate the Irrawaddy from the Sittang Valley. There the armies of Generalissimo Chiang, under Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell, are holding north of Toungoo. From the air the topography of this battleground is painfully clear: Burma, mountain-rimmed, lies like an elongated teacup, stretching north to south along the Bay of Bengal. Over this teacup rim, over these narrow muddy passes, no modern troops or mechanized units can come from India. And now no supplies or troops are going up the valleys (whose only sea mouth is Rangoon) because the Japs are coming up. There is no place for supplies or troops to come down from, except China, down the Burma Road, down the road to Mandalay.

Just as dusk began to fall we spotted Lashio's big clay field. We circled over the small city once and then roared in. The minute we landed I realized that something unusual, something important, had just happened. U. S. Colonel



der a picture of the Alps, in the mission living room of Maymyo headquarters. Stilwell wears the three stars of lieutenant general.

Haydon Boatner, in charge of incoming American CNAC passengers, detached himself from one of the military groups and came up to me smiling broadly. "You're the luckiest journalist in the Far East," he said. "Guess who just landed from Chungking on this field ten minutes ago? General Stilwell and —." He paused dramatically, "The Gissimo!" The news was really big: Madame Chiang had also come with Stilwell and the Gissimo and the next morning they were all leaving Lashio for Maymyo, Allied headquarters in Burma, where the high commands (said Boatner) would have "a once-for-all powwow" and then go out to the fronts and give their troops a "fight talk."

* * *

Lashio headquarters is a two-story wooden building with the offices and mess on the second floor. Officers, Chinese and American, were clumping up and down the stairs continually. I insinuated myself into the up-flowing stream and at the top of the lamplit wooden staircase I found General Stilwell leading a Sino-American flight of officers down. He was wearing an overseas cap on his close-cropped, grizzled hair, smoking his interminable cigaret in its long black holder and chewing gum rapidly. "Hullo, hullo," he said brusquely. "Burma is no place for a woman." I started to give him an argument but he was already halfway down the stairs. At the bottom he turned. "Tomorrow morning at dawn I'm driving to Maymyo. If you can get up that early you can join me," he said with half a snort, half a laugh, "on the Road to Mandalay."



The ruins of Mandalay, after the severe Japanese bombing of April 4, are inspected by Correspondent Clare Boothe. The pair

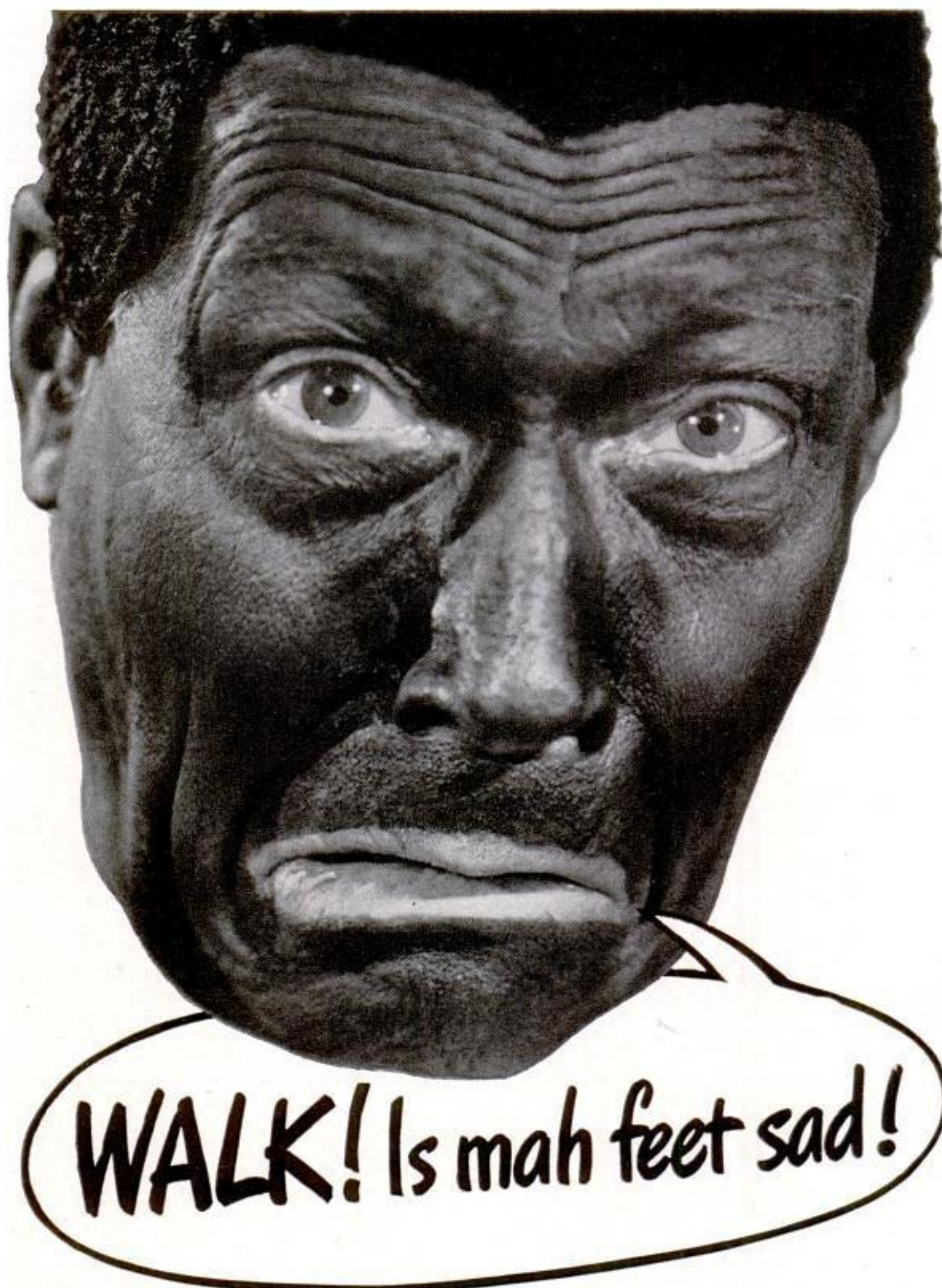
of plaster elephants and the row of white jugs are all that is left of an old Buddhist temple. Fire has blackened the landscape.

Lashio to Mandalay, Monday, April 6

At 4:30 a.m. those of us who were driving to Maymyo went into the mess for breakfast. On the stained, homespun tablecloth there were pots of something black but sufficiently hot so that it passed for coffee, plates of crumbly bread, stiff oleomargarine, thin fruit jam and coarse pork and eggs, fried sunnyside-up. General Stilwell, Colonel Frank ("Pinkie") Dorn, his tall, handsome, Chinese-speaking aide, and Lieutenant Young ate with chopsticks. "Now this," said Pinkie Dorn, adroitly folding the crinkled white edges of his egg over the tremulous yellow yolk with his chopsticks, "is the acid test for an old China hand!" And with a lightning twist of the wrist he nipped the egg, intact, into his mouth.

General Stilwell's leathery face wrinkled in disgust. "Dorn," he said, "is a born show-off." Dorn was hurt. He felt that just because "Uncle Joe" could smoke a cigaret, chew gum and eat a fried egg with chopsticks all at the same time, it was not quite sporting to belittle his subordinate's lesser talent. The General felt that was not the point. He suggested that Dorn was not merely satisfied with a creditable enough exhibition of manual dexterity, he had a deplorable tendency to believe that his ability to eat a softly fried egg with chopsticks made him an authority on the whole Chinese question.

Then General Stilwell said, "We have five hours on the Road. . . . Let's be going." He had abandoned his overseas cap for a high peaked campaign hat which he wore at an almost Marine Corps slant over his spectacled eyes. I fol-













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GENERAL STILWELL (continued)

lowed Dorn and the General into the black offices towards the stairs. In the corner of the office Stilwell stopped and, in the hard white light of Dorn's flash, knelt by a little trunk on the floor. He put back the lid. It was full of small leather boxes, like jewel cases. He opened several of them. Crowned in the light of Dorn's flash on their soft, dark-velvet linings, lay bright-ribboned medals, the gleaming and glowing medals that the United States of America bestows on fighting men for bravery and valor on the battlefield. He chose a Distinguished Service Cross, snapped the lid, dropped it in his pocket. "Who gets that?" "A young Chinese lieutenant who led a battalion in a counterattack at Toungoo. And damn well deserves it." Then Dorn handed him a couple of Purple Hearts and he said grimly, "Better take a silver star or two just in case," and closed the trunk. The contents had not been much depleted. I said so. General Stilwell said quietly, "The U. S. isn't handing these out like cigaret coupons. These things still mean something." For a fraction of a second the stab of Pinkie Dorn's flash seemed to strike Uncle Joe's breast, as he straightened his small, lean body and turned to go. There, bright against the dark khaki, was a double row of ribbons: the Distinguished Service Medal, the French Legion of Honor, the Victory Medal with three bars.

As we went down the stairs I recalled Napoleon's remark to one of his generals when he created the Legion d'Honneur: "With these bits of ribbon a man can build an empire." Dorn said, "It's going to take more than bits of ribbon to hold our empires together now."

* * *

Dawn had not yet begun to streak the Lashio hilltops as we set out down the dusty, bumping, twisting road to Maymyo in a rattling, very old Ford. I thought of the British and American major generals in Delhi, driving handsome, gleaming, red-leather-upholstered, seven-passenger Cadillacs, with smart flags flying over the polished fenders. Yes, India was a long, long way from China's war. The Ford was driven by a brown-skinned, hook-beaked, somewhat ragged-looking civilian. Stilwell said he was a Persian who had somehow found his way to Burma. The Persian's name was "Saidie." He had written it in black ink on the back of the sun helmet he was wearing. On the brim Saidie had written these words: "Men pass by with word and deed, What is left is earth and seed. TRUST NONE BUT GOD." Stilwell said that God's purposes were often so inscrutable he would like to add the Chinese and the Russians to the one we trusted.

Behind us in a second car came Lieutenant Young, a Chinese liaison officer and the four bodyguards with tommy guns who had been assigned to Stilwell by the Gissimo. A little later the car passed us on a road bend. Two of the guards were leaning way out the windows. "Carsick already," Dorn said disgustedly.

Now on the temple-dotted road to Mandalay, the sun came up in a hot mist behind the tamarisks and bamboos and banyan trees. It turned the ghostly gray, needle-spined pagodas with their cross-legged gods pale pink, rose, then golden. Then they became blazing white and chalky under the unrelenting sunshine. Pinkie Dorn chatted on in his witty, cynical fashion, telling stories of Americans and Chinese and British contretemps on the Toungoo front. And Stilwell, lighting cigaret from stub, chuckled, grinned, snorted, interjecting his constant "Yep! Yep!" occasionally interrupting Dorn to correct him, always in the direction of more exactness, accuracy.

And I listened and talked too, but the question was always in the back of my mind: "Why is an American general leading Chinese armies in Burma?" Here is a question millions of Americans are going to ask—if the Battle of Burma is lost. Why, after four and a half years of leading his own troops in battle, why, possessing as he did many trusted and able Chinese generals, veterans of Changsha and Hankow and Taiyuan, had the Gissimo felt it necessary to ask for the services of an American, however distinguished? I knew that Joseph Stilwell was a fighting man of acknowledged parts and that he had a long Chinese background, spoke excellent Chinese, was wise in the ways of the Oriental, understood the complexities of Chungking politics as few living Americans do. But what in all this, or in the Burma situation, made it any more logical to appoint him the Generalissimo's chief of staff in active command of fighting troops in Burma than it would be to appoint, say, Tu Ju-ming or General Hu Tsung-nan? You certainly couldn't assume that Stilwell had come to China to teach Chinese troops to fight American style. On the record Chinese troops had done fairly well, fighting Chinese style.

I could find no answer to this question in my own mind as we drove those five dusty, hot hours down the Mandalay Road. Then, rising

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Father's Day is June 21st

SWANK



Stilwell's staff eat a frugal dinner in their Maymyo headquarters with Clare Boothe (foreground). At end of the table sits Brigadier General Hearn, Stilwell's chief of staff.

GENERAL STILWELL (continued)

steadily up, up into the winding Shan hills, we came at last to the cool reaches of Maymyo, the little hill station which was once the summer capital of peaceful Burma. The air was soft and balmy, heavy and sweet with the scent of flowers. Florally, at least, East and West meet in Maymyo. Roses and poinsettias, eucalyptus and larkspur, frangipani and honeysuckle commingle their odors and blooms. And then as we turned into the gateway of the Baptist Shirk Memorial Rest House, the big red-brick mission house hung with brilliant purple bougainvillia vines, which houses Stilwell's headquarters in Burma, I found part of the answer to my question about Uncle Joe there, found it, or rather, saw it in the face of a boy, the bland moon-face of a Chinese guard who came stiffly to attention. So rigidly and smartly did he bring his bayonet up across his sturdy breast, it almost slit the tip of his flat nose. His eyes glittered suddenly, brightly, happily. His young mouth fought against a wide and friendly smile as he saw U. S. General Joseph Stilwell alight from his car. This was Uncle Joe, who had lived at the front with his Chinese brothers, ate their food, shared their dangers and would, if need be, shoulder their defeat. This was Uncle Joe, a hostage to fortune, a flesh-and-blood offering, representing in his person, in the persons of his staff of officers and technicians, all the goodwill of a mighty but late-starting nation—and the planes, the tanks, the supplies, even the doughboys that would come one day.

However illogical militarily the Stilwell command in Burma might be, I thought, however useless in this collapsing area of war all Stilwell's professional skill may seem, the smile on the face of the guard at the Baptist Mission proved this: Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Gissimo understood their peoples well when they dramatized, in the person of Stilwell, the fact that from here out Americans will fight side by side with the Chinese.

* * *

It is good to see so many of my Clipper companions here: Colonel Frank Roberts whose thick, black-rimmed glasses give his keen face such a mild and professorial look; little chipper Colonel George Townsend, who talked all the way across Africa about the charms of "Gay Paree" in the last war; giant-framed Brigadier General Hearn, called "Long Tom," chief of staff; dour and taciturn Colonel Sandusky.

There were 30-odd officers when we sat down in the mess for luncheon, including a sprinkling of Chinese liaison officers. The food is not bad. Soup, meat (not identifiable underneath the tomato sauce, probably mutton or goat), potatoes and peas. And strawberry shortcake. Dorn said: "What, boiled strawberries? We had fresh strawberries last week. What the hell goes on here?" Roberts said: "They began to bomb Mandalay on Friday. They finished Saturday. The refugees are streaming up this way now. Doc Williams says they're carrying cholera with them everywhere they go." "That's right," the little sandy-haired doctor said, "you boys have eaten your last fresh food. Comes the Jap, you eat boiled strawberries and like them!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



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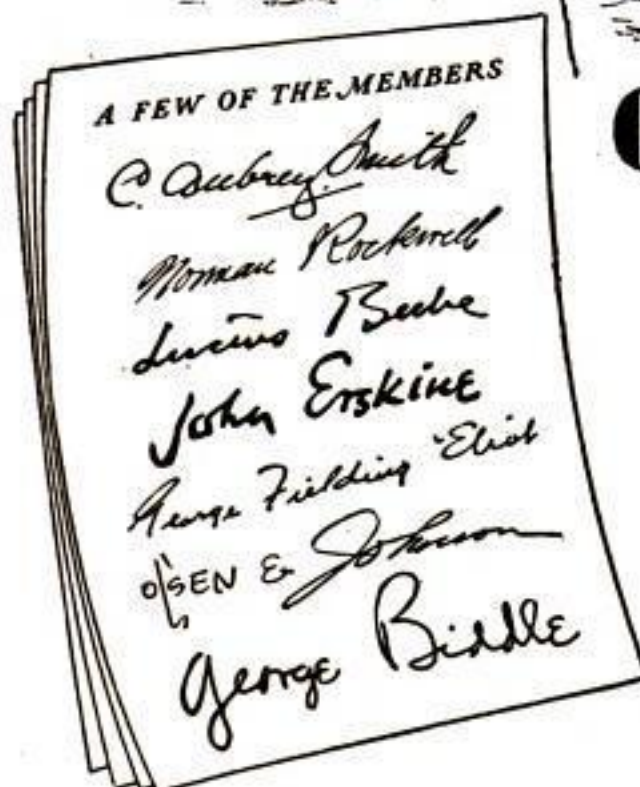
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GENERAL STILWELL (continued)

After lunch Stilwell and a good part of his staff disappeared. It seems the Gissimo and Madame Chiang have arrived and all afternoon what everybody calls "The Big Pow-wow" is going on—the talks that will decide the fate of Burma.

I went up to my room to unpack. My room, in a little wing on the second floor of the mission, is a simple affair. An iron bed covered with netting, a desk, two chairs, a rickety dresser. There are several chromos of Alpine mountains on the walls, one electric light bracket. A bathroom adjoins, which I share with General Hearn. It is a row of wooden-seated metal cans, a dented tin basin, with one spigot out of which a dark-brown lukewarm trickle runs, an iron tub, also with one spigot, out of which no water runs at all.

* * *

At 3 o'clock George Rodger, the LIFE photographer, arrived in his jeep. He is a good-looking young Englishman with a browned face and sunburned, very long English legs. He said he was just back from the Irrawaddy front. He was discouraged about the pictures he had gotten—or rather the pictures he had not gotten. "This isn't a cameraman's war," he said. It was almost impossible to get good action pictures in the clear. "It's all fought in the black and shadowy jungle, chaps prowling around in little groups and all that." It was a sort of American Indian warfare, he said, except that the Japs, instead of carrying bows and arrows and going barefoot and wearing loin cloths, carried tommy guns and trench mortars and wore sneakers and gym shirts. He said how dangerous it was to motor on the road to the front, for even before you reached it the bullets of Burmese snipers or Japanese infiltration parties might whistle about your ears or a low-flying Jap plane would swoop down and machine-gun the road. And when you did reach the front, he said, nobody quite seemed to know where the front was, except that at any given time it was someplace forward of forward headquarters. He said he had managed to get some pretty exciting pictures of towns the Japs had bombed as he came through along the line—Thayetmyo, Magwe, Meiktila—although, he said, he had always missed getting the best action pictures as shortly after the bombings began he generally put his camera aside. There never were enough hands, he said, to help pull the wounded out of the flames and ruins. So he always found himself as a lifesaver or a fire fighter when the best shots were to be made. And, he said, after you've been doing that for three or four hours, you're too tired, too sick to your stomach, too disgusted with everything to take pictures anyway. I asked him if he had seen the bombing of Mandalay and he said no, he'd just come through in his jeep the night before. "But it's still burning," he said. Then I suggested we drive over to see it.

Traveling in a jeep at 50 miles an hour, the wind races against your face too hard to talk. And if you are not accustomed to it, sitting perched on a hard high metal seat with no doors to lean against seems definitely dangerous. It is apparent that Rodger is a seasoned jeep driver, but to me, as we rushed down from the Maymyo hills, clipping past trucks, rounding bends on two wheels, he seemed the most reckless driver I had ever sat beside. Presently it grew hotter and after about an hour, when we reached the flat road to Mandalay, the perspiration began to drip from my forehead faster than the hot dusty wind could dry it.

* * *

Yesterday, what did I know of Mandalay? Yesterday, to me it was just a Kipling song, an Empire sound. For what do most Americans really know of Mandalay, except this, perhaps: from Moulmein to Mandalay the course of Empire took its hot triumphant way, when Kipling was a war correspondent given to writing wondrous jungle jingles before this century began. I knew, of course, a few scattered facts that had impinged themselves on my mind through the years: population, 150,000, predominantly Buddhist, famed for its temples and crowded market places.

But Mandalay in my mind was only a shadowy, mysterious Oriental montage. I envisaged the city of Thebaw's evil queen, whose name was Supyalat, full of bustling noisy bazaars where lacy silver and solid golden trinkets, rubies from Magok, sapphires and jades and amber, bright lacquer bowls and carved teak were sold. I saw, in my mind's eye, Buddhist priests, kneeling before innumerable white pagodas, heard the temple bells, the chant of temple rites, the chug-chug of little steamers on the Irrawaddy, the creaking of the wheels of lazy bullock carts. I fancied the smiling faces of black-haired, sandal-footed, flowery-robed Burmese girls jingling anklets and bracelets ("a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot"). I smelt the fragrance of incense and flowering trees. . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

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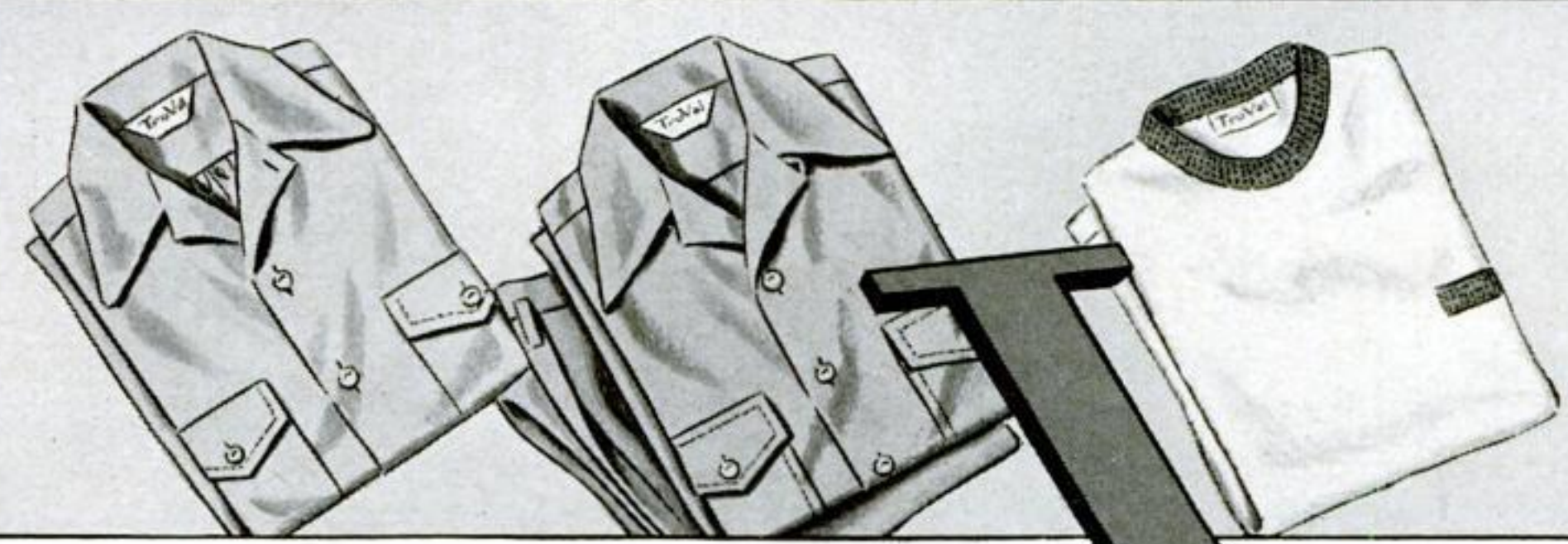
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GENERAL STILWELL (continued)

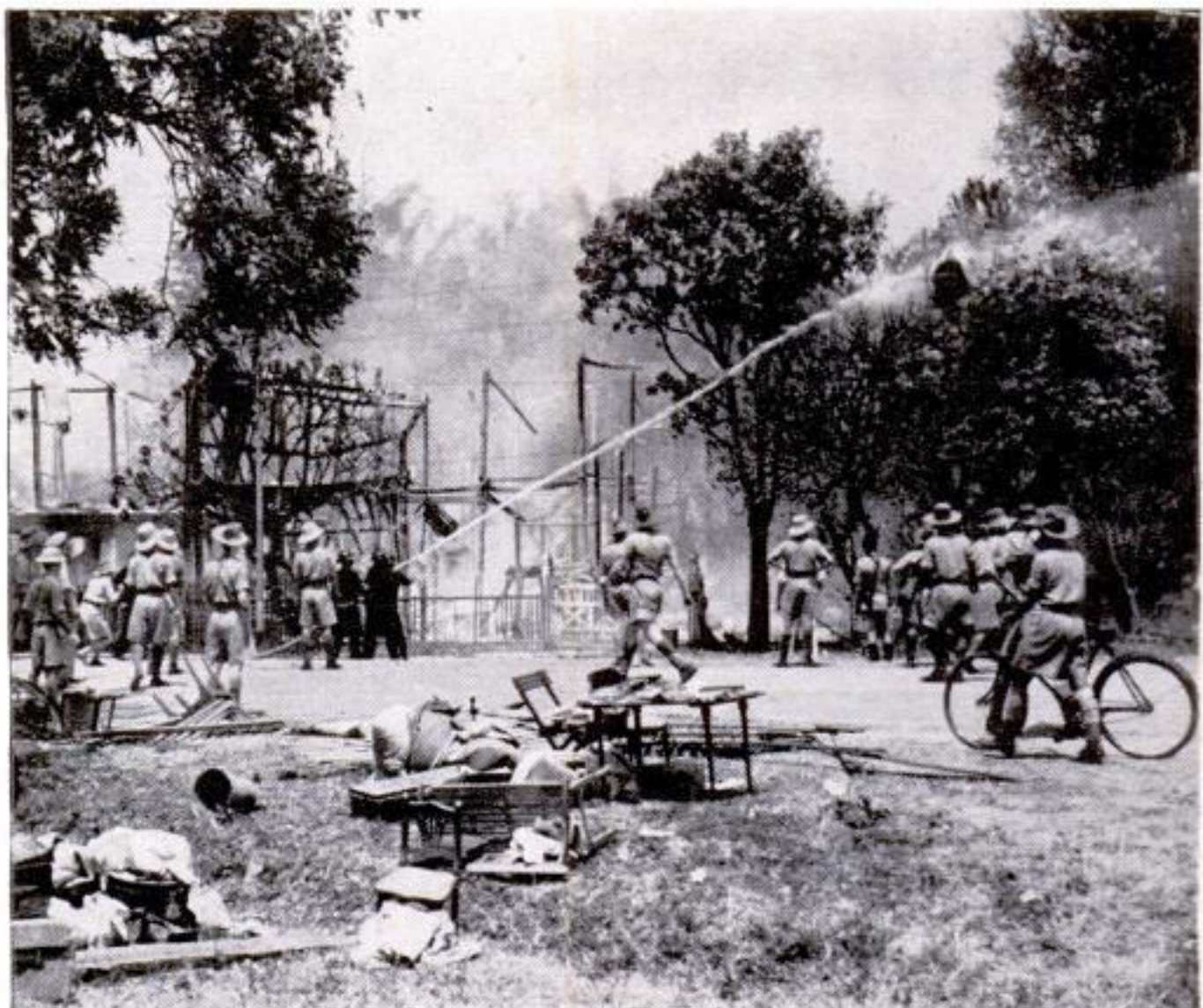
Tonight, what do I know of Mandalay? Well, not more than yesterday. For tonight there is no Mandalay.

I smelled it before I saw it. My eyes were fastened on the blue thrust of the lazy, pagoda-sprinkled, peaceful northern hills about its outskirts. Then suddenly the smell brought my eyes down from the hills, down to the leveled ruins that rushed upon us as the jeep tore into the town. It was to me a smell not unfamiliar. I remember, one hot summer, when I was a child, a dog died under our veranda porch. For some reason, it was several days before anyone cleared through the porch vines to cart it away. It was *that* smell. But a thousand times magnified until it seemed, as we whirled through the streets, all creation stank of rotting flesh.

Monasteries, bazaars, houses, temples—how had they been? I would never know. As far as eye could see it was met with a mass of smoldering gray and white charred timbers, twisted tin roofs, and everywhere the ashen limbs of fallen trees, burning like the bones of Indians on their burning ghats. A few buildings gutted, but not yet consumed, still flamed and crackled against the sky. Rodger said, "There are 8,000 bodies concealed in these ruins." They were not all concealed in the ruins. Here and there on the side of the streets lay a charred and blackened form swaddled in bloody rags, all its human lineaments grotesquely fore-shortened by that terrible etcher—fire.

Now and again we saw something still standing: a great blackened pair of temple elephants or giant sacred marble cats. And the mile-long 26-foot-high red-brick walls of Fort Dufferin that enclosed Government House and Thebaw's wondrous Palace were still intact. But in the long green moat that surrounded the fort, where lazy lotus pads drifted on the hot green scum, there floated many strange and hideous blossoms culled by the hand of death. The green little bottoms of babies, bobbing about like unripe apples. The gray, naked breasts of women, like lily buds, and the bellies of men—all with their limbs trailing like green stems beneath the stagnant water. Neither Rodger nor I pointed a camera at these fearful indecencies. To refrain from doing so seemed the only gesture of respect we could pay these nameless dead. Not to record them on film seemed to grant them a burial of a sort. How many inhabitants had I thought Mandalay had—150,000? In that town today, we saw only 20 or 30 people on all the streets. A few natives on bicycles, a handful of Burmese Rifles, and a dozen or so Poonghies: Buddhist priests with shaven heads, wearing sleazy bright orange silk robes, carrying battered black umbrellas. As they strolled through the smoking town, they looked like those dancing, jointed little favors one sets on a Halloween table, decorated with skeletons and burning bowls. (It had begun on a witches' Sabbath, the Walpurgis Night of Mandalay.) We came to a place where the vultures were wheeling thick overhead. Rodger said, "There's the railroad station. They didn't get much of the tracks or the cars, but they did get about 1,500 Prome refugees waiting for trains to India, camping on the platform and in the yards. Shall we go in?" I said, "No, let's go home now."

We motored back through destruction's acres. We passed a small wooden building that had been untouched. Some Burmese Rifles were sitting on the porch, smoking. Close by the porch lay the



The fires of Mandalay are fought without much effect by the Burmese fire department and British Imperial soldiers, while civilians gather up their salvaged household goods.

blood-clotted body of a girl. One hand rigidly clawed at the sky. I said, "Why in God's name don't they bury them?" Rodger said that in their God's name they couldn't. Burial of the dead, he said, was reserved to certain priestly groups and castes.

* * *

In the cool of the evening we came to Maymyo again. We had been at dinner ten minutes when General Stilwell came back from his long day's councils of war with the Gissimo, General Alexander, Madame Chiang, and the Allied staffs. His wrinkled, shrewd face looked tired, but he was smiling as he nipped into his place at the head of the table, before the junior officers could quite get on their feet. Colonel Roberts, Dorn and he exchanged long glances, and "Long Tom" stopped eating for a moment and stared over the tops of his specs. They know Uncle Joe's face better than I do, because they found apparently the answers they wanted there. A second later they went on "passing-the-bread-please."

But I said, "Well, General, were the pow-wows a success?" He laughed. "Yep," he said, "Yep, Yep, Yep. The Gissimo handed it to everybody including his own generals straight. So did Alexander. So did I. And Madame Chiang translated it all, straight, too. Without pulling a punch. Yep. Everybody took it right out of the spoon." He laughed again. I could report to my constituents, he said, that the situation is now well in hand. Then his eyes twinkled keenly behind his silver-rimmed glasses, and he began to eat lustily.

"That's nice, General," I said, "but—will it last?" Roberts kicked my ankle under the table. General Hearn stopped eating. Dorn grinned impishly. We all waited a long second. Then General Stilwell said, "Nope. It won't last long. It can't last long." Then he said, every minute more it could be made to last meant that much more time gained for an R. A. F. airforce to be assembled somewhere in India, for A. V. G. reinforcements to reach Loiwing and Kunming, for Brereton's bombers to swing in again on Rangoon. Rangoon is the strategic heart of Japanese effort in Burma, he said, and if Rangoon could ever be knocked out before the Japs can entrench there, and before the Japs can build supply lines into Burma through Thailand, Burma might be held. "Time, time, time," he said, that was what he was fighting for. Burma, he said, was the key to the Far East—the gateway to China, and China, with still-enormous reserves of manpower and great potential air bases, was the place from which we could best get at the Japs. Wherefore, he said, he thought Burma was the most vital front of the whole Pacific war, and then he said, laughing, "But every general thinks the front he is on is the most vital."

After dinner, Uncle Joe and Pinkie Dorn and Young disappeared to his office. The rest of us all sat in the living room of the mission talking and eating peanuts out of a great wastepaper basket that stands by the fireplace. The only sour note struck tonight was little Colonel Townsend's. We were talking about the "success of the pow-wows." Townsend, who had been definitely brooding, suddenly said, "I don't see what's happened here in Maymyo today to change the situation on the Irrawaddy Front." A liaison officer who had just returned from the Irrawaddy Front said, "If you mean they don't fight—you're g-d- wrong! The Sikhs, the Gurkhas, the British there are putting on a hell of a show. Boy, they're taking it! Guts. They've got that all right."

Somebody sang softly, "We can't give you anything but guts, ba-bee—That's the only thing we've plenty of ba-bee. . . ." And someone else insanely added, "Then I viscera in Dixie, Away! Away!"

George Townsend said he didn't deny that everybody was being damn brave, what he meant was that they and we hadn't developed any other answer to infiltration except defiltration anywhere. "You've got to face it," he said gloomily. "The Jap is a smart customer."

* * *

There are no cigarettes, candy and chewing gum in the mission. They all complain about that. But they do not, oddly enough, complain because there is nothing to drink at all. Not even beer. How different from Delhi and Calcutta, where every officer, American and British, consumes chota-peg after chota-peg in his evening hours! "We haven't had a drink since we left Chungking a month ago," Roberts said. He thought perhaps some Scotch could be borrowed from British Headquarters if they "really wanted to," but "Uncle Joe is no drinker, and anyway," he said, "we get along all right without it, you see."

Colonel Roberts was the officer "on duty" tonight. That meant that, after the others went to bed, he slept near the telephone on the couch in the living room, gun by his side.

I sat up and talked to him awhile. I asked him what had become of Lieutenant Kohler, the youngest member of the mission who had



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Automatic blade change shoots out the old blade like a machine gun and slides in a new one instantly! Just a pull and push does it! No take-apart or fumbling with blades.



The double-thick Schick Blades measure twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than paper-thin ones. Plenty of backbone for steady vibration-free shaving.



The solid guide bar stretches and flattens skin ahead of blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shaves. Blade corner guards prevent skin nicks and scratches.



SAVE THE EMPTIES!
Don't throw away your empty Schick Injector Blade Cartridges. Give them to the Boy Scouts who are collecting them.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

IDEAS!
FOR FATHER'S DAY

*Out of Sight...
Out of Mind
.....UNTIL
YOU NEED 'EM!*

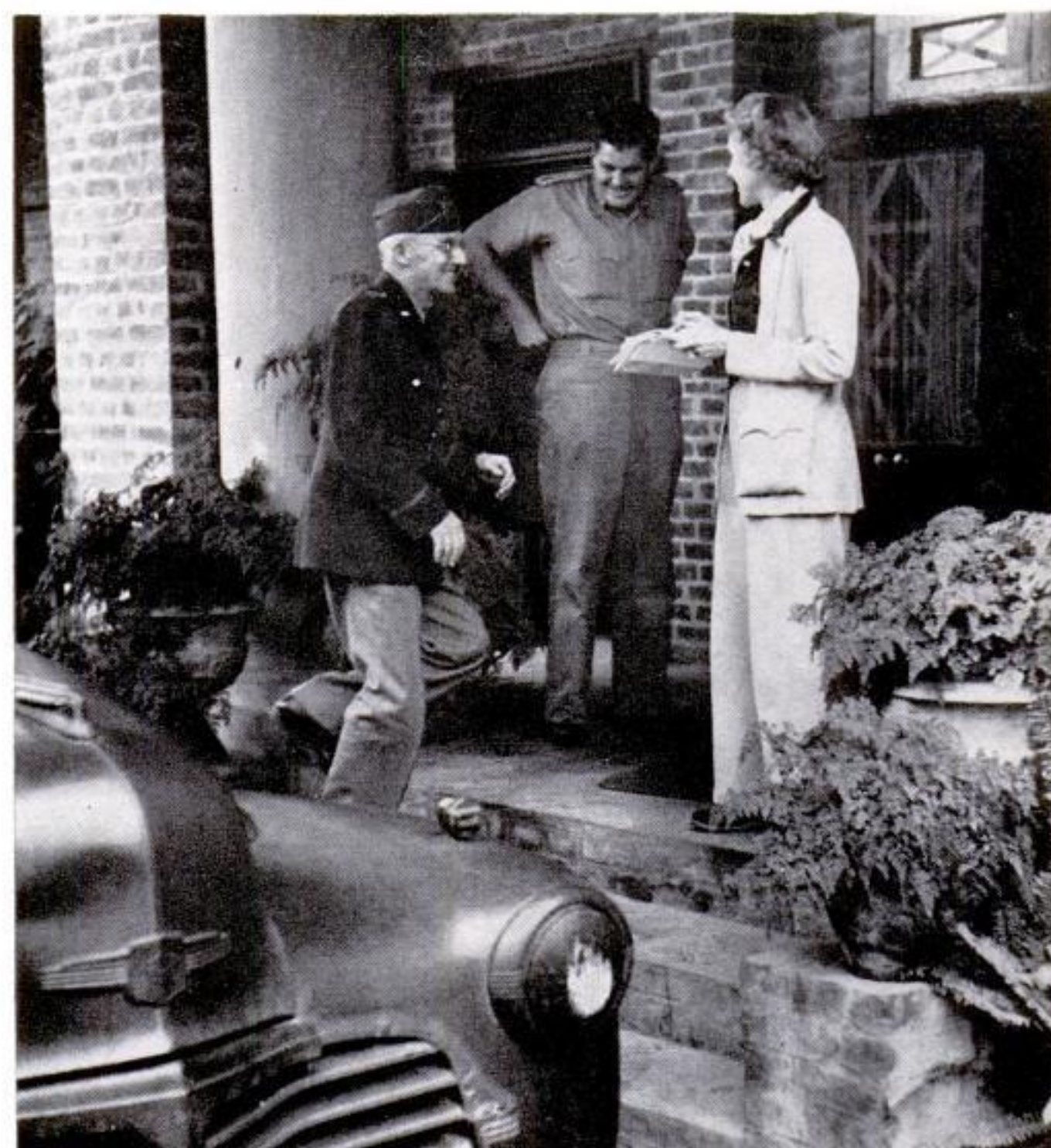
Only the "DIRECTOR" has all these 8 genuine Amity features!

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FOR PIPE SMOKERS
Amity "Snap-It" Tobacco Pouch
SNAPS OPEN! STAYS OPEN!
SNAPS SHUT! **\$1.00** and up
AIR-TIGHT — SPILL-PROOF

★ TO WIN THE WAR BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS ★
AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO., WEST BEND, WISCONSIN



Up the steps of headquarters runs General Stilwell to keep appointment for interview with Clare Boothe at 5:01 p.m. Captain Frederick L. Eldridge smiles in the background.

GENERAL STILWELL (continued)

spent so much of his time reading Kipling on the African Clipper, coming out. I remembered how young Kohler had said, "Listen, this guy Kipling was all mixed up on his geography. He said he was standing 'by the old Moulmein Pagoda—looking eastward to the sea.' Then the dawn *couldn't* have been coming up 'like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay,' because China then had to be on the west, with the bay in between."

Roberts said that Kohler knew more about the future of Asia than any of us now. Kohler, the youngest, was their first casualty. He had been killed when a CNAC plane, taking him to Chungking, had crashed on the field at Kunming.

Then we talked of Kipling's Burma, and the Mandalay he had never seen. And the colonel said that when he had taught poetry and literature at West Point, Kipling had not been such a great favorite of his, but that now whole lines kept coming back to him in the night, hauntingly pregnant with new, unhappy meaning.

Finally the mosquitoes, which are soundless and enormous here, made conversation too great a sacrifice for comfort. I helped the colonel drape himself, like a sheeted ghost, in a great swathe of netting. Then he stretched out on the sofa, and I went up to my room to write by the dim little electric light that shines through my thick netting like a feeble moon through a mist. I was just getting into bed, when I heard Colonel Roberts' voice, very low, at the stair landing: "The boys have just decoded a signal. The Japs have attacked Ceylon, and bombed some places in India."

"What places?"

"We can't get the names straight. Our signals are coming in garbled and scrambled again. . . . Goodnight."

Maymyo, Tuesday, April 7

Today I determined I wouldn't talk about anything, or anybody, but Uncle Joe Stilwell. Make Uncle Joe talk to me about himself for an hour. His Chinese aide, Lieutenant Dick Young, says, "You must have noticed the General is a very taciturn man." I hadn't noticed that. He talks quite a lot, really. But as Professor Roberts put it, "Words, sez nuthin'." Stilwell is not a silent man, but he is, I've noticed, an uncommunicative one. Anyway, I laid in wait for him at the mission door this morning after breakfast, and caught him going out to the pow-wows. Looking about as happy as though I had asked him to give me his right eye, he at length promised to give me, alone and uninterrupted, the hour between 5 and 6.

At five minutes to 5 I went downstairs. At about two seconds past 5 General Stilwell's car came into the drive. He laughed as he saw me standing in the door with note pad ready. "All right, all right," he said, "Let's get it over. . . ."

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COASTER BRAKE

can be converted

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"America's Favorite Brake"

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...if your tobacco meets the INDOOR TEST

What a difference, mister! So delightfully aromatic the ladies cheer!

And mild? Just compare it to the finest custom blend! Smooth. Sweet-smoking. Bite-free. Moreover—it doesn't lose its flavor.

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture. Notice particularly—it leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Make this Indoor Test today... and see!



Most discriminating pipe smokers stay with BOND STREET "forever after"—once they try it. It's that good! Economical, too. 15¢ for large pocket tin. Pouch, 10¢.

BOND STREET

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

We went inside and he ordered a cup of tea, and sat very stiffly with it in a big comfortable chair. I said, "Can I take a picture of you first, drinking your tea?" He put the cup down quickly. "You'll never get a picture of me at any front drinking any cup of tea," he said. "Just as soon be caught by the readers back home taking a swig out of a rum bottle!" He seemed to think that the U. S. Grant habit, while dangerous, was not nearly so devastating to an American soldier's reputation as tea-drinking.

There are certain major points of difference between Stilwell's officers' account of his times and character and his own. On the facts they all agree but not on the interpretation of the facts. For instance Dorn, Young, Roberts and Captain Eldridge, a Midwestern ex-newspaper man who is press liaison officer here, differ with Stilwell completely as to why he ever became a soldier. They say, "From boyhood young Joseph Stilwell showed a marked preference for the military life; and although his father, Benjamin Stilwell, was a doctor and a lawyer, and although his brother went to Yale, he insisted on going to West Point."

Stilwell's own account shows no such "marked preference for the military." He says his entrance into West Point was a result of a "most unfortunate incident," when, as a high-school boy in Yonkers, he became embroiled in a fracas, following a basketball game. The fracas began with the stealing of some ice cream in the assembly hall during the dance, and wound up in a free-for-all fight "in which somebody socked the principal." He says the ice-cream stealing was a "little idea we kids all thought up together" but he wasn't quite clear who it was that socked the principal, except "there were so many of us all tangled up, I certainly can't take the credit." In any case, the story made the New York newspapers, and young Joe was in considerable disgrace with both Stilwell père and Stilwell mère. Whereupon his Dad had him on the mat, informed him he had been a "fresh kid" for too long, and that Yale—upon which he had set his heart—was a far too liberal and undisciplined an atmosphere for one of his obstreperous nature. Old Eli, said Stilwell père, was better suited to the temperament of his younger brother (John Stilwell, now Vice President of New York's Consolidated Edison Co.). "From there on," said Uncle Joe, "I found myself gently but firmly steered into West Point."

When I asked him from whom he inherited his obstreperousness he said, "I come of very peaceful folk. I attribute it entirely to prenatal influence." He said that although his mother and father were native New Yorkers, he had been born in Palatka, Fla. 59 years ago on a little orange grove the family rented one winter. But, it seems, the peaceful orange grove that was the scene of his birth was set on a piece of land called "The Devil's Elbow," and Uncle Joe said, "I've somehow never gotten out of the Old Boy's crook since."

* * *

Stilwell first went to China in 1920. A military language student in Peking, he studied and then served there until 1923. After that he was an executive officer of U. S. forces in China stationed at Tientsin from 1926 to 1929. From 1935 to 1939 he was military attaché to the Gissimo's government. But as to why Stilwell went to China in the first place, he and his officers also disagree. Roberts said "because he had always had a profound interest in Oriental languages and Chinese culture and art and military sciences, and that when World War I was over he had requested a post which would allow him fully to develop his cultural bent."

Stilwell's version is totally different. He said that when he returned home from France in 1919, he found "a wave of pacifism was already in the making... I went right into Chauncey Fenton's office, then head of the War Personnel Department in Washington, and I said, 'Chauncey, from here out the Army is in for a terrible drubbing at the hands of the sob sisters and starry-eyed idealists who think human beings ain't. I can't stay here and watch this country disarm and demobilize to the point of disaster. It'll just make me boiling mad, and I'll do or say something that will get me into trouble. So please give me a job that will remove me as far from this painful scene as possible.'"

Fenton told him of an arrangement whereby the University of California would give language courses to officers who would then proceed to the Far East. "Do you know anything about China and the Chinese?" Fenton asked. "Nope," Stilwell said, "I don't, but I'm a candidate for learning." One hour later he had gotten his written orders out of Fenton. After a year in the California language school, he sailed for the Far East. It was perfectly true, he said, once in China he had become deeply interested in Chinese literature and the classics, but this was the result and not the cause of his going to China.

His Chinese friends don't call him Stilwell, he says. Long ago they gave him a Chinese name: Shih Ti-wei, the meaning of which

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FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7
WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky**

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like your wife's "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

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Everett B. Hulbert
PRESIDENT

GENERAL STILWELL (continued)

is, prophetically enough, "One who makes important history." He says he has many good friends in America, too, but few of them are in Washington. "I never knew a Senator well enough to call him by his first name," he says.

His officers tend to believe that Stilwell is a very modest and retiring fellow who loathes publicity and has no great personal ambition. Faced with this pleasant accusation, Uncle Joe grinned and said: "I'm not modest—I'm just cautious. The Chinese have a proverb: 'Higher monkey is climbing tree, more is showing his behind.'"

And Roberts, who ought to be a judge of these matters, claims that Uncle Joe makes magnificently pithy and witty speeches when the occasion requires. Uncle Joe says: "Oh, I can stammer through the usual platitudes before civilians. But I never found it necessary to use more than half a dozen words to soldiers. All I've ever said is 'Boys, get in there and fight.'"

His popularity with his men and his officers is based on a fine mixture of his extraordinary consideration of them, his lack of brass-hat pomp, and his tough insistence that his orders be obeyed instantly and with the maximum of efficiency. Pinkie Dorn, who was with him on maneuvers in California and Washington in 1941, said Stilwell slept on the ground with his men and personally observed every front-line emplacement.

Dorn says he got his now-almost-forgotten nickname, "Vinegar Joe," when he was teaching tactical maneuvers at the Infantry School at Fort Benning. "His remarks," Pinkie said, "when he has to do with dopes, sometimes have a pretty high acid content." All his officers here marvel at the way the vinegar in Uncle Joe has tended to disappear. They say he bends over backward to avoid conflict, verbal or otherwise, between members of the joint Allied staffs. Pinkie says "Burma Balm Joe" would be a better nickname for him now.

Hard as it is to get the General on the subject of himself, it is harder still to keep him off the subject of his family. He is enormously proud of his wife, who he says is a better soldier than he is, and his five children: two sons—one in the Army—and three daughters, one who plays Chinese stringed instruments, another who paints so well "in the Chinese manner" that she has even given exhibitions. But he only spoke briefly of the Stilwell family itself—which settled on Staten Island in 1632. "There's still a Stilwell Avenue in Brooklyn." And of a forebear called Nicholas Stilwell, who owned most of Staten Island once, and had a farm on New York's East Side. A man, Uncle Joe concluded, of remarkably poor vision, since he somehow managed to lose these properties.

It seems that 140-lb. Uncle Joe hasn't "changed a pound since I entered the Point." He swears he was never an athlete, though he played football at the Point, basket and baseball, and was "a very minor track star." "But," says Dorn, "he can *walk* the shoeleather off any soldier living. 'In view,' says Dorn lugubriously, "of the transportation problem in Burma today, make a note of that. It may be important."

When I asked General Stilwell why he had voluntarily given up his safe American command to take "such a pineapple," he answered, with his funny little chuckle, "It seemed then like a chance worth taking. And it seems now I was right. Every hour that Burma holds, saves America an hour in Australia and the Philippines."

(to be continued in next week's issue)



Stilwell's name in Chinese characters is drawn by Colonel Frank Dorn who speaks Chinese as well as General Stilwell. Dorn, an artist, drew Stilwell's campaign maps.



SON'S WIFE: You're looking so much better than the last time Tom and I were here, Mother!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: And I feel better, too, Jean. Maybe it's because I'm taking NUJOL now for ordinary constipation, instead of those violent purges. It's such a gentle relief—a pure, tasteless mineral oil.

SON'S WIFE: NUJOL—eh? A good thing to know about. Tell me more—

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Well, one tablespoonful each morning and night keeps me regular. And NUJOL'S so dependable, because its viscosity is scientifically controlled to give best results. A fine product!



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We're All Soldiers Now, Son!

Today, daddy is relaxing with his family. Tomorrow, he'll help build more tanks for Victory!

Like so many of our country's soldiers, families everywhere *Rely on Reliance!* At work and at rest, Reliance goes along. Famous Ensenada Slack Suits for all the family—so comfortable, so practical—are the nation's choice from coast to coast! Ensenadas are made with the skill and care that distinguish Reliance-Made Parachutes, Air Mechanics' Suits, Fatigue Uniforms, Pants and Shirts, Sailors' White Jumpers, Trousers and Underwear now serving our armed forces in many lands!

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In the balance test, blindfolded Helen Stedman must stand on one foot for 15 seconds. She topples just as Lieutenant Joseph Denmark (left) calls time. Good balance warns a pilot when he is flying sloppily.



In the circulatory efficiency test, Betty Lewis keeps one foot on chair, jumping from floor to chair with other one five times in 15 seconds. Pulse is tested before and after.



"Blind flying" was a variation of gait test (top left, opposite) which guests thought up as a gag. Hand in hand, Betty Lewis (left) and Kay Presbrey tried unsuccessfully to follow rope stretched over furniture.

Life Goes to an Aviator's Farewell Party

Guests test physical qualifications as pilots

The teetering, falling and cavorting on these pages, which a sober observer might judge too juvenile for those involved, will make good sense to aviation enthusiasts. Each apparent stunt is a home adaptation of a series of the flight physical tests which all candidates for the U. S. Army and Navy Air Corps must pass. Last month they were acted out as games at a farewell party in New York given by a young advertising man named Charles Presbrey Jr. and his wife, for a group of their air-minded friends. Among them were an Army lieutenant, Captain Charles Schuster of Eastern Air Lines, Lieutenant Clement Boyd, U. S. N. R., of the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, who flew overseas in the last war as an observer, several model friends of Mrs. Presbrey, herself a model before her marriage. At the party, Presbrey left for an aviation school where he hopes to qualify as an Air Corps instructor.

Host Presbrey based his tests on a book called *Are You Fit To Be A Pilot!* by Army Flight Surgeon Ermin L. Ray and Stanley Washburn Jr. (Wilfred Funk, Inc., \$1.75). By standing on foot while blindfolded, for 15 seconds, guests learned whether they had flying balance, would be able to bank and turn properly. By testing how soon after violent exercise their pulses snapped back to normal, they found out whether they would "black out" in such maneuvers as dive-bombing. If you can pass all these tests, and the further ones of sight and hearing on the next pages—and if you are a high-school graduate, male, between the ages of 18 and 26, you may be excellent aviation cadet material.



Gait test shows whether Maurine Zollman can walk the white line steadily while blindfolded—a qualification closely related to flying ability. Miss Zollman flunked this test.



Relaxation test teaches a beginner to overcome tenseness. With eyes closed, June McDonagh on command must fall loosely and easily backward three times, without hesitation. Her husband catches her.



Collapsible folding stool, which was borrowed from Magician Dell O'Dell, tests Betty Lewis' ability to recover normal pulse after unexpected drop. The stool has rubber seat.



Equilibrium test was thought up by guests as an introduction to sensation of a spin in a plane. Nancy Ritscher manages not to fly off after being whirled around on the piano stool by T. D'Arcy Lucas Jr.



To test hearing, Edith Prosser claps her hand over ear, listens to numbers whispered by Lieutenant Clement Boyd, U. S. N. R. Normal hearing distance for the test is 20 ft.



Eye accommodation test measures ability of Captain Schuster to read type with one eye at close range. Host Presbrey holds card over measuring scale on subject's nose.



Visual acuity, the simple eye test, is given to Presbrey by T. D'Arcy Lucas. One eye is tested at a time. Line No. 7 must be read in order to pass the Air Corps 20/20 test.

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PROVE NEW
ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT
CREAM MORE
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**OVER 24% MORE
PROTECTION AGAINST
PERSPIRATION ODOR**

—than the two other most popular deodorant creams tested . . . 24% to 48% more effective . . . according to impartial laboratory "bike tests" in a great university—using the newly perfected sensitive precision instrument, the olfactometer, to measure under-arm odor for the first time. In these tests, the new Etiquet Deodorant Cream gave "bike" exercisers over 24% MORE PROTECTION!* Details sent upon request.

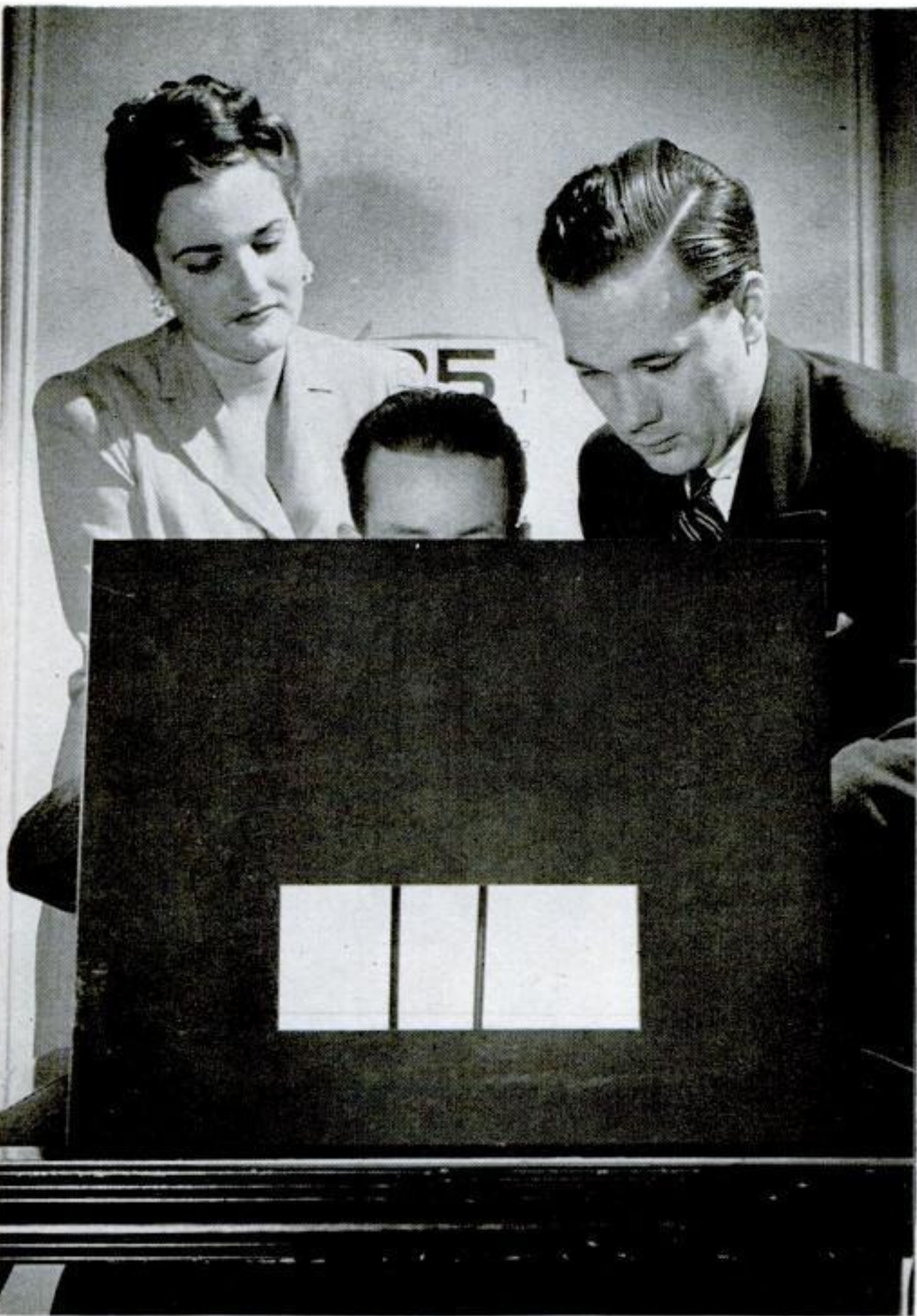
Etiquet WORKS 5 WAYS

1. **STOPS** under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days.
2. **STOPS** under-arm perspiration itself 1 to 3 days.
3. **PURE**, soothing, antiseptic. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day. Smells nice and fragrant!
4. **PREVENTS** clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to perspiration.
5. **WORKS FAST** invisibly—disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!



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WITH 39¢ JAR.** Try gift jar FREE. If not satisfied, return large jar unopened, get **MONEY BACK**. Made by makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. At toilet goods counters. Also 10¢ size.

Etiquet DEODORANT CREAM
Stops Under-arm Perspiration and Odor 1 to 3 Days



In depth-perception test, two parallel black pencils appear in a box opening. One is fixed but other is moved backward or forward until candidate thinks they are in line.



Sighting eye is determined by looking at a candle through a pinhole in chart with both eyes open, then closing them in turn. When sighting eye is closed, candle disappears.

ACTION

at your starter



DRIVING LESS?

Then give your battery a little extra care. It's a chemical "machine"—one which keeps on working even when standing idle. If allowed to remain idle, it will "sulphate." "Sulphate" will shorten your battery's life. To keep it in good condition, take your battery to a Willard Dealer for his expert "Service-test" every 30 days.

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-have the **power**
to carry on!

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No nation can be
successful in war while
its functions are
frustrated by a people not
physically fit to man
capably all arms of the
service . . . at home and
on the fighting fronts.

Thos E Wilson
 Chairman of the Board

LB Jerly
 President

Uncle Sam sees to it that our fine fighting men are trained—made physically fit. But what of the workers? What of the home folks—the business folks—the youth at school?

Can we prosecute the war successfully if all these, who *are* America, become physically soft and flabby and jittery?

Healthful sports are part of the American way of life—the source of the strength, the aggressiveness, the will-to-win that make America different from *slave* nations. They are as necessary as *food*.

So play, America! Keep strong! Keep healthy! As far as war needs permit, we will keep you supplied with equipment necessary to sports.

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IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



AFTER WATCHING DEMONSTRATION BY INSTRUCTOR, OFFICER-STUDENTS AT

RECREATION OFFICERS AT FORT MEADE

The Special Services Branch School at Fort George G. Meade, Md. is training officers from Army units all over the country in methods of conducting physical education and recreation. The 30-day course is a practical one designed to emphasize plans, procedures and programs that will aid combat troops in active theaters of the war. Instruction is carried out by a military faculty, augmented by outstanding civilian specialists. One such expert, Dr. Francois D'Eliscu, physical-education instructor from New York University, has been instructing officer-

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FORT MEADE PRACTICE FINAL KNOTS ON ARM AND NECK ROPE-TIE TRICK

LEARN "DIRTY FIGHTING" TECHNIQUE

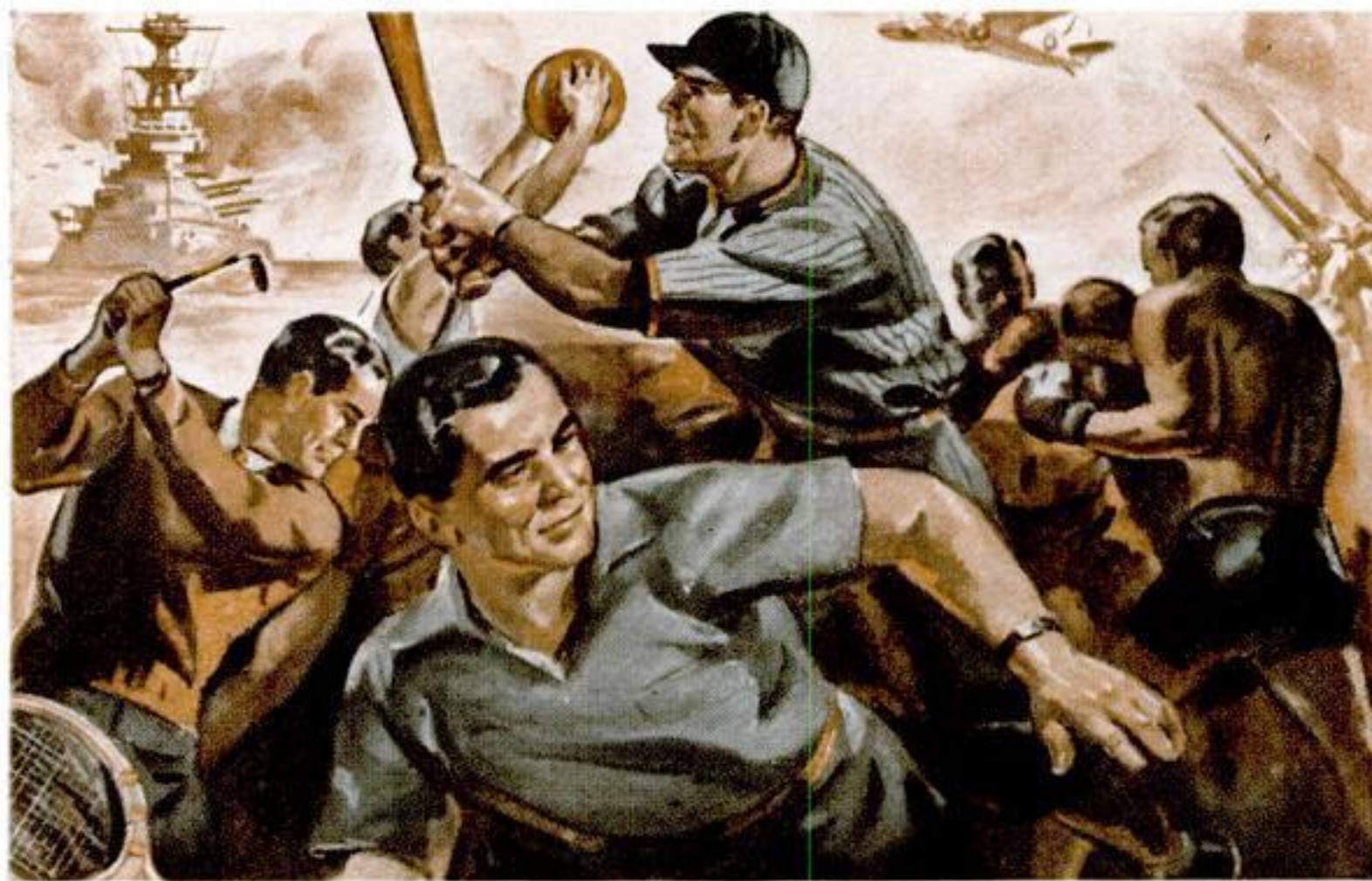
students in new techniques for the silent and effective elimination of the enemy, especially valuable to Commandos.

On this and the following pages Dr. D'Eliscu and his students demonstrate "dirty fighting" tactics based on tricks of judo, wrestling and street brawling. Before they graduate, D'Eliscu's students learn how to hog-tie a victim with a sash rope, how to break an arm, leg or neck, how to administer a kick in the groin, how to apply a stranglehold, how best to gouge an eye, and how to use the feet in attack and defense.

PRESSING BAYONET HILT AGAINST NECK CAN CUT OFF BLOOD FLOW TO BRAIN



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



HOW TO MAKE GOLF EQUIPMENT OUTLAST THE WAR

The Player's Pledge

Whereas—American sports play a vital part in the physical fitness and morale of civilian America, and,

Whereas—There is just so much of various types of sports equipment available in America for the duration,

Therefore—I pledge myself to follow the Wilson "Share the Game" Plan—to help preserve sports for the good of all—to make my present equipment last by using it carefully, and—if I buy NEW equipment, to see that my old equipment is made available to some other American who needs exercise, too.

To aid America in this vital "Share the Game" Program, Wilson Sporting Goods Co. offers the following expert suggestions:

Have present golf equipment reconditioned by your Professional, and place in his charge for regular maintenance service, if possible.

Keep all screws in the heads of your wood clubs tight. This is important.

Don't put clubs away while wet or covered with mud. Wipe dry with a towel carried for this purpose.

Avoid "dandelion" and "daisy" practice swings. Hidden stones or hard ground may damage clubs.

Take a penalty shot rather than risk damage to your clubs when your ball is in an unplayable lie.

Forbid caddies to swing your clubs or drop bag. Damage is done this way.

Don't be too brave at water holes. Lose a stroke and save a valuable ball. Play safe and play more.

Take used golf balls to the Pro who cooperates with the Wilson Accurated System of Rebuilding.

Wilson "Accurated" Rebuilds have been play-tested by leading stars. They're practically *as good as new*.

Be extra careful of *all* sports equipment you now have. Make it *last* and help give everyone a chance to enjoy healthful exercise for the duration.

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If you need new equipment, specify Wilson quality. It not only insures *better* play but *longer* play. Once you get new equipment, be extra careful of it. Never before has good sports equipment been as precious as now. See your Professional or dealer for Wilson *quality* clubs and balls.

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IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



2 *Really* SENSATIONAL NEW BEAUTY CREMES!

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Creators of Glamorizing ANGELUS Lipstick and Rouge



*Economically priced at 49¢ per jar
Super deluxe size 79¢* (plus Federal Tax)

Here's wonderful beauty news! For years women have thrilled to the almost unbelievable beauty—the *complete* matched makeup of ANGELUS Lipstick, Rouge and Face Poudre. And they have been constantly besieging the House of Louis Philippe to bring out a face creme, because they felt that such renowned beauty experts would surely produce a “beauty miracle” for the skin.

Knowing that in these troubled times women—more than ever before—need an exceptionally fine creme, one that *really* would live up to its beauty claims, and also *economically* priced—The House of Louis Philippe has created two perfect little gems:

ANGELUS “All Purpose” Cold Creme

This is one of the best “all purpose” cremes that it is possible to make or buy. This pure fragrant creme (luxurious and fluffy as whipped cream) penetrates pore openings, immaculately cleanses, removes makeup and dust. Rapturously smoothing and softening. Angelus Creme helps nature refine pores. Use it every day to keep your skin exquisitely textured, glowing with fresh youthful radiance. Unsurpassed as a powder base, it holds your Angelus makeup fresh for hours.

ANGELUS Dry Skin Creme

Dry, flaky skin invites wrinkles, crow's feet and crepy throat alarmingly fast. Twenty-five years of age is not at all too soon to start using this truly amazing Angelus Dry Skin Creme. Not a heavy, greasy creme. Angelus is one creme you can buy today that is a special HOMOGENIZED emollient with a lanolin base. *Delightfully fragrant!* Unexcelled to lubricate dry roughened skin and to help improve texture. Also a superb powder base. All drug and department stores.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POUDRE—CREMES

Dirty Fighting (continued)



Sneaking up, D'Eliscu prepares to attack an “enemy” sentry from the rear. This series shows the students how to operate effectively and silently in a Commando raid.



Rope in hand, D'Eliscu slips his left arm over victim's head, strikes hard against his neck. This is done partly to silence any outcry, partly to make the rest easier to do.



Sliding noose down to the victim's ankles, the instructor jerks the rope tighter. This pulls the sentry's feet out from under him, brings him down flat on his face, winded.



Victim falls flat as D'Eliscu yanks the rope. To simplify these demonstrations and to minimize possible injuries, victims were instructed not to fight back when attacked.



Kneeling down, D'Eliscu jerks the victim's legs to a vertical position, then quickly prepares to slip the other end of rope around the neck of the prone "enemy" soldier.



To incapacitate enemy, D'Eliscu tightens rope which is around the victim's ankles at one end, around his neck at other. This rope attack can easily break a man's neck.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SEE! SMELL! TASTE!

ONLY 15¢ POCKET TIN

REVELATION

SMOKING MIXTURE

THESE FIVE GREAT TOBACCOS PERFECTLY CUT and BLENDED for finer smoking!

Open up a tin of Revelation!

Look! Five superb tobaccos—not just one!

Cool-burning Burley . . . fruity Carolina . . . spicy Virginia . . . Perique, cured in seasoned oak casks . . . Latakia, king of aromatic tobaccos!

M-m-m . . .

Just *smell* that winery, plum-cake aroma. So tempting, you want to sink your teeth into it.

And—that's an idea! Yes . . . *chew* a pinch of REVELATION. That nut-like flavor reminds you of hickory-cured meat!

Now—stuff your pipe with REVELATION. Revel in its sweet

coolness—so mild, so fragrant, free from bite! See how clean and even it draws.

Yes sir, you'll really *revel* in REVELATION . . . and only 15¢!

No "mixtures" of only 1 or 2 tobaccos can match Revelation's BITE-FREE FLAVOR!



LEFT:
Ordinary mixture . . . 1-cut tobacco mats down—keeps heat—causes soggy heel.



RIGHT:
REVELATION. Five different cuts pack perfectly—pipe "breathes"—burns cool!

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

A gentleman is a man
who always remembers
to send his wife flowers—
even when he forgets why

Hedda Hopper

*A gentleman always
remembers to use Seaforth*



Delicate fragrance of heather and fern suggests wind-swept Highland moors, tells you that Seaforth is made especially for men. Jug of after-shave lotion, \$1. Sturdy stone mug of shaving soap, \$1.



FINEST, almost invisible talc. Brisk, face-freshening cologne, each . . . \$1



LUXURIOUS shaves assured with Seaforth shaving soap and bracing lotion, set . . . \$2



DRESSING for unruly hair. DEODORANT—a "must" for most men, ea. . . \$1



ELECTRIC razor users should "finish" with tingling lotion and fine talc. Set . . . \$2



The complete shave from A to Z—long-lasting shaving soap, lotion, talc. Set . . . \$3

Perfect gift for Father's Day—June 21.



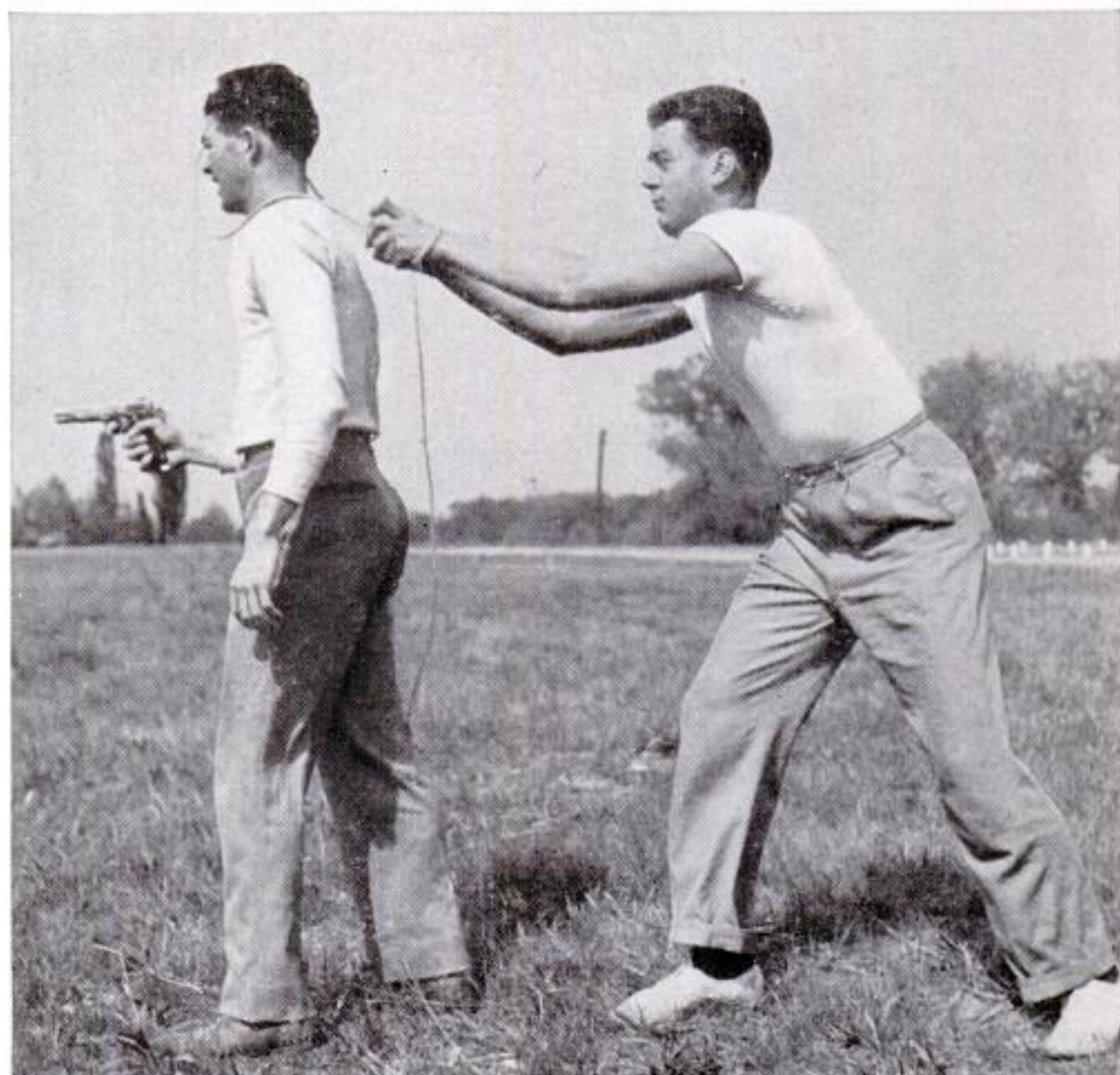
Seaforth!
FOR MEN

Shaving Soap • Shaving Lotion • Men's Talc • Cologne • Deodorant • Hair Dressing • Hand Soap

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY • MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

Dirty Fighting (continued)



Surprise attack from the rear is demonstrated by two Ft. Meade officers trained by D'Eliscu. Attacker has a noose prepared, slips the rope over the sentry's head.



Tightening the noose around victim's neck, attacker pulls the rope backwards and simultaneously uses his right foot to exert pressure against base of sentry's spine.



Attacker kicks forward with right leg and pulls back with the short rope. This trick upsets sentry's balance, causes him to fall backwards, an easy victim of attacker.



"Before we set the date,
I must ask Dad."



"What's an 'infield out'?
I'll ask Dad."



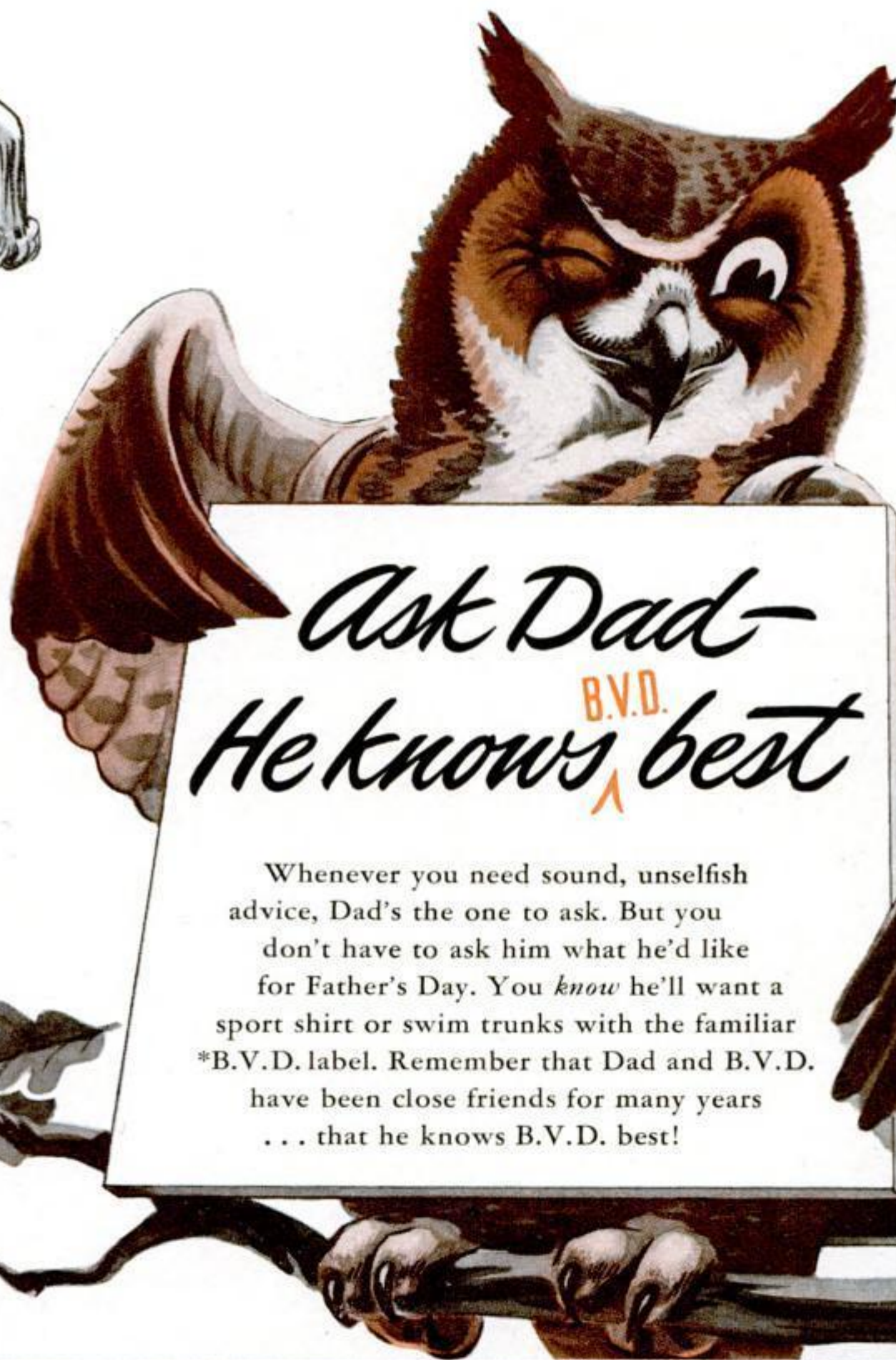
"Before we pick my camp,
let's ask Dad."



"When I want the family car,
I ask Dad."



"Before I make an investment,
I still ask Dad."



Ask Dad- B.V.D. He knows best

Whenever you need sound, unselfish advice, Dad's the one to ask. But you don't have to ask him what he'd like for Father's Day. You *know* he'll want a sport shirt or swim trunks with the familiar *B.V.D. label. Remember that Dad and B.V.D. have been close friends for many years . . . that he knows B.V.D. best!



Wool-and-lastex "High-Rise" swim trunks by *B.V.D. have a double-thick support, elastic belt, key pocket. They help Dad look a few years younger. \$5.

Other B.V.D. Swim-wear from \$2 to \$5.

Sanforized gabardine swim trunks by *B.V.D. have zipper fly, key pocket, all-around belt in extra-size loops. Ideal for beach sports as well as swimming. \$2.50.



When Dad puts on a *B.V.D.* Rugger Sport Shirt he'll be a picture of calm, cool comfort. "Bahama" fabric is porous, lets his body breathe. And when he wants to be a bit less formal the patented collar looks just as natty without a tie. Short sleeves, \$1.35.

★ Presto chango! Here you see B.V.D.'s famous Rugger Sport Shirt *without* a tie. Now it's ready for leisure or sports. This model has special drapability because it's fashioned from an all-rayon poplin. Short sleeves, \$2.50. Long sleeves, \$3.

Other B.V.D. Sport Shirts in a variety of fabrics and colors from \$1.35 to \$4.



FATHER'S DAY SUNDAY
JUNE 21

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE.

Hollywood-designed *Rogue by *B.V.D. Dashing V-neck closes with nary a button or fastener. Lustrous, colorful "Rangoon" fabric. Short sleeves, \$2.50. Long sleeves, \$3. Other B.V.D. Rogue Sport Shirts, \$2 to \$3.50.

"Next to myself,
I like B.V.D. best"

Fred Allen says:

"I STARTED AS A JUGGLER
... but for starting my car I use



TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF... the gasoline
name famous in all 48 States



All over America motorists ask for Texaco
Fire-Chief when they want good gasoline
and careful Texaco Dealer Service.

You're welcome at

**TEXACO
DEALERS**



TUNE IN FRED ALLEN every Sunday
night. See your local newspaper
for time and station.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

BUDDIES 1916-1942

Sirs:

Twenty-six years ago five men, all residents of Vancouver, B. C., enlisted together in the Canadian Army. In the little town of Godalming, England, they had their picture taken in uniform by Photographer Charles West.

The friendship they formed in the

Army was to continue when they got back home. This year, when Canada's reserve units called for recruits, the five again joined the R. C. A. as a group. Finding that Photographer West had moved from England to Vancouver, they again stood before his lens—in 1942 dress, 1916 pose.

IDWAL EVANS

Vancouver, B. C.



400 MILES OF ONION SACK

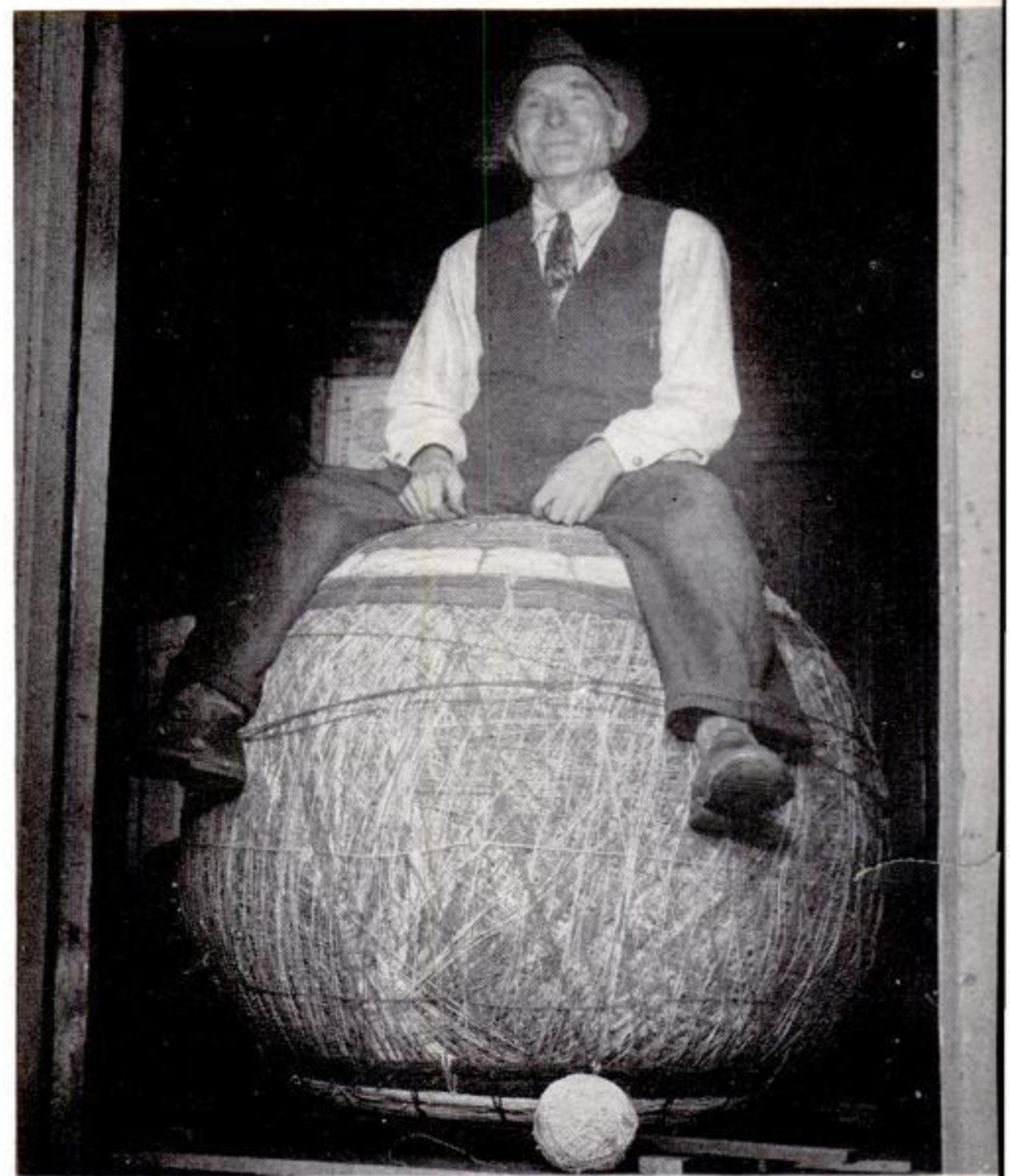
Sirs:

The ball on which Grocer Herbert Smith of Gratztown, Pa. sits is the result of his philosophy that everything may

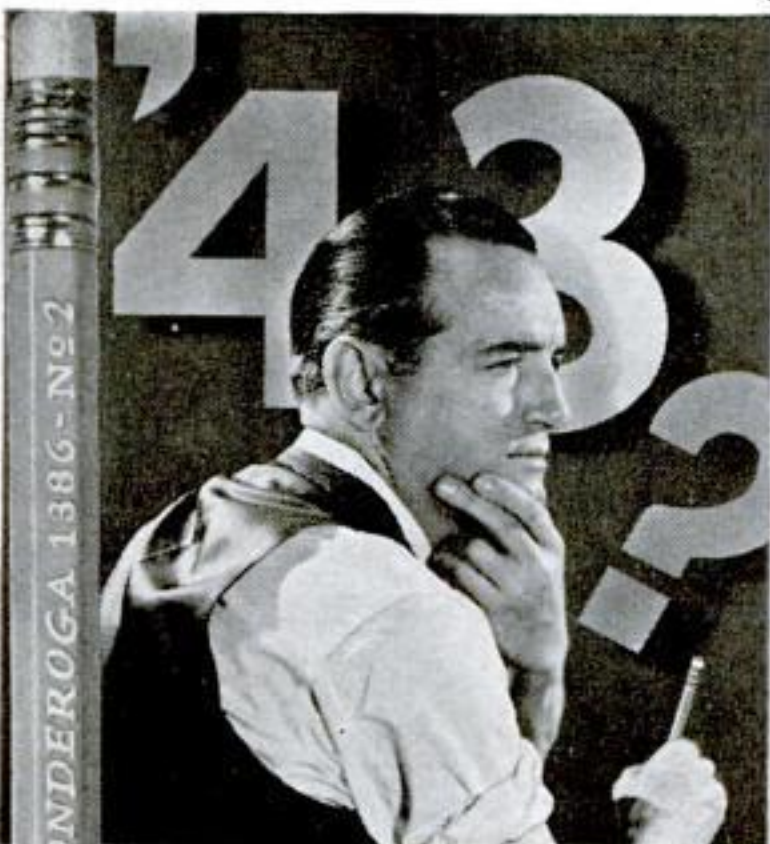
someday have its uses. Ball's statistics: 1,100 onion sacks, 400 miles of string, 800,000 knots, a 10 1/2-ft. circumference and 12 years of untangling and rewinding.

THOMAS L. WILLIAMS

West Elizabeth, Pa.



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*"A year from now
what will you wish
you had done today?"*
DONALD NELSON
Chairman WPB

How much more work could
you have turned out today?

Part of the answer may be
at your finger tips—in the
pencil you use. Smooth-writ-
ing Ticonderoga Pencils re-
quire 50% less writing effort;
enable you to speed across
the paper in high gear—with
fewer stops! Ticonderoga is
a fighting word, but also a
writing word—remember that!



*Ticonderogas
Nos. 1390, 1360,
no rubbers,
save metal &
rubber for
war!*

TICONDEROGA
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J6, Jersey City, N. J.



CORNS

also Callouses; Ingrown
Nails relieved. Quick, easy.
Just rub on. Jars, 30¢, 50¢.
At your druggist. Money
refunded if not satisfied.
Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**removed by
MOSCO**

FREE
TRAVEL
and
Recreational
GUIDE BOOK

**DISTINCTIVE
ACCOMMODATIONS**
Shelter—a necessity to a nation at
war. Military Personnel—Soldiers
on leave show marked preference
for UMC, the finest Courts. Business
men serving industry—families on
way to visit soldiers—look for the
UMC emblem from coast to coast—
it is your assurance of clean, safe,
comfortable accommodations, at
low cost. Send for FREE Guide
Book, United Motor Courts, Box
1231, Houston, Texas.

FROM COAST TO COAST

**UNITED
MOTOR COURTS**

USE MARGIN BELOW FOR COUPON... WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

HORSE SENSE

Sirs:

Johnny is a baker's horse who has
applied a lot of sense to the ration prob-
lem. While making his rounds in Croy-
don, Surrey, he watched closely as
people came to the waste-food bin,
lifted its lid, and dropped their garbage.
Lifting a lid for himself he discovered a
fine new way of adding to his diet. Wait
till he learns to read!

EVELYN PETTIJOHN

Croydon, England



GIVE DAD... A GIFT WITH A LIFT BY

PARIS

Give Dad Paris and watch him smile. Paris Belts, "Tops for
his trousers," in contrasting or harmonizing tones, give his
clothes and spirits a cheery lift—add a bright colorful note
which he'll welcome. Paris Garters, "no metal can touch you,"
hold sox comfortably smooth—"Keep Up his good appearance"

• Top to bottom: Paris Belt, lace edge design in three popular col-
ors—Suntan (illustrated), Ivory and Parchment \$1 • Padded cow-
hide Paris Belt in Suntan (illustrated), Parchment, Brown, Grey
\$1 • Paris "Wedge" cowhide in Ivory, Suntan (illustrated),
Parchment, Brown, Black and Grey \$1 • Paris Garters, wide
weave, long stretch elastic for extra comfort 55c. Others \$1 •
A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto

FOR FATHER'S DAY... JUNE 21

**WANT 20% MORE WEAR FROM
YOUR PRECIOUS STOCKINGS?**

**"THEN LEARN THE FACTS ABOUT
CORRECT STOCKING CARE!"**



A word from Miss Ivory Snow:
"Wise girls know my daily care
Means far longer stocking wear!"

PERSPIRATION IS ACID it WRECKs silk stockings!

ONLY IVORY SNOW combines 2 great advantages
you'll want in fighting this danger!



ONLY IVORY SNOW COMBINES BOTH THESE ADVANTAGES

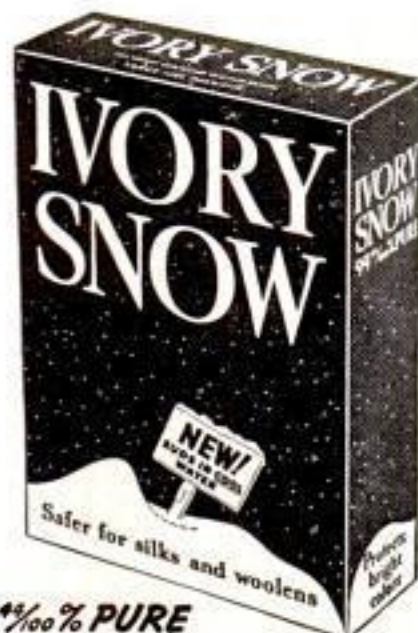
1. It's Ivory pure—wonderfully safe for all your fine washables.
 2. It's made in tiny, pure-white "snowdrops" that dissolve like a flash in cool water—about 4 times faster than any popular soap in this form.
- Ivory Snow acts surely against acid perspiration, to help stockings L-A-S-T!

• Yes, you'll get up to 20% more wear from your silk stockings if you'll simply avoid carelessness—turn to this easy daily care with Ivory Snow! But be sure you use the only soap—Ivory Snow—that combines two great advantages described at the left!

Ivory Snow is a new, different fine-fabric soap. Not a flake—not a powder. Tiny "snowdrops" give rich, thorough-cleansing suds that quickly remove acid perspiration and other soil. Marvelously safe—Ivory-pure. A 2-minute daily sudsing with Ivory Snow will help safeguard your stockings against dangerous acid perspiration!

HOW TO GET LONGER WEAR FROM THOSE NEW RAYON STOCKINGS:

1. Don't be careless—wash them in pure Ivory Snow suds after every wearing. Be sure to handle gently.
2. Avoid hot water—it's easy to get rich suds in cool water with Ivory Snow.
3. Rayon stockings, and stockings in which rayon is combined with other fibres (silk, cotton, nylon), must be thoroughly dry before wearing.



RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN COOL WATER! 99% PURE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BRIDGE TOLL

Sirs:

When the flooded Arkansas River recently came roaring past Wichita, part of its toll was Wichita's 21st Street Bridge. At 10:30 a. m. on May 6, with a terrible snap, the piling of the bridge suddenly

gave way near its center. Workers clearing driftwood on the upstream side just made their way to safety (top). A minute later the center sagged into the torrent, and, as the bridge broke with an awful rent, its parts plunged helplessly into the Arkansas.

MAX W. DEMUTH
Wichita, Kan.



AZORES MANHUNT

in Gloucester, Mass.

1. "Take a big inheritance, a missing heir, a clue from a speck in the Atlantic," writes a lawyer friend of Canadian Club, "and you've got the start of a first-class detective yarn.

"Only in my case, not a yarn but a real experience. The heir was a marine artist, last heard of from the Azores. I went there and found him—gone. 'To Gloucester in the United States, Senhor!' I finally learned. And so to Gloucester.



2. "A straight tip, all right—but was my quarry elusive! Not at the boatyard where I was assured I'd find him. (I did see wooden ships there, though, being built by the same hand-hewn methods that gave America's first Navy some of its proudest frigates!)



3. "I drew a blank at the wharves, too—except for the excitement of combing those pungent jungles of nets and rigging. I'd all but given up when—'Artist put out in a lugger this morning,' a fisherman informed me. 'Come along with us this afternoon—we'll probably raise his craft offshore!'



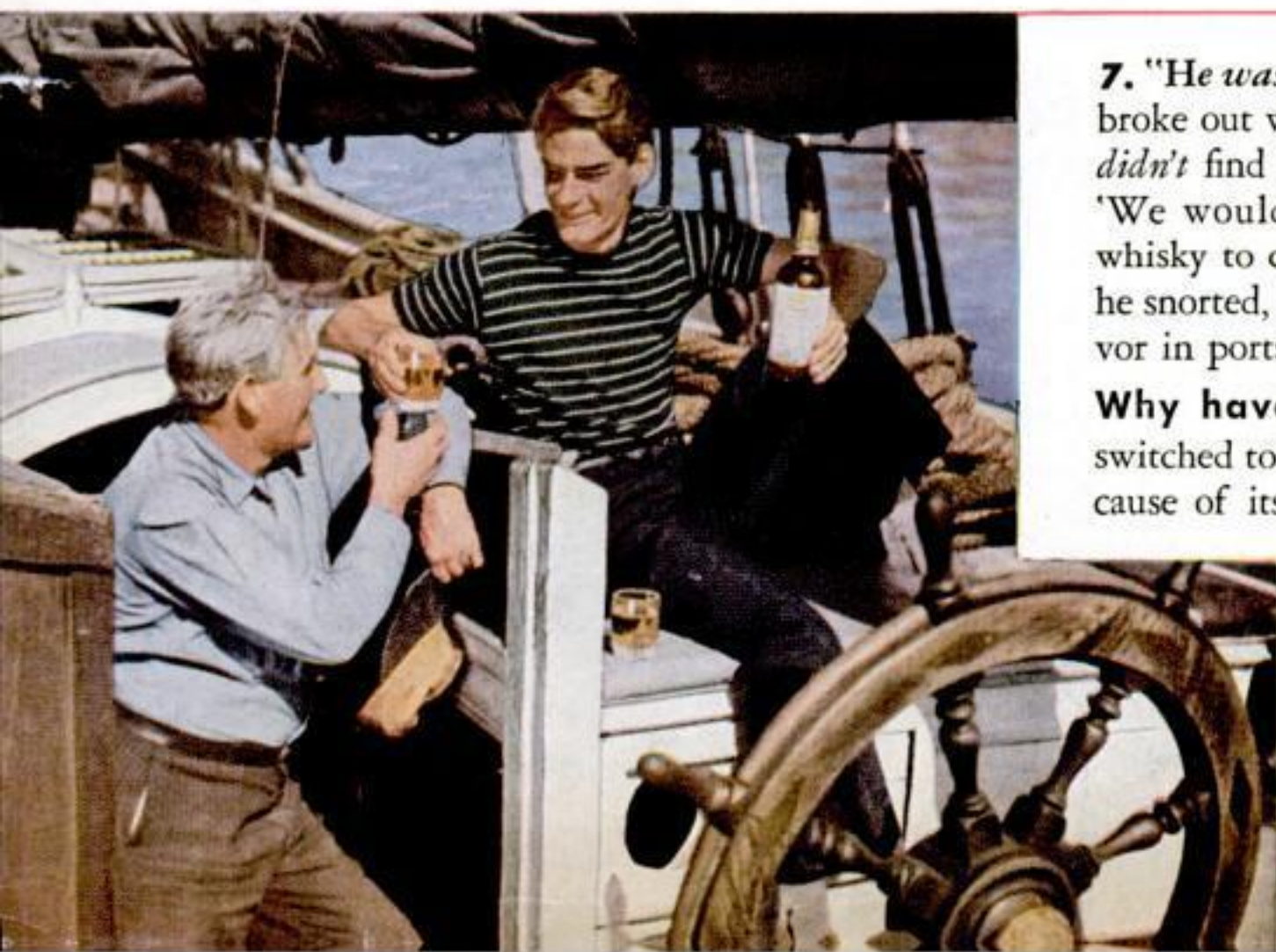
4. "'Sail bo!'—only never the right sail. But what thrills! Try riding the swaying crosstrees of a Gloucester schooner some time... and hope for electrifying glimpses of broadbills, daring your harpoons!



5. "Days of this—then I transferred to a shore-bound fisherman weighed down with an almost-record catch. Some of that boat's luck must have communicated itself to me. Nosing into the wharf...



6. "We found my artist, sketching an old net-mender. When I'd told him about his inheritance, 'Come over to my boat,' he said. 'This calls for a special toast!'



7. "He wasn't fooling—the whisky he broke out was Canadian Club. 'Glad I didn't find you in the Azores,' I said. 'We wouldn't have had this grand whisky to celebrate with!' 'Nonsense,' he snorted, 'I've enjoyed its unique flavor in ports all over the seven seas!'

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor.

No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE
Canadian Club

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942

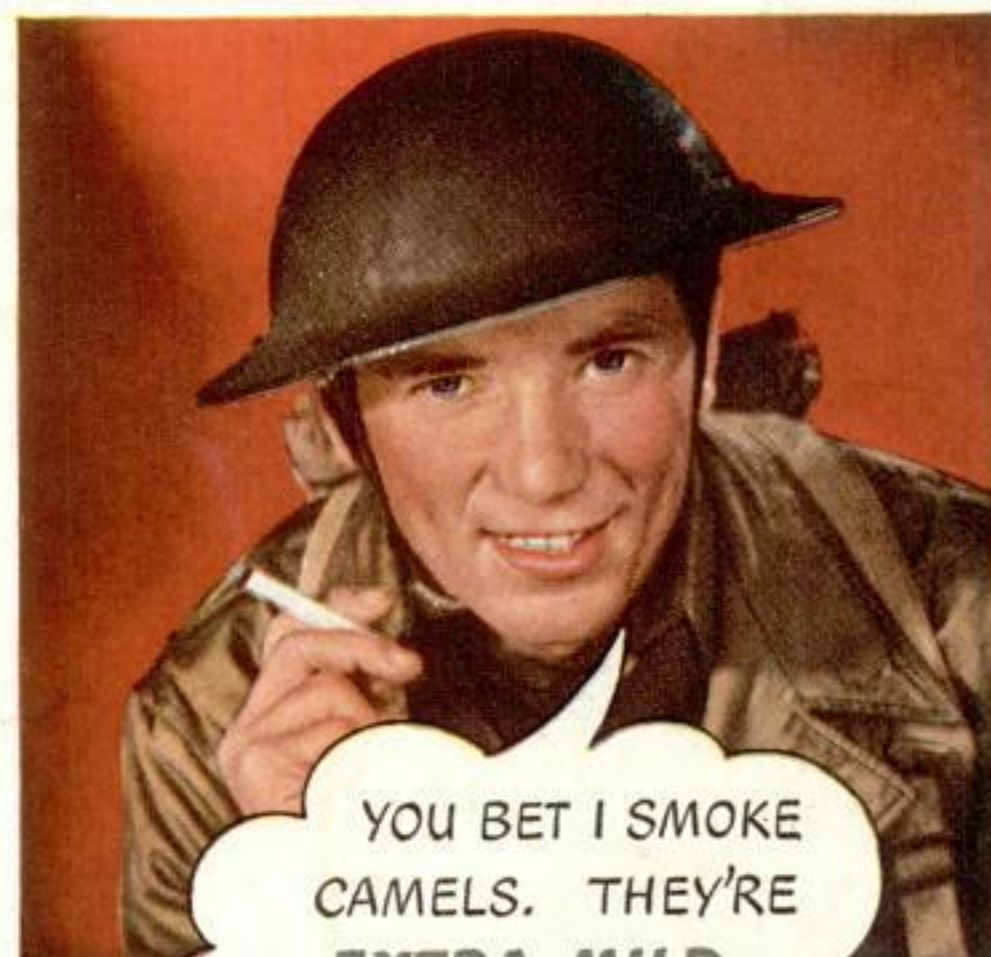


YOU WANT **STEADY NERVES**

*to "hit the silk" in a
paratroop attack*



"JUMP" is the command that starts you on that headlong earthward plunge through space, but the real order of the hour is *steady nerves!* For these soldiers of the sky—for *every one of us!* So take a tip from the men in the front line. Their favorite is Camel—the slow-burning, mild cigarette. Make Camel your cigarette, too—starting now!



YOU BET I SMOKE
CAMELS. THEY'RE
EXTRA MILD
AND THEY ALWAYS
TASTE GREAT



With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

*Important to Steady Smokers:
The smoke of slow-burning*

CAMELS

contains

LESS NICOTINE

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*



"I HELP MAKE THOSE PARACHUTES," says Helen V. Lynch, Pioneer Parachute Company employee, "and I can tell you 'nerves' don't go in my job. Smoke? Yes, I enjoy smoking. I smoke Camels. They have the mildness that counts and Camels don't tire my taste." Yes, for all of us—front line, factory, farm, whatever your task—this is a "war of nerves." More important than ever, now, is your choice of cigarettes. Smoke Camels.